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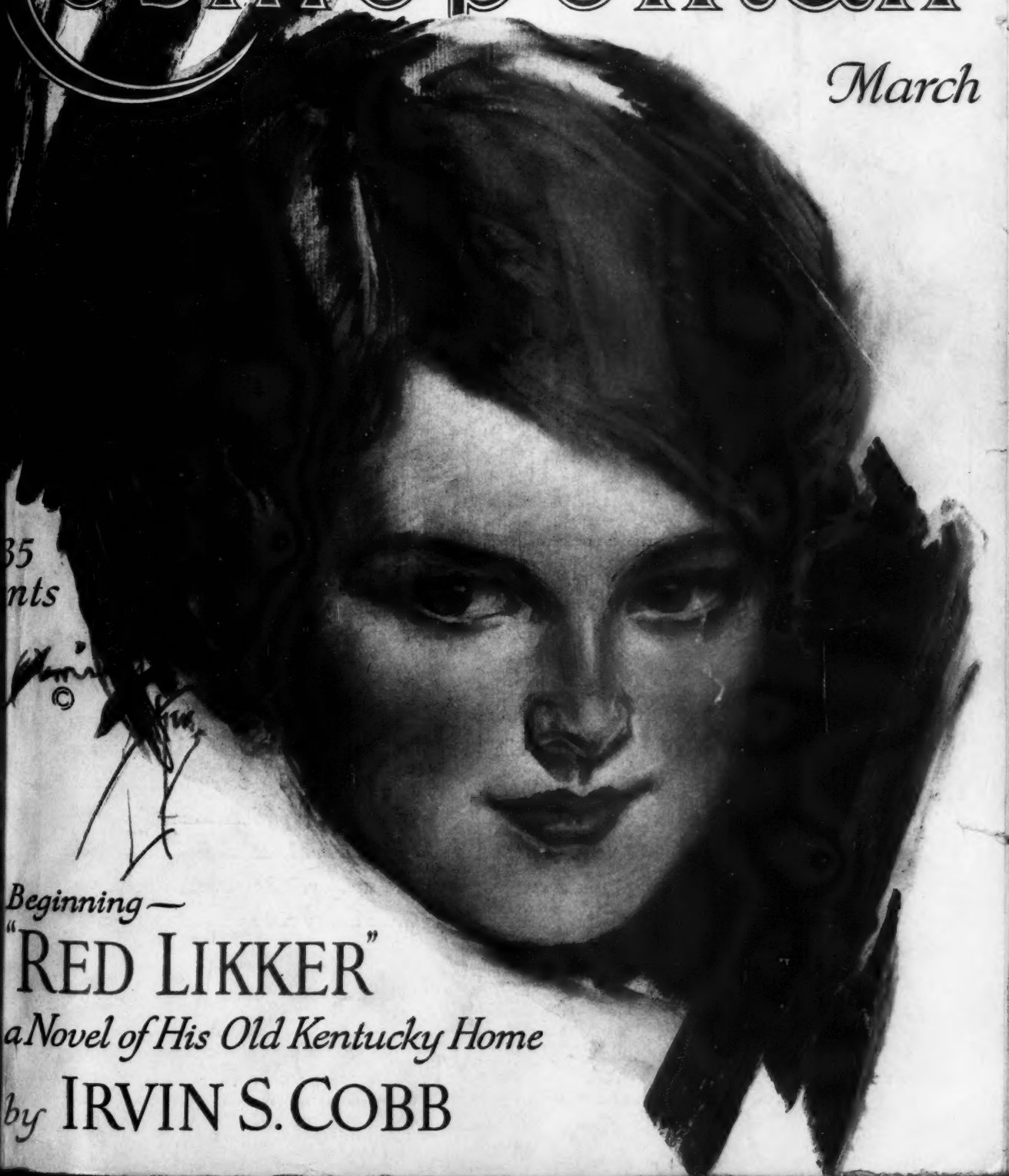
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*Beginning—*

**"RED LIKKER"**

*a Novel of His Old Kentucky Home*

*by* **IRVIN S. COBB**





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By  
O. O. McIntyre  
*A Friend in Need*

SEVERAL years ago I was flattered at a dinner-party by a gracious lady who observed: "You seem to have so many real friends." My ego ballooned with the realization she was right and it struck me at the time how unappreciative most of us are of the deeper meaning of friendship.

And then a week or so later in one of those black moments that come to all I was in desperate need of a friend to whom I could turn in a full and revealing confidence. My mind was flooded with names, but out of the turbulent array I was only able to salvage two who seemed to measure up to the requirements, and they were out of the city.

I could think of many whom I genuinely loved and who I am sure hold a genuine affection for me. They would go far to aid me and were the sort I could call upon day or night. And yet there was an unexplainable something that kept them from forming the perfect friendship of which I was in need.

In a middle-West city I recall a man who had built up a great political kingdom and who gained the sobriquet of "Everybody's Friend." And this he seemed to be, yet I was one of a group of reporters who approached his tottering throne when every person had deserted and prison shadows fell, to hear him say: "The greatest illusion in life is friendship."

And somehow, as another illustration, I think of the late Arnold Rothstein. He was a gambler and the reputed figure in many shady deals and yet in the bonhomie of Broadway he was regarded as the rarest of friends. There were a thousand legends of his loyalty.

I once heard an actress tell of a time when her world crumbled and after a day of rebuffs she received word that night in her dressing-room that Rothstein, absolutely unknown to her, had provided \$50,000 in cash which she so desperately needed and for which he asked no security.

Rothstein's mysterious murder uncorked a scandal that shook the metropolis. It was not fiction that he had befriended people in high places in the upper world as well as the under. And yet one lone carriage followed his coffin to the burial-ground. While the doxology was chanted, he was being reviled the length of Broadway as a double-crosser. In disaster, he did not seem to have a single friend.

One of the sorriest figures I know the world over is Earl Carroll, the young theatrical producer. He made a serious blunder; but the terrible price of disgrace and imprisonment he paid was due solely to the fact that he sacrificed all on the altar of friendship. He

tried to protect others. But when shackled to a group of miserable convicts, cast into a ramshackle train-coach and half dying, he started for prison in Atlanta, there was not one of those he befriended to console him in his anguish.

Today he has reestablished himself successfully, but his cherished ideals of friendship are gone; and clutching his frozen dream he wanders about like Banquo's ghost. Within a fortnight I have run across him in a deserted and lonely street, his head down, thinking, thinking—while New York sleeps.

He moves from one cheerless hotel room to another. Not once has he returned to the office in his theater or to his bungalow skyscraper home where he used to meet his friends. These places recall poignant memories he wants to forget.

Most friendships will endure the ordinary strain, but in the great emergencies there are comparatively few that will stand the supreme test. The bread lines on the Bowery are a pathetic symbol of man's inhumanity to man. A mission preacher once stood with me watching the line of rheumy-eyed, rachitic and hopeless wrecks drifting into his sanctuary for a dole of hot coffee and a free flop.

"Any one of those poor creatures," he observed, "might have been saved from all this at the opportune time had someone only extended a helping hand. Our greatest appeal to these storm-buffeted souls is that in Jesus they will find the perfect friend."

I COME finally to Al Smith who a few months ago was the inspiration for a perpetual fount of friendly admiration. The other morning I saw him passing along crowded Forty-second Street and not more than a half-dozen heads turned.

All of this is not a pleasant topic for editorialization nor am I a preacher, but it seems to me we are becoming glutted with honeyed phrases about the beauties and joys of friendship.

I believe most of us would be a little ashamed, if we searched our thoughts carefully, to have it known just how far we would really go for a friend.

In all the sentimental sniveling, there is in reality only one basis for an enduring friendship. It is encompassed in the Scriptural lines from St. John: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

One of the cracker-barrel Platos in our town, during a financial depression, philosophized: "Times ain't what they used to be and never has." That, I believe, fits some of our exaggerated ideas of friendship or I am wrong again, as usual.



By CHARLES



Kisses That

# S DANA GIBSON



Don't Mean *Anything*

By Irvin  
S. COBB

# RED

## Introduction:

EARLY in this, the nineteenth-hundred-and-twenty-ninth Year of Grace and, of the Volstead Act, the tenth, I went to a dinner-party. It was in all regards a conventional dinner-party of these times—that is to say, the hosts provided an abundance of liquor and a majority of the guests drank it down, drink by drink, with the eager and almost vicious speed which has seemed to mark the ceremonial of dining-out in private homes during this first decade since the Eighteenth Amendment was ratified.

Had it been a dinner in the interior of the United States it is probable that the unhallowed and—of course—illicit distillations of the neighborhood would have been served with sugar-sirups or fruit juices to soften their raw flavor and make the doses more palatable. Since this party took place in a city hard by the Atlantic seaboard, we had bootleggers' wares—alleged Scotch for the high-balls, so-called gin for the abundant cocktails.

With as small a loss of time as possible, a number of those present got visibly under alcoholic influences. The women were the first to show the effects of such stimulation.

These women behaved according to their various natures. One of them, by swiftly succeeding stages, became talkative, noisy, disputatious and finally outright quarrelsome. A second one was sentimental for a while, then weepy and, before they took her away, was almost maudlin. A third got sleepy and departed early. The rest for the most part had flushed faces and voices which occasionally got out of control. You could not say they were intoxicated but obviously they were exhilarated.

In 1919, this exhibition would have been disquieting to most people; many people it would have shocked. In 1929, the run of us take it rather as a matter of course. It would appear that our sense of social averages has changed here in America these last ten years.

After dinner, among the men, the talk swung around to the subject of drinking; it nearly always does, as you may have noticed. One man, who had been punishing the Scotch rather feverishly, said in an undertone to two of us:

"Why the devil do we do this, anyhow? This miserable stuff



*Blue Grass people—a self-reliant, big-handed, big-talking folk, lovers of women, lovers of oratory and disputation, lovers of horses, dogs, guns—and whisky.*

tastes rotten when you drink it. You feel rotten when you have drunk it and you feel rottener still next morning. I've got a hard day ahead of me tomorrow, too."

To his question there seemed to be no answer.

A second man spoke up, addressing me particularly:

"You ought to know something about good whisky," he said. "You came from the South—from the country where they made the purest and the blandest and the noblest whisky that ever was—and that was Bourbon. Lordy, but that was real whisky—stuff fit for a gentleman to drink." He sighed regretfully and reached for the synthetic substitute.

What he said set me to thinking. It set me to writing. The serial which begins in this magazine was the outcome.



# LIKKEER

*Illustrations*

*by*

W. Smithson  
Broadhead



the corn which grew in these parts.

This Bourbon whisky had its friends and it had its enemies. At home and abroad, it had both. In the earlier periods of its manufacture its friends far outnumbered its enemies. Later on, the opposite of this was true.

There were those who claimed it made misery in the world. But its defenders declared that, without it, there still would have been misery in the world. These same defenders said that, used in moderation, it brought joy to the children of men. But those on the other side of the argument said this joy was a false and a spurious joy out of which came tears and heartaches and bloodshed and poverty.

From present indications, it never again will be made, or at least not legally and under governmental sanction, excepting for various stated and circumscribed purposes. As an institution, it is gone and, as nearly as we may figure, gone for good. It's in the past tense.

As a generic term, take the word whisky. There's a word that you can wrap a lot of other words around. It depends on your personal attitude whether these words are pleasant or unpleasant, complimentary or condemnatory, or a mixture of the same.

To be specific, as in this instance, take Bourbon whisky, which in the section where they made it sometimes was called "sour-mash" and oftener was called "red likker."

In its day and time, before Prohibition came along, Bourbon whisky was one of the distinctive products of a certain area of my native state of Kentucky, was perhaps its most distinctive product.

It sprang out of the very loins of the land. It took the limestone soil and the limestone water to make it. It took also

Looking backward, though, we see that its history was a part of the history of the state and, in some degree, of the nation. There was romance to it—of a sort. There was poetry to it—of a sort. There was tragedy in it, and drama too. To its memory there probably always will be legends appended, and traditions and fables and by-tales.

Still looking backward, we see now in retrospect that out of it grew up an aristocracy, a feudal system, if you will, which was different from any other aristocracy anywhere, an aristocracy which was dependent on Bourbon for life, which withered and died when the making of Bourbon passed out and which never again can be recreated.

This narrative will deal with Bourbon whisky and particularly

with an imaginary family who for generations engaged in the distillation of it. With Bourbon whisky their tribal name and their tribal records were for a great many years very closely interwoven. It is so that you are to picture these supposititious folks. It is with intent to tell how they came to get into this line and what getting into it and staying in it did for them and to them, and how after all those years they were, by force of circumstances and the onward march of the Anglo-Saxon civilization, ousted out of it, that the narrative has been written.

To get back to the beginnings of the beginnings, you must go quite a distance behind the things of today. Therefore and for as briefened a space as may be, the reader's kind attention is directed rearward.

IRVIN S. COBB

P. S. This story is not intended as propaganda for or against anything or anybody.

ON THE ground where Number 2 bonded warehouse of Bird & Son's Old Blockhouse Distilling Company would one day stand, the first of the Birds to come through the Gap and along the Wilderness Trail into this virgin country, past the mountains, sat down by his door, it being a fine spring morning, and wrote a letter to the young governor of the young state. He wrote with a pen made by him from the feather of a wild goose's wing. He dipped his quill in ink made by his wife from the gall juice of a white oak.

There was no affectation in the use of these things. These were the pioneering times and this was the farthestmost rim, the ultimate horizon, so some predicted, of the white man's civilization on the Western Hemisphere. His squirrel rifle, with its light small curly-maple stock and its long heavy octagonal barrel, was propped between Isham Bird's knees while he wrote, and the "Injun cigar" tree under which he sat spilled its shattered and wilting blossoms on his hunched shoulders and on the puncheon board which served him for a desk.

He wetted his nib and he wrote as follows:

On Bird's Fork, May the 13, 1793

Dr Sir—

I gladly embrace the opportunity of letting you know our Situation At This place, at present our Situation is very dangerous~the Indians Are Almost daily seen on our frontiers~And on Thursday last I seen myself 7 or Eight on the waters of Grimm's Run; & the people at this place are Very Much discourage, the Indians Seem to Rush on so violently & no Soldiers sent to put a Stop to them~And if this place brakes up All the settlements on this River Will brake up likewise~

Now My earnest Request of you is to order About Ten Men to our Afisistance this summer As Soon As Possible, your Complianc Will Very Much oblige your Very Hum<sup>b</sup> Ser

Isham Bird

To Isaac Shelbay Esq<sup>r</sup>

Governor of the state of Kaintuckey

He spelt the last name of the governor according to his own peculiar fancy. But he spelt the name of the state the way most men of the Western Border did spell it in those days. They spelt it so because they pronounced it so.

He folded the double sheet of thick grayish paper and backed it with the address and sealed it with a dab of sticky sweet-gum and put it by until the seal should dry. Shadwell Bird, his unmarried brother, would take it with him across to the provisional capital at Lexington when he started for there on horseback the following morning at sunup, riding along the trace with its blazed saplings for markers until he issued forth six miles out from Lexington upon a rutty wagon road.

It would be Shad's first trip to Lexington. He had lately arrived from beyond the Cumberlands. He was aiming to marry Hannah Bartlett, younger sister of Isham's wife. She would be out soon, if all went well; and then they would be married and then the brothers would be brothers-in-law.

Bird, the elder brother, was no scribe; was better with the ax than with the quill. With an ax he could at one stroke take a kerf as broad as your hand from the heart-wood of a green hickory, but when he took his quill in hand he labored over the task.

Having finished with this task, he now reared himself back for a bit of ease on his stool, which was a log butt sawed off squarely, top and bottom, and set on end. With his head against the split-log door-jamb he looked across the clearing where corn shoots were coming up in the crooked furrows.

To get a crop in had been his main desire ever since he traveled out from the Yadkin the fall before, with his family and his land-warrant, and picked this site for his homestead.

Building a cabin and making it weather-tight and fortifying it with palisades against assault, had taken all winter; so his plowing had been delayed. Not all the chips which had covered his dooryard were gone; some had been burned for kindling; the rest lay about thickly.

It was very peaceful there in the clearing. Pairs of redbirds, both the tufted kind and the smooth-pated kind, flickered back and forth, making quick-shifting splashes of cardinal or scarlet against the deep background of the thickets down toward the creek; and constantly flocks of parrakeets passed overhead like flights of slender green-and-yellow darts.

There were hundreds of these parrakeets about; there seemed to be thousands of them.

Isham Bird's slave man, Easter, would pause frequently from tending with his hoe in the patch of flax between where his master sat and where the straggly corn rows began, to look up at the fantastic gaudy little creatures. Neither Easter nor his master would have believed anyone who might have predicted—only, of course, no one in their lifetimes ever did—that of all the winged things of the forest the parrakeets would be the first mysteriously and entirely to vanish—they first and then, after years and years and all at once, the passenger-pigeons.

In the brush-roofed lean-to behind the cabin the plucked and smoked and salted carcasses of pigeons still filled sundry firkins and casks. Bird and his negro and his oldest boy, Isham Junior, had netted them at their roosts on the river in the October before, soon after the family got here from North Carolina. Made into stews, the bodies of these pigeons had furnished a winter dependency did the household tire of such fresh meats as venison or wild turkey or elk hams.

When Isham Bird was a much older man, indeed a very old man, a stranger named Audubon would make a far pilgrimage hither for the purpose of studying these pigeons. But now this Isham Bird was a man in the prime of his strength and his maturity—a gaunt, spare, ginger-haired man with long sinewy arms and long legs, but very short-waisted—"a close-coupled one" his neighbors called him. Sometimes they called him "High Pockets."

Except for the bickerings of the birds, it also was peaceful in the coverts which marked the creek banks at the edge of the "dead'nings." But this tall homesteader put no faith in that peacefulness; it might be but a false peace.

That edging yonder was a soft green mask for the face of danger. That jay, now, the noisy one which screamed so stridently in the distance, but did not show himself—he might not be a jay at all; that rain-crow pleading for rain somewhere down in the slashes might be a painted scout calling a signal for the sudden attack and, if the attack should succeed, the massacre. That owl—but this was an honest owl—which screeched so close by the barred and shuttered cabin just before dawn, had brought Isham Bird to alarmed wakefulness on the instant; and he sitting up on his pallet and groping for his weapons.

He lay always with his weapons in arm's reach. In 1793, among these outposts, you bought your life at the price of an everlasting vigilance. You walked warily by day, and by night you had peril for your bedfellow. You had always before you hideous examples of what a slackening of this watchfulness might mean.

THERE had been, for instance, the affair at the settlement in Quinn's Bottom on the Elkhorn, and it a settlement much larger than this one here on Bird's Fork, and much closer, too, to the encircling crescent of "forts" and "stations" which on the eastward formed a dubious and uncertain line of protection for those living within its irregular half-moon. That had befallen the year before—in April, '92, two months, about, before the state became a state.

It was a large war-band from above the Ohio which struck that blithe April morning on the infant community of Quinn's Bottom. The assault was a surprise assault and before the raiders fled they killed both of the Cooks and Lewis Martin and William Dunn's two sons and a negro man belonging to Dunn; and they captured and carried away with them two more buck negroes.

The Cooks were the first to die. For them there was no warning. They were shearing the wool off their ewes in a little meadow fronting the cabin which their families shared. From the adjacent brake a volley burst forth. One of the brothers dropped in his tracks and was scalped and mutilated where he dropped. The other, shot through and through between the shoulders, was dying on his feet as he ran for the cabin. But he reached the doorstep before he fell.

His wife and his brother's wife dragged him across the threshold and made the door fast. In another instant the Indians were battering with their war hatchets at the half-timbers of the door.



**C** *The Home-coming*

W. SWANSON  
BROADHEAD

Outside were thirty or more ravening savages. Inside were two women, three small children, one corpse on the floor. There were no windows to be breached, which was lucky for the besieged.

There was one gun and a powder-horn but no bullet with which to load the gun.

One of the women split a scrap of lead and chewed it round between her teeth and rammed it down the barrel and she made a hole in the dried mud chinking of the wall and poked the muzzle through and fired and killed a bedaubed big warrior who was directing the attack on their citadel. So at that the Indians set fire, one place and another, to the roof of poles and thatched brush, and fell back a little way, taking cover.

Then one of the widows—the one who had fired the lucky shot—climbed up to the loft and tore away part of the thatch,

and her sister-in-law passed water up to her and she put out some of the fires. They ran out of water and the roof still blazed. Then the woman below handed up hens' eggs, and the woman above, with her head and shoulders exposed to the leaden slugs and the arrows that pecked and pelted about her, smashed the eggs into the little creeping flames and doused them.

But when the eggs were all gone, one small fire still burned. So she descended and she stripped from her man's limp dead body his woolen vest and carried it aloft and spread it, all soaked



with blood as it was, over the last bit of stubborn fire and smothered that out; and soon after that the Indians retreated.

Oh, the women played their parts well. Take the earlier affair at Bryan's Station, one of the first of these stations to be set up: There the settlers had word of the enemy's advance and took refuge inside their square stockade and stood off the assailing force for two days and two nights. Then, their supply of water ran out and except from a spring which stood two hundred feet or so from the fortification, there was no water to be had, and from thirst the besieged began to suffer grievous torments.

The Indians apparently had withdrawn, but these frontiersmen had experience of border wiles; they felt sure the red men still were hid close by awaiting a moment when the whites might relax their guard. It was a woman who thought of an artifice whereby the beleaguered might have water and yet no able-bodied fighter be killed trying to bring it.

At dawn she marshaled all the other women within the walls, the young and the old, the grandmothers and the half-grown girls, and she drilled them in what they must do. They did it, too.

First, though, the gates of the fort were thrown back, the sentries, apparently confident and careless, lounging in the gap. Spying from their leafy ambuscades, the Indians saw these things and were heartened thereat. What they could not see was that behind the palisades the best marksmen of the garrison were crouched, their rifles poised, their eyes glued to peep-holes.

Now then there issued forth between the opened gates a procession of women, all bearing buckets, kettles, piggins, keelers, puncheons, jugs, water-skins, gourd-bottles, gourd-calabashes, crocks, even churns. Chatting unconcernedly, singing, some of them, they moved with placid, unhurried steps down the gentle slope to the spring. Still without haste or seeming concern, they filled their vessels, slowly went back up the little hill.

Not until they were within a few yards of safety did they break ranks. Quickly then, like frightened partridges, they ran for shelter and as the last one scurried through, the gates were slammed to behind her while a futile scattered squall of slugs and arrows spattered against the logs and from the thwarted Shawnees arose a gobble of rage and disappointment and from the exultant "long hunters" within, an answering chorus of defiant, jubilant howls and derisive catcalls.

Neither to those who did these things nor to those subsequent founders of the baby commonwealth who had news of them, would it seem conceivable that a day might ever come when by



a little bubbly spring gurgling from a limestone cleft, a monument would stand to bear the names of those mothers and those daughters who fetched up the water, or that heroic odes would be written to glorify the memory of the woman who put out the fire with the fresh warm blood of her husband's drained body.

They did not know, those borderers of the generation of Isham Bird and his wife and his brother Shadwell and his wife, that they were making history for patriots to treasure. If they gave it a thought, they thought only of making homes for themselves out of the solitudes, of making inheritances for their children, and their children's children. To that they dedicated themselves with a certain simple and whole-souled efficiency.

They endured the greater hardships of their present lot because all their days they had known great hardships. They contended with the obstinate aborigine and finally drove him back; and they drove back the wolf and the panther and the bear.

They ate hulled hominy of their own manufacturing by a primitive process and, until more and more grist-mills were built, they mostly pounded their corn in crude mortars left behind by the Indians. They sweetened their mush with the boiled-down juices of the "sugar bush," which was the maple, and the more astringent sap of the "molasses tree," a variety of hickory.

With salt from the "licks," where the buffaloes had wallowed,



**C** "There's a big cravin' on for red likker like what you see, Isham." "That's shorely one huckleberry above my tallest persimmon. Likker that's red from char-wood—that's a new dangle to me, Shad!"

they salted the hard-baked journey-cakes which you and I of our day call "johnny-cakes." They went barefoot in the summer and in the winter wore moccasins and buskins of deerskin or elk-hide or buffalo-hide. They wore hunting-shirts of fleece from the backs of their own sheep, which the women carded and spun and fashioned into cloth and dyed the cloth with infusions of bark and the hulls of the black walnut.

Next to their bodies they wore garments of tow, which they themselves hackled from the hemp, or, in emergencies, garments of the hackled fibers of the nettle. They set up schoolhouses and church-houses and court-houses and gallows and whipping-posts. They made a singing sweetness on earth of what had been a ramping wilderness.

They made something else of which they took no note nor speculated over, since it likewise belonged to the future. Of the spirit and the passion that was in them and of the essences of the soil and the climate and the environment, they seeded for a breed of self-reliant, high-tempered, high-headed, high-handed, high-talking folk who would be quick to take offense and quick with violent force to resent it; a big-boned, fair-skinned, contentious, individualistic breed, jealous of their rights, furious in their quarrels, deadly in their feuds, generous in their hospitalities; a breed who in the main would take their religion and their politics very

seriously and their adventures very lightly; a breed of lovers of women, lovers of oratory and of disputation, lovers of horses and horse-racing, lovers of cock-fighting and card-playing, lovers of dogs and guns—and whisky . . . Blue Grass people.

**G** OING and coming and staying overnight in Lexington, Shadwell Bird was away for three days. On the afternoon of the third day, late, they heard him approaching before anybody saw him. He was singing at the top of his voice, with no regard for the tune.

Isham Bird, harkening to it as he stood in the littered dooryard, knitted his bushy sandy brows in displeased uneasiness. A man who sang as loudly as that while traversing the bowery bridle-trail through these woods was going out of his way to invite trouble, what with the country alive with topknotted marauders.

The reason for Shad's in-caution was revealed when he emerged into view at the verge of the clearing. He was swaying a little in the saddle, his feet free of the stirrups, the foppish fringes on his close-fitted leggings flopping against his calves. He whooped with a tipsy hilarity at sight of Isham coming to meet him, and letting go the reins, waved one arm over his head. His rifle swung in the elbow crotch of his other arm.

Getting off his mare, he dropped the flintlock and fell sprawling. Saying nothing, his brother helped him to his feet and would have helped him ungirth the mare but Shadwell motioned him back. Drinking or sober, he cared for his own horse-flesh. He cast off the saddle and the saddle-cloth and the twin saddle-pouches, and leaving them on the ground lurching off toward the brush-and-bark stable, his lathered nag trailing behind him.

"Look in my saddle-poke—the right-hand one," he called over his shoulder. "What you'll find

there's goin' to pleasure you mighty."

Having fed the wearied animal and bedded her, this courier presently came back, walking unsteadily, his face very flushed, to where Isham mutely awaited him. Isham's oldest son, a boy of twelve, was there now with a cane pole over his shoulder and a sizable catch of perch and baby bass strung by their gills on a willow twig; and Isham's wife had come outdoors to learn the tidings, bringing her girl baby in her arms.

The two remaining children were too small to be interested in hearing what news the returned traveler might have brought. They were over yonder at the back side of the corn-patch bearing old Easter company.

In his hand Isham held what Shadwell had bade him seek for in the saddle-bag. It was a wickered case-bottle, stoppered with a corn-cob.

"Tried it yet?" said Shadwell.

"Not yet."

"Well, you'd best not lose any more time then. It's prime. Man, I tell you it's just prime! Primest ever I swallowed anywhere or any place."

"What is it?"

"Likker. What else would it be but likker?"

"But it's red!" Isham was holding the flask up to the west and

through the meshes in the plaiting the glass, by reason of its contents, showed him a deep russety-amber shade. That was puzzling.

"Shore, it's red. That's the joke about it. Red as stinkabus rum, e'en near it, yet powerful well-flavored. Take a swig and then tell me if it ain't about the potentest likker ever you put lip to!"

"THAT can wait," said Isham, and slipped the bottle inside his shirt. "What's stirrin'? What did the governor say about sendin' us a few of his muster-men?"

"Gad, but I'm hot as a she-mink!" exclaimed Shadwell. He shed his linsey-woolsey tunic and tossed his catskin cap inside. Then, suddenly remembering his manners, he ceremoniously shook hands with his sister-in-law.

"Welcome back, Shaddy," she said. Until then she had not spoken. "We're mighty glad you're back safe and sound. Anything happen on the way?"

"Nothin' happened to me but what was first-rate. Look at me, Tildy—don't I look happy? But plenty that ain't so happy is happenin' all through these far territories."

"Indians?" Involuntarily she pressed the child closer to her.

"Shorely. The cussed varmin air hazin' the people t'other side of Lexington even worse than here on this nigh side. Two poor fellows laywayed and killed whilst bee-huntin' just outside of Harrod's Town last Tuesday was a week, and not hair, hide nor moccasin track to show of the lurkin', murderin', scurvy devils that did it. And a young gal snatched up and carried off alive and kickin' before her mammy's eyes whilst a-milkin' of a cow half a day's ride north from Logan's Blockhouse, and the posse that formed and followed after never caught up with 'em.

"But that ain't holdin' back nor hinderin' the people from pourin' in. That's it—they're just pourin' in. Parties in from the Gap every week now and yesterday evenin' a dispatch-rider bringin' word of the biggest party yet cruisin' down the Ohio on broadhorns and headed for Corn Island and the Falls.

"Oh, but they're comin' down on us thick and fast, comin' by the thousands. Let this keep up and purty soon Kaintuckey's goin' to be crowded up worse'n the old Carolina country we left behind us. Me, I didn't traipse away out here for that. Me, I like it where the 'habitants ain't so pesterin'-many."

"Any news of my sister Hannah?"

"She sent word on ahead by the Bledsoes—Yadkin folks, they air, and just got in with their paws full of land-grants. She'll be out in July or August with another big party that ain't made up yet. She's to send on word again before they start."

For a man bespoken, he said it casually. Isham broke in.

"What did the governor say when you handed him my letter?" he demanded. "Did you tell him I was writin' not only for my own but for everybody along this fork?"

"Well, I tell you: I didn't see him."

"Didn't see him?"

"No. He was too busy, they said, to be seein' everybody that's a-beggin' for gardeens. The one I saw was a young jimmer-jawed whippersnapper of a clerk that they termed the secretary. He took your letter but he didn't let me in to where Ike Shelby was. Said you might be hearin' later by some express journeyin' this way—if Ike Shelby got 'round to it. But Ish, we'll get none of the militiamen to help us out here; too many calls already in ahead of yours from settlements yet more outlyin' even than this one and in worse fixes from the Injuns prowlin'.

"We'll just have to make out the best way we can. Well, me, I'm comb-trimmed and heeled, and I'm feelin' fit for frolickin' or fightin' and right now don't care a thrip which one 'tis. It's action I'm honin' for, yes, my ladies." He caught up his gun from the earth and patted its dusty stock.

"Then we're in a desperate and a sorry case, for shore," said Isham Bird, sorely. Like a man beset by bad visions, he looked all about him. His wife sped indoors almost like a creature in flight.

"Take a deep nip out of that there sweet little flagon of mine and I'll guarantee you won't stay downcasted but'll feel all hoped-up and contented-like in a minute," advised Shadwell. "I could do with another smidgin' of it myself."

"But it's red," said Isham, still puzzled, as he brought the flask forth again. "Red like wine, sort of, and yet not wine but true spirits, you say. How could that be?"

"I'm fixin' to tell you. Seems like some fellow or other over yon just a fairish piece from here at the new fullin'-mill by the



*"O Lord God, save this Union, but save also this here woman's misguided son,*



Royal Spring on the Elkhorn, made some corn likker and set it off in a boughten keg for to mellow up. Well, months passed, maybe a year or two, I don't know how long. Then he drew off a measurin'-nogginful for to sample it and, lo and behold, instead of bein' white, 'twas a pinky-brownish red like what you see.

"Says he to himself then, this fellow I'm tellin' you about, says he: 'Damnation, it must 'a' sp'iled on me someway.' But it smelt right and when he tasted it, why, by Swamp Fox Marion, if it didn't taste better'n any he'd ever tasted in his life before, I'm a liar! So he dreens off the rest of it and busts the keg open and he finds out that the insides of her is all burnt black-like.

"Seems like the cooperin' fellow that made this keg for him must 'a' damaged the staves with live coals somehow but sealed it up and said nothin' to nobody about it. So the fellow at the fullin'-mill didn't say anything to anybody either. But with his own hands he coopered him up a yet bigger keg and he put a good heavy burn on her insides and he poured her full of some new triple-run and drove the bung home and set her by for a longish spell.

"And bimeby, when he broached her—or leastwise that's the tale that's goin' 'round—why, there was the same thing over again—red likker, the best ever. And he spread the word broadcast and so anybody that's got a distill of his own is free for to do the same. There's a big cravin' on for it already."

"Hum," said Isham. "Now that does beat me. That's shorely

one huckleberry above my tallest persimmon. But I've heard our sire tell it how his sire told him that back in the old country, back in Scotland, they would use sherry casks from the Spanish countries to keep the spirits in so's to give 'em a yellowy color and a special flavorin'. But likker that's red from char-wood—that's a new dangle to me!" He uncorked the flask and took a long draft.

"Shad, it shorely does go down slick," he agreed as he spat and, having wiped its mouth on his sleeve, passed the bottle. "Slick as a whistle, I do profess. Next batch I make us I'm goin' to brand one keg with fire inside just for to see what comes of it."

"You're shootin' right you will!" The junior took the bottle down from his lips to make the response. "And if you should forget about it when the time comes, I won't. Because from this day forth I'm a red-likker boy."

THAT a man should produce by hand his own spirits and drink them himself and sell the surplus, paying no tithe or government tax, if so be he had a surplus and could find him a market, was part of the ordained planning of things to the Birds and their kind. On that first great continental wave of emigration westward from the seaboard states, the incomers brought along their little portable stills and their small mash-tubs with them—mainly home-made wooden stills these were, but now and then you saw a treasured copper still, which would be a prized heritage from some European ancestor of the Colonial period.

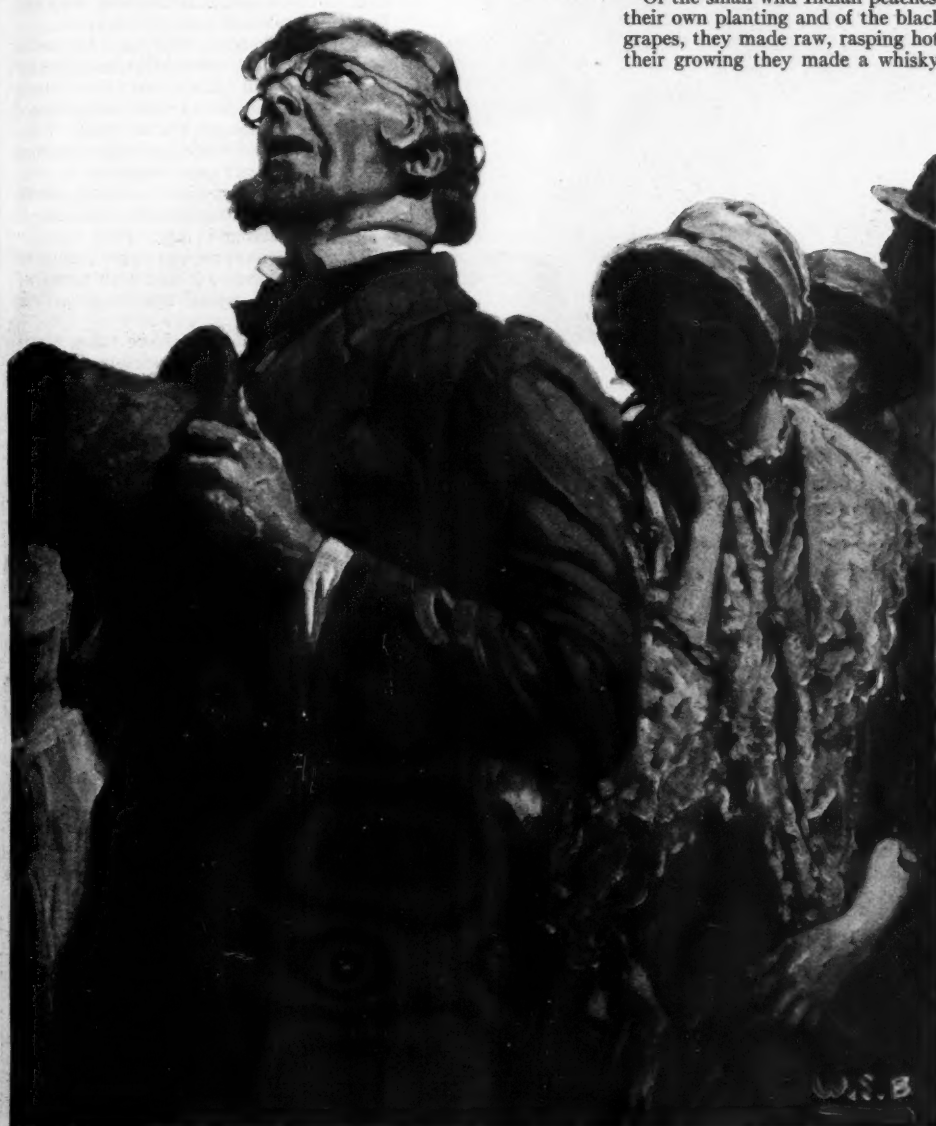
Of the small wild Indian peaches and the apples from trees of their own planting and of the blackberries and the native frost-grapes, they made raw, rasping hot brandies, but of the corn of their growing they made a whisky blander than any brandy,

smoother to the palate and more in demand—a steadily growing flow which thenceforth would course like a sanguinary flood throughout the history of the land; be woven, like a bright thread, in and out of the lives of the people of the land.

The demand came as the reputation for merit of these heady outputs spread. That hardy race of early American argonauts—those men who proudly boasted that they were "half-hoss, half-alligator" and on occasion proved it—who presently were taking their flotillas of flat-boats downstream of the Ohio into the Mississippi, took with them, as part of their cargoes, this new ruddy kind of whisky.

Along with their portables they carried sorghum and peltries; hemp and pork; dried apples and dried peaches; tobacco and pumpkins; grain and feed—products and produce of many sorts to be bartered off in the Spanish and the French possessions. As a shipper, Isham Bird on a somewhat later day would be engaged in this traffic and would profit thereby. He made no voyages, though. That would be for Shadwell to do. It suited Shadwell well.

At the beginning it was a catch which the  
(Continued on page 209)



ber——" He faltered, then: "Spare him, God, and send him back to her—to us—to me!"



# I Learned

*from a*

By Honoré

SOME people accomplish their spiritual growth gradually and painlessly. They come up from the childish plane of semisavagery as simply and surely as a fine tree develops and by middle life have established a beautiful and harmonious relationship with the heavens above and the earth beneath.

It has not been so with me. I grow (if one may call it growth!) spasmodically and with infinite travail. Each step I have made upward toward the serene blue has been accomplished only by conscious and titanic effort. I am cursed with a complete inability to take anything on faith. I must *know* or I cannot believe.

And so a great deal of my life has been a long and lonely quest after the unknowable. But not all of my life. There stand up in my memory three or four experiences wherein it seemed to me I actually visioned truth and clung to it and with agony of mind and body pulled myself upward to a firm stand upon it.

These experiences invariably have taken place either in the mountains or on the desert, far from crowds and the smell of gasoline. It has required a vast landscape to enlarge my focus to the seeing point. Sometimes the experience has come without seeking, but of late years I have not infrequently sought the big country more or less deliberately when some spiritual problem has confronted me.

I say more or less, because in the experience I'm about to relate I didn't admit till afterward what had been my real purpose in going to Quaking Asp Canyon. I was writing a book on the early West and I wanted to reconstruct a picture of fur trapping.

I might have made my picture from memory, for I once had seen a trapper at work in the Rockies and also there are several excellent books on fur trapping extant. But back of my hanker for meticulous accuracy was another hanker. I wanted to settle a vital personal problem by looking at it against a background of untainted wilderness.

The problem was rather a curious one. A friend of mine in Boston had come to me with the story of a five-year-old boy. She was the child-placing agent for a child-adoption society and had become keenly interested in the study of subnormality.

She believed that there were numerous cases among young children where highly intelligent care on the part of a mother could save a merely subnormal case from becoming what we call idiotic. She even claimed that sometimes such a child could be brought up to normal, and she asked me to take this subnormal five-year-old into my home.

I had flatly refused to be interested. I had my own family and a profession to care for. And I had what was more decisive, a horror of the abnormal or subnormal. But my friend had the persistence of a highly successful agent. She actually brought the child down to New York to see me. He was a beautiful boy—little Arthur; large for his age, with gorgeous blue eyes that one could not escape or forget, they were so hungry, so bewildered.

"You see? You see?" exclaimed my friend when I commented on this look. "There's something there—a soul struggling to thrust a curtain aside!"

"You're a sentimental goose!" I grumbled.

"Yes, I am, thank heaven!" replied my friend, holding the stolid child close in her arms.

**T**aking little Arthur would mean endless patience, endless thought and endeavor. And my hands and heart already were full . . . I flatly refused to be interested.

# About God

## Negress

### Willsie Morrow

I shook my head. I couldn't! It would mean hours each day, feeding, training, watching—endless patience, endless thought and endeavor. And my hands and heart already were full.

We were arguing over the matter when Esther brought in the tea-tray. Esther was my colored cook; very tall, very dark, with a magnificent physique and liquid, passionate eyes. I had not asked for tea. But I had told Esther about Arthur and this was her method of breaking into the conference.

She set the tray before me, then stood staring at the child with all the negro's love for blond beauty. After a moment, she said, "You take him, madam, and I'll help you till he's grown."

I shook my head. Esther tossed hers, disapprovingly, and went out. I turned to my friend and reiterated all my former arguments—that she'd easily find some rich person who could pay for a specialized nurse and teacher, or that he could be placed in a private school for such children; that there was a limit to my strength and the length of my working day and to my love for children; that someone else could do the job better than I.

To all of which my friend made but one answer—that mother-love was the prime requisite plus a peculiar kind of intelligence. I tried to thank her flippantly for the implied compliment, but she was affronted and carried Arthur out without a further word.

IT WAS after this that I arranged to go to Quaking Asp Canyon through a man I knew in the Forestry Service. When I announced my prospective trip to Esther, she was on her knees scrubbing the kitchen floor. She gave me the blank look characteristic of her race when it disapproves of some vagary of my race and said, sullenly, "Yessum, I'll keep things together till you git back—if you ever do git back," and went on scrubbing.

Ten minutes later, however, she came pounding along to my study and planted herself before my desk. "Madam, I'm going out there on that trip with you," she announced.

"That's impossible, Esther!" I replied.

She settled herself more firmly before me. "Nothing's impossible the Lord wants done. He done told me out there in my kitchen to go with you. You know last time you went out in them mountains in the winter it nearly killed you. You ain't going out again unless I go to bring your body back. I got enough money to pay my own way."

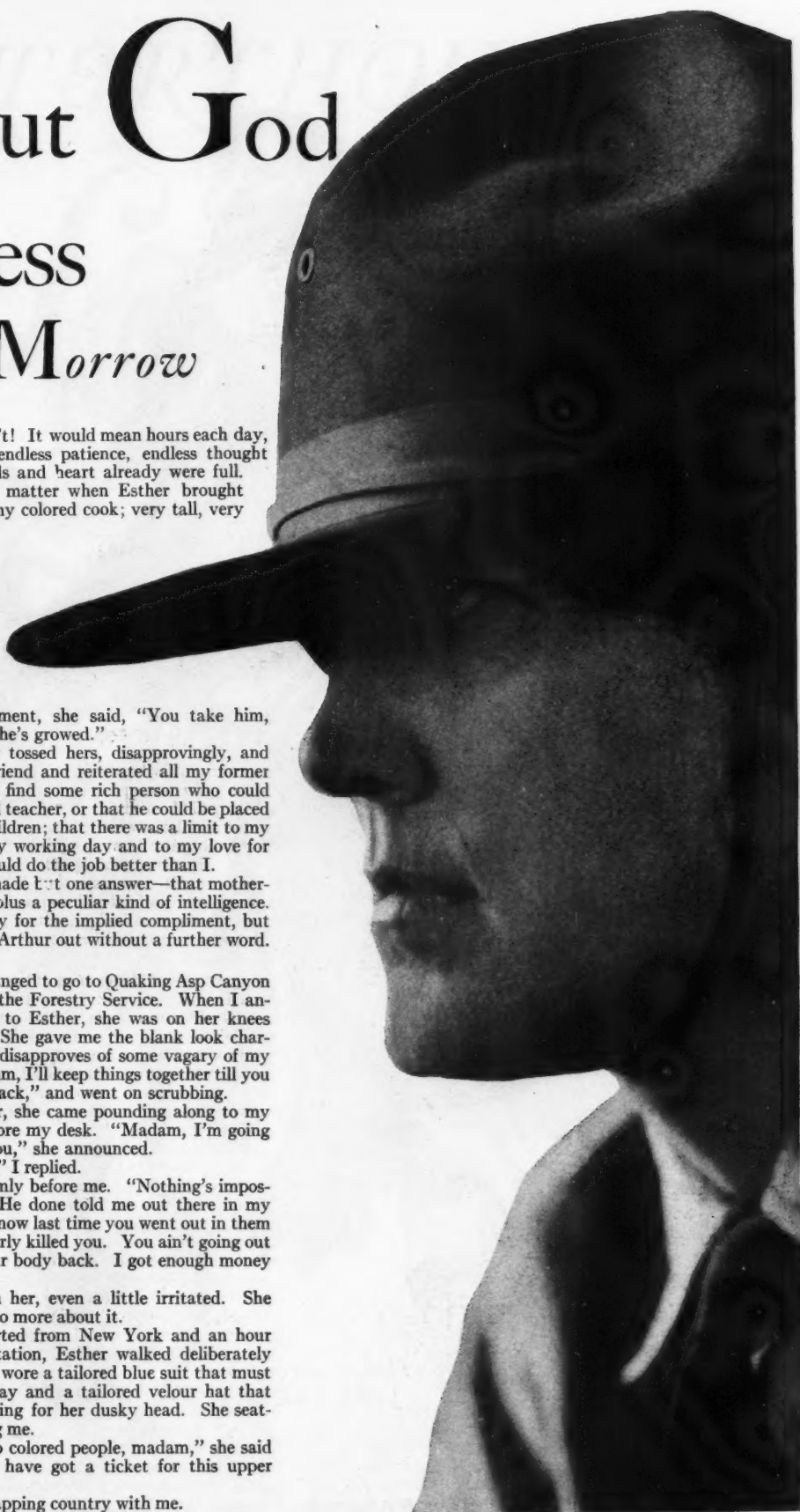
I was absolutely firm with her, even a little irritated. She subsided sulkily and I heard no more about it.

Early in November, I started from New York and an hour after the train had left the station, Esther walked deliberately up the aisle of my car. She wore a tailored blue suit that must have taken several weeks' pay and a tailored velour hat that was precisely the right covering for her dusky head. She seated herself in my section facing me.

"I hope you don't object to colored people, madam," she said obstinately, "because I sure have got a ticket for this upper berth." And she had!

Thus Esther went to the trapping country with me.

Quaking Asp Canyon lies one hundred and fifty miles north of the railway in a forgotten section of the Rockies where there is no grazing to tempt the sheepman (Continued on page 144)



*But I came to see that since I was peculiarly fitted to care for little Arthur, he was my job. Whatever pain he cost me—well, God would see the scars.*



# The

## By John Erskine

*Who has already  
disclosed "The Private Life  
of Helen of Troy"*



*Illustrations by  
John LaGatta*

**B**efore Godiva started out she informed the people of the sacrifice she was making for their sakes. Of course, this secured for her a publicity far ahead of the times.

# AFTERTHOUGHTS of Lady Godiva

PERHAPS the legend does her husband some injustice. They say he taxed his people to the point of starvation, and only by the self-forgetting heroism of his wife was he persuaded to relent. But why did it please him to impose a tax which the folk couldn't pay? Or just how did he expect to squeeze it out of them, if they were stubborn?

We are forced to content ourselves with the picturesque climax of the episode. Once every day, at least, Lady Godiva mentioned the matter to the earl, her husband, until he lost his temper. If she loved the rabble enough to ride naked through the principal thoroughfare in mid-afternoon, he would remit the tax.

Well, she loved the rabble enough. She started in just above the old butcher shop, now long since destroyed, and kept on around the sharp corner where the town pump used to be—all the way to the public jail. She made the demonstration on the thirty-first of May, to be precise, though the exact year and century escape us.

No matter how you look at the old story, the woman's exposure of herself, even in a good cause, was a little startling. Some details seem to have been invented to relieve the strain.

It is said, for example, that before she started out on her canter, she informed the people of the sacrifice she was making for their sakes, and without any desire to limit their freedom of action, suggested that they might properly stay within doors, until she had returned to her clothes. Of course this warning secured for her a publicity far ahead of the times. Even though the populace did remain indoors, we may assume that she had their attention.

In fact, at least one ordinary fellow did lean out of the window as she went by. The legend tells us with ambiguous felicity that he was at once stricken blind. We are expected to conclude that he was dazzled by his own immodesty rather than by hers. The account does not dwell on Godiva's personal appearance. One is tempted to call the story bourgeois—its interest is less in the lady's beauty than in her lack of clothes.

But according to another version, she did not ask the people to retire. On the contrary, she rode boldly through the streets at the hour of most congested traffic, and she had a stalwart soldier on each side of the bridle to lead the horse.

Her progress, therefore, seems to have been leisurely rather than embarrassed. But she so disposed her wealth of golden hair that no one noticed anything out of the usual. The intentions of this version are admirable, but if the townspeople were unobserving how was her sacrifice heroic?

Other questions offer themselves. What happened after the ride? The earl remitted the taxes, of course, but what did she say to him when next they met? What, as a matter of fact, did he say to her?

We are the answer in hieroglyphic, says the philosopher, to the questions we would put. Our observation of ourselves is proper comment upon any legend, however puzzling. It may be that the earl wasn't so bad, after all, or his wife so unhappy. Not at the time! The episode, however, had consequences.

Of course the earl never thought for a moment she'd accept his challenge. He had no more relish than any other husband for seeing his wife make such a show of herself. Uncordial as their relations had been when he dared her to do it, the real friction began, you might say, when she returned in triumph from the ordeal.

Her maid met her at the castle door with her best dressing-gown, the one with the ermine on it, and she would have proceeded to her room without a word if the earl hadn't been waiting for her at the top of the staircase. In her face one could read the self-satisfaction which is permissible to a generosity like hers. The earl looked ugly as sin.

"You seem to have enjoyed yourself," he began.

She pretended not to hear.

"I'll tell you right now, I've a good mind not to let you into the house again!" He spoke so loud that the guard on the front steps outside looked in to see what was the matter.

"If you prefer," she said, "I'll return to the streets, whither you sent me an hour ago."

"I did nothing of the kind! I told you—"

"Leofric, if you shout so loud, you'll—"

"I'll shout as loud as I like," said he, but lowered his voice.

"I repeat, you undertook this disgraceful exhibition of your own free will. I shall never be able to look my friends in the face again. My wife, riding through the streets with nothing on!"

"If you'll permit me to pass," said Godiva, "I'd like to dress for tea."

He sulked till after dinner, but when they were alone once more he renewed his criticism.

"To a well-governed nature," he said, "such an escapade would have been unthinkable. Only a depraved person would have carried it out."

"Leofric," she said, "so far as I am concerned, the incident is finished. You are not a good judge of depravity or the opposite, whatever that is. Moreover, your present state of mind is not righteous indignation—it is disappointment. You thought you had named a price I wouldn't pay. Now you wish you had stipulated something really hard."

THE earl examined the argument a second, to take hold of it by the effective end.

"I named no price. If what you did wasn't difficult for you, you're hopeless."

"As you will," she said. "I repeat, the incident is finished. Anyway, it's not on my conscience—it was your idea."

The earl forgot his manners. He walked around the table and got near enough to shake his fist at her.

"Never so long as you live say I made you do that!"

"I shan't. Don't get excited. I said it was your idea. Of course I might have allowed the people to starve. You told me you'd be kind to them only if I rode."

"That's the way a woman makes out a case for herself!"

"Isn't it the truth?"

"It is not! You began it. You said there was nothing you wouldn't do to lift the tax."

"Well?"

"And I merely pointed out that you were exaggerating. I mentioned a number of things which no polite woman would on any account be caught doing, a series of scandalous suggestions culminating in the fantastic idea of this ride. Ordinarily I'm not given to rhetorical flights. On this occasion I exerted myself in the hope that the irony might impress you. Imagine my sensations when I learned you had called for the horse and set out as soon as I had turned my back!"

"Are you trying to deny you promised to remit the tax if I rode?"

The earl squirmed a little. "You twist my words out of their meaning. Of course I never promised to remit the tax, and it never occurred to me that you'd make a spectacle for the vulgar."

Godiva herself was growing a little angry. "You *did* promise—the whole city knows it—you can't crawl out of it now!"

The earl tried to collect his wits. "The whole city knows it? How could they?"

"I told them. They understand it was a bargain. They bless me for saving them. Go back on your word now, and see which of us is unpopular!"

He turned white with rage and some other emotions. She never saw him look more wicked.

"It was like you to advertise in advance! I'm through with you, Godiva! There's only one kind of woman who'd strip in public if she got a chance. You are now free, as you suggested a moment ago, to return to the streets!"

Whenever he threatened to turn her out of doors, she always knew the quarrel was dying a natural death. Now she smiled at him.

"Don't worry, Leofric, it wasn't nearly so public as you think. Nobody saw me."

"Ah, you didn't really, after all—! Then the tax stands!"

She laughed. "Don't fool yourself—I really did. I hadn't a stitch on. But I asked the people to stay in and keep the shutters closed till I had gone by. Even then it was

*"If you'll permit me to pass," said Godiva, "I'd like to dress for tea."*

unpleasant—they appreciate what I did for their sakes—but of course I couldn't have appeared so in public—if there had been a public."

"Thank heaven!" said the earl. He sat in a deep chair and mopped his forehead. Suddenly a reasonable doubt sprang up in him. "You say the shutters were all closed?"

"I didn't inspect the arrangements, Leofric—I merely asked the people to have the blinds down."

"Then any number of bleary-eyed, loose-tongued rascals may at this moment be discussing your person over their tavern ale."

Godiva looked resigned. "It's possible, of course. However, I count on the gratitude of your people."

The earl mopped his face again. "I wish I were sure what they are grateful for . . . So far as you are aware, no one saw you?"

Godiva hesitated. "Practically no one."

"What does that mean?"

"It means, Leofric, if you must know, that one man did. I didn't wish to tell you, because you might feel upset—you have such a way of reading unpleasant meanings into the simplest accidents. But when I was rounding that corner—you know the bad spot near the pump, where you have neglected the pavements—well, just as I was passing, with my attention on the horse to keep him from slipping, I happened to look up, and there was a man leaning out of the window."

"What did you do then?"

"I rode by, of course."

The earl gazed at her thoughtfully. "I'm sorry for that man," he said. "What does he look like?"

"I rode by," repeated his wife. "If I had stared at him, he might have thought—well, I hurried along."

"Was he, by chance, old? Gray beard, perhaps? Rather bald?"

"Oh, no, not at all! The one I mean was quite young. His face wore a beautiful expression—really inspired. It made me think of the way you feel in church."

"Well," said the earl, "I'm glad you didn't stare at him. But it makes little difference. No living man, except your husband, has seen you as you rode. The fellow's as good as dead. We'll have him in jail by night, he'll get his trial right after breakfast, and in the middle of the forenoon we'll all go out and see him hanged."

Godiva seemed a trifle nervous. "Really, Leofric, I wish you wouldn't talk that way! You sound cruel."

"I tell you, he'll hang before lunch tomorrow! Didn't you tell the people not to look?"

Godiva cleared her throat. "I only told them I thought they'd better not."

"You were right. They'd better not!"

They sat silent for a moment.





"But Leofric, I can't feel that the man did anything very wrong. His gaze was singularly respectful. It struck me at the time that he had an admirable mind. A really objectionable person might have shown some improper interest, but this one managed to look as though nothing out of the way had happened. In fact, he showed no interest at all."

"You're sure he saw you?"

"He looked straight at me, in a dreamy way—I've tried to describe it. I felt he was a noble man. I thought at the time, if you could have seen it as I did, you would have known the good side of the common people."

Leofric clapped his hands, and a servant appeared at the door. "Send me the sheriff!"

The servant disappeared. Godiva approached her husband with her most appealing look.

"Don't be unkind to him, Leofric! He did nothing wrong! If I chose to ride, and he happened to see me, he's not to blame. If anyone ought to be punished—"

"Of course—you ought to be! I know you enjoyed yourself. Now you'll see what it costs the fool."

"But he didn't—"

"Oh, yes, he did! It wasn't an accident. You told them all to keep their heads in."

Godiva was very red in the face.

"Leofric, suppose it wasn't an accident, suppose his curiosity got the better of him. Isn't it wise to pretend we don't know he saw me? If you hang him, everyone will gossip—they'll think you have a personal reason for vengeance—you, a great lord, admitting you could be insulted by a mere townsman!"

"That's what they will think, my dear. Meanwhile you will have the satisfaction of watching the fellow strangle."

The sheriff entered the hall, a swarthy unpleasant giant, fully armed.

"Do you know the turn of the street where the paving is bad? Well, in the corner house, the one with the bay window, there's a young man with a reverent, inspired look on his face. Arrest him and put him in the dungeon. He's to be hanged tomorrow."

Godiva turned pale. The sheriff wrinkled his brow. "Can you describe him more in particular? Several of the young men—"

"Arrest as many as you think best," said the earl. "Tomorrow we'll pick out the one we want."

The sheriff withdrew. Leofric got up and stretched himself. It was his habit to retire early.

"I wish you wouldn't go," said his wife, "not till we have thrashed this out."

"It's thrashed, all right," said the earl.

"But you don't understand why—why—"

"What don't I understand?"

"Leofric, these people of yours are hungry for more than food."

"Of course they are! I told you that in the first place. They wouldn't be satisfied, no matter what you did for them."

"Leofric, have you ever considered how little beauty there is in their lives? Nothing but work, and suffering, and—and mediocrity. When I saw that spiritual expression in the young man's face—"

"I'll give my attention to it tomorrow morning," said the earl. "Very spiritual, I've no doubt."

After breakfast, he intimated to Godiva that she might retire to some other part of the castle, and as soon as she was gone, he had the sheriff in to report.

"I arrested five, altogether," said the swarthy giant. "They're

*"I've a good mind not to let you in to the house," the earl growled.*



all wearing that inspired expression. There's little difference between them."

"If it's possible, I'd rather hang only the guilty one."

"Ah, that's easy to say, but how will your lordship distinguish? The new gallows holds six. Why not play safe?"

"No," said the earl. "In this case I could get no satisfaction out of it unless I knew which of the five was guilty."

The sheriff showed some impatience. "If you intend to proceed like a lawyer, my lord, you'll have to accuse the man of something. I thought you just wanted him hanged."

"That's the difficulty," said the earl. "The crime is serious, but I'm reluctant to talk about it. He would probably deny his guilt, anyway."

"Well, the gallows is ready whenever you are," said the sheriff. Leofric studied a moment. "Where have you put the men?"

"In the dungeon, as you told me."

"Perhaps that's not the best place for them. Take them to the town jail, and give them that top row of cells."

The sheriff seemed unwilling. "My lord, they don't need so much sunlight."

"No matter. My wife will probably visit them, as soon as she hears of the arrest. Her heart always responds to the afflictions

of the weak-minded and the criminal. When she comes, let her in. If she stops to talk with any one of them, make a note of it and tell me."

The sheriff smiled grimly, and started off toward the cellar door which led to the dungeon. Leofric sat in his stately chair and meditated. He too indulged in a smile, from time to time.

Godiva stopped to whisper to her maid: "If my husband asks where I went, tell him I had to do some shopping. I'll try to get back in an hour or so."

The servant curtsied, and Godiva slipped through the side door of the castle and hurried toward the town. On so private an errand she couldn't call for her coach, and somehow a horse seemed inappropriate. She went on foot, dressed very plainly, with a heavy shawl over her head.

When she reached the main street, she faltered—it took courage to go on. Of course they would recognize her, and there might be a few unkind enough to imagine she had come to receive their thanks, or to discover the popular reaction. She glanced up at the narrow strip of sky, where the old houses, leaning together, almost met above her head. She wished she might have come in the dark, at night, when the town would be sound asleep. It was easier to ride, she found, than to walk.

She kept to the middle of the street, partly because the sidewalk was too narrow, and partly because the center was less muddy. Her cautious steed had picked his way there. Women stood talking at worn doorsteps—she wondered what about. When she approached they fell silent, but never looked at her. She wasn't recognized yet. She walked faster.

ON THE right her favorite butcher was whistling just inside his shop. The tune was not recognizable. Behind his chopping-block sturdy quarters of beef and pork hung stiff and raw. He wore an apron, for the purpose, apparently, of keeping his knife clean, and around his left thumb was a bandage, where he had missed his aim. Godiva thought she had been anonymous long enough.

"Well, madam, what will you have?" said the butcher, reaching for his saw.

"Nothing at the moment," said Godiva. "I stopped to pay last week's bill."

"Why, if it isn't my lady! I declare! You came in so quietly I didn't recognize you. You're not alone, are you?"

"I'm walking today." He missed the allusion entirely—perhaps because she was counting out the gold under his eyes.

"Right, my lady—thank you! I always say, if everyone paid as promptly as you and the earl, business would be a pleasure."

Godiva tied up her purse and put it away. The butcher leaned on the chopping-block, sociably inclined.

"Any news at the castle, my lady?"

"No—none of much importance."

"Well, my lady, isn't that the best kind of life—one day like another? When I was young I didn't think so."

Godiva moved toward the door.

"I hope you'll favor us with another visit, my lady. What's this I hear about your riding down this way in the near future? We're all expecting you."

"I rode yesterday."

"Oh, was it yesterday? I thought it was next week. That's the way you get things mixed, in a quiet town like this."

Godiva gave him a wicked glance. "I must tell you," she said, "the meat for which I have just paid was hardly fit for the table."

He looked penitent. "What was wrong with it, my lady?"

"Age. Send us no more leather!"

He stared after her, with his generous mouth agape.

A hundred yards farther on, she decided to leave an order for Sunday's bread. The baker was out, but his wife presided over the loaves—a solid woman of forty or more, who could knit standing up.

When Godiva arrived, she was leaning against the side of the doorway repairing the heel of an enormous sock. At first glance she knew who the visitor was. Godiva thought her face hardened a little.

"Good evening, my lady!"

"I want a dozen fresh loaves by Saturday night. It's for the Sunday dinner, and there are to be guests. You know the kind I like?"

"Perfectly," said the baker's wife. "A dozen loaves. We have nothing that isn't fresh. I'll remember the order. Thank you, my lady."

She hadn't stirred from the doorway, or invited Godiva to enter.

"Perhaps I'd better speak to the baker himself—I usually deal with him. Call him, if you please."

The baker's wife showed no enthusiasm. "He's gone out, my lady—heaven knows when he'll return. I'll give him the message."

"In any case," said Godiva, "I'll indicate to you the size loaf I prefer."

Since she would go in, the woman couldn't keep her out. Godiva had her finger on the kind she preferred when the door opened in the rear of the shop and the baker showed his flour-dusted head. His face broke into broad delight.

"If it isn't Lady Godiva! Well, this is an honor!"

"James!" said his wife. "Your brother in the next street has just fallen downstairs. You'd better go over and see how he's doing."

"Good Lord! I thought he had got over that habit!" said James. "I'll run around later."

"You'll run now," said his wife. The baker made a sound, unpleasant but otherwise unintelligible, and disappeared. Godiva felt she ought to be moving on.

When she passed the house at the corner, she gazed up at the window from which those understanding eyes had met hers. Other men had looked at her. He had seen with the heart. She was glad she had gone riding. Of course Leofric wouldn't really hang him, when it came to the point.

Odd that so spiritual a nature, so fine a taste, should reside in that shabby building! Perhaps if he had contacts with more fortunate people, opportunities to measure himself with the nobly born, he might some day rise to be a—

She was passing the candle shop. She remembered the castle was in need of candles. Besides, if Leofric inquired where she had been, it might be well to have the candle-maker's testimony. The shutters were down, but the door was open. An old man sat in the corner, with spectacles on the end of his thin nose.

"Good afternoon, Roger!"

"My lady! You take me by surprise! How can I serve you?"

"Three dozen more of the long tapers, Roger. Be sure they are all straight. You know how they burn if once they bend."

"My lady, that's the fault of the weather. This warm spring is too much for the best candles in the world."

"If you'd open the shutters and let some air into this room," said Godiva, "the spring wouldn't be so warm. Of course, yesterday was an exception."

The candle-maker was slightly puzzled. "Yesterday was unseasonable too, I should have said. But if I open the shutters, the boys throw stones at the new candles hanging up to harden. You can't be on your guard against those young rascals. The only way is to close the windows."

"Yesterday," said Godiva, "if the shutters had been open, you might have seen me riding by."

"Ah, so I understand, my lady." He smiled as though he knew more about it than she did. "Very amusing, I'm told." He waited for her to say something.

"Three dozen," said Godiva.

"Three dozen," said the candle-maker. "I'll send them up tomorrow."

She walked to the door, and he came out to bid her farewell in broad daylight. "It's a fine old sport, riding," he said. "I wish I had seen how you do it. And there's no one like your husband, my lady, when it comes to choosing a fine horse."

BY THE time Godiva reached the jail, she felt discouraged. The sheriff admitted her without delay.

"I suppose you want to comfort the prisoners, as usual, my lady. There's a whole row of them who need it, waiting for execution."

"What have they done?"

"We haven't found out yet," said the sheriff, "but they're understood to be a bad lot."

Godiva heaved a sigh. "Poor fellows! I've heard something about their plight. It's really on their account I came."

The sheriff brought her to the cells. In the very first, gazing at her with the inspired expression, was the youth who had leaned from the window. She assumed a casual tone.

"I'll talk with this one, sheriff. You needn't wait."

The sheriff withdrew. He seemed pleased with himself. Godiva faced her admirer.

"Why are you here? For what crime?"

The youth groaned. "Crime? I never did a rash thing in my life! I have been an example to the neighborhood! So far as I remember, I never had a thought you couldn't quote from the pulpit! I am here because the world has gone mad."

"That's easy to say," replied Godiva. "We expect every criminal to insist he is innocent—it's a natural twist in the brain. But whether or not you will admit it, you must have done something."

He gave another groan.

"Perhaps," said Godiva, "you did something which could be



**Q.** "I don't know what the earl's wife did, and it's surprising how little I care," said the youth. Godiva wondered whether he had recognized her and was doing the chivalrous thing.

criticized, but which wasn't wrong in itself—something which you prefer not to regret. In adversity the best of us cling to our brightest memories, compensations, climaxes, achievements. Does the suggestion arouse in your conscience any response?"

"Madam, I don't know what you're talking about. I should think a bad action would always be regrettable. I've nothing to regret—unless it's the wickedness of the sheriff in locking me up here. God punish him for it!"

"I can't admire your spirit," said Godiva. "Let me illustrate my remarks. Suppose a woman, now, a fine lady, decided to sacrifice her usual reticence in order to benefit those she loved."

"The case doesn't seem specific to me, not so far," said the man.

"I'll make it clear. Suppose she does, for their sakes, what ordinarily she would consider immodest. What then?"

"I don't know what then. I never tried it myself."

"I have in mind," said Godiva, "the (Continued on page 192)



By *RUBE GOLDBERG*

*THIS MAN*  
Chose the Altar  
and Home-life

# BRIDGES

**T**ERRENCE BIGELOW and Clyde Manford were two boys whose lives went along the even paths which they had mapped out in the adolescent period when they were called upon to make the acquaintance of life and when, paradoxically, they were incapable of knowing what life really was. When I say they went along according to a preconceived plan I do not mean that things came out exactly as they had expected. But, generally speaking, they did not digress from certain fixed ideas that they had unconsciously absorbed in their home-life.

Terry Bigelow had what you would call a nice bringing up. His father always kissed his mother good-by in the morning and every birthday was observed with an impromptu parade into the bedroom of the fortunate member of the family who the calendar decreed should be the distinguished recipient of gifts for the moment. There was no bickering about domestic affairs. Terry's parents had plenty of time to help him with his lessons, and, no matter how late they came home, they never forgot to give him an extra tuck in bed and kiss him on his somnolent forehead.

As they say in the advertising business, he was sold on married life and knew that this world had nothing to offer to men who traveled over the years in single aloofness without the comforting and warming influence of a family.

Clyde Manford had a somewhat different view, due principally to the fact that his mother had an affair with an impecunious artist and his father had sought out no one to give him consolation but his bootlegger. When he came home for the Christmas holidays his mother gave him a formal greeting and told him he could have the house all to himself because she had many things to attend to in town.

He found a note lying on his bed containing a substantial check. The note vouchsafed the information that his father was glad he was doing so well with his studies and would get together with him soon to talk over matters concerning his future.

Clyde was a bit confused about the family unit of which he was a part. Everything was all right as far as the physical elements were concerned. He had enough money to spend, he was independent to do as he pleased about his comings and goings, and he was getting the proper education to take his place in that vague place which was broadly spoken of as "the world."

He was vigorous and healthy, he could swim and dance and drink and play the saxophone. His vital organs all functioned properly, that is, all his vital organs except his heart. He had a certain amount of love for his parents and they reciprocated with a matter-of-fact son-and-parent feeling. But the warmth, the intangible comfort of proximity was entirely lacking.

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When he wanted real understanding, he sought the company of college pals and chorus girls. They talked about life and values with the barriers let down. He even had a few girls with whom he carried on mild flirtations from which he gained no little satisfaction. He had a fine time everywhere except at home.

So it was no wonder that, when Terry and Clyde got together after they graduated from college and had enough home-made gin to unburden their hearts, the following conversation ensued:

"Listen, Clyde," said Terry, in a tone that indicated he was about to say something profound, "the only thing in life that counts is a family. As soon as I meet the right girl I am going to get married and raise a lot of children. The wife and I will gradually grow old and all the while we will be having the pleasure of watching the children develop and carry on the traditions that were handed down to us from our parents."

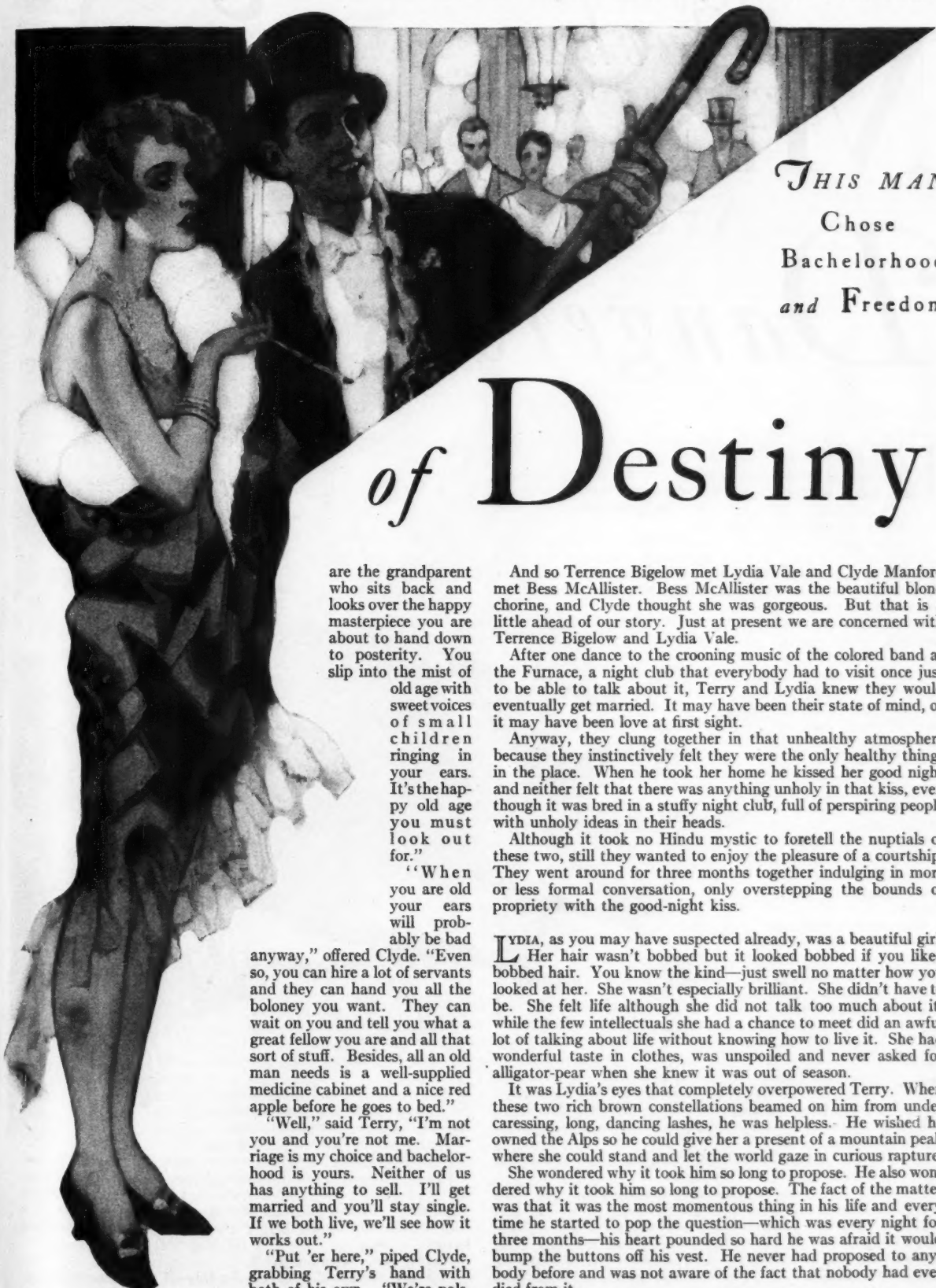
"It's the bunk," answered Clyde. "Why take on a lot of burdens and duties that are unnecessary? If you are single you can have girls. When they get boisterous or whiney or clinging or old, you can give them the gate and get other girls."

"But the big thing that counts is the kids," Terry broke in. "They grow up and have children and you

*Illustration by*  
Jules Gotlieb



All Comedians want to play Hamlet. Well, why not? Here a Famous Burlesquer tells as Fine a Philosophical Story as we've ever read.



THIS MAN  
Chose  
Bachelorhood  
and Freedom

# of Destiny

are the grandparent who sits back and looks over the happy masterpiece you are about to hand down to posterity. You slip into the mist of old age with sweet voices of small children ringing in your ears. It's the happy old age you must look out for."

"When you are old your ears will probably be bad anyway," offered Clyde. "Even so, you can hire a lot of servants and they can hand you all the boloney you want. They can wait on you and tell you what a great fellow you are and all that sort of stuff. Besides, all an old man needs is a well-supplied medicine cabinet and a nice red apple before he goes to bed."

"Well," said Terry, "I'm not you and you're not me. Marriage is my choice and bachelorhood is yours. Neither of us has anything to sell. I'll get married and you'll stay single. If we both live, we'll see how it works out."

"Put 'er here," piped Clyde, grabbing Terry's hand with both of his own. "We're pals,

aren't we? It's all right if two good friends have different ideas about life. No matter what happens, we're friends."

And so Terrence Bigelow met Lydia Vale and Clyde Manford met Bess McAllister. Bess McAllister was the beautiful blond chorine, and Clyde thought she was gorgeous. But that is a little ahead of our story. Just at present we are concerned with Terrence Bigelow and Lydia Vale.

After one dance to the crooning music of the colored band at the Furnace, a night club that everybody had to visit once just to be able to talk about it, Terry and Lydia knew they would eventually get married. It may have been their state of mind, or it may have been love at first sight.

Anyway, they clung together in that unhealthy atmosphere because they instinctively felt they were the only healthy things in the place. When he took her home he kissed her good night and neither felt that there was anything unholy in that kiss, even though it was bred in a stuffy night club, full of perspiring people with unholy ideas in their heads.

Although it took no Hindu mystic to foretell the nuptials of these two, still they wanted to enjoy the pleasure of a courtship. They went around for three months together indulging in more or less formal conversation, only overstepping the bounds of propriety with the good-night kiss.

LYDIA, as you may have suspected already, was a beautiful girl. Her hair wasn't bobbed but it looked bobbed if you liked bobbed hair. You know the kind—just swell no matter how you looked at her. She wasn't especially brilliant. She didn't have to be. She felt life although she did not talk too much about it, while the few intellectuals she had a chance to meet did an awful lot of talking about life without knowing how to live it. She had wonderful taste in clothes, was unspoiled and never asked for alligator-pear when she knew it was out of season.

It was Lydia's eyes that completely overpowered Terry. When these two rich brown constellations beamed on him from under caressing, long, dancing lashes, he was helpless. He wished he owned the Alps so he could give her a present of a mountain peak where she could stand and let the world gaze in curious rapture.

She wondered why it took him so long to propose. He also wondered why it took him so long to propose. The fact of the matter was that it was the most momentous thing in his life and every time he started to pop the question—which was every night for three months—his heart pounded so hard he was afraid it would bump the buttons off his vest. He never had proposed to anybody before and was not aware of the fact that nobody had ever died from it.

One night a great silence seemed to fall between them like a black cloud that was laden with hidden (Continued on page 150)

# By Elinor

# MEN

# Such

# Are

# Dangerous

Illustrations by  
George Howe

LUDWIG KRANWERTZ—and there is a name for you that is not like everyone's name!—felt that he required a change! Yes, a complete change. He always had been a man of mystery; there were innumerable stories about his origin and speculations as to how he had amassed his vast fortune, but no one really knew.

Even his wife, Emma Ford, had no definite knowledge. She had met him in a hotel at Saratoga Beach where she had gone with her mother for recuperation and rest after her crotchety father's death. She had intended to be a schoolteacher when she graduated—but that did not mean that she knew anything which would interest Ludwig Kranwertz, who possessed the cultivation of the ages at his finger-tips—and if her youthful form had not been so pleasant to look upon, it is doubtful if the wedding ever would have taken place! However, the financier settled a million upon her widowed mother, the marriage took place in the office of a justice of the peace—and the couple went to Europe.

That was five years ago—and Emma with pearls as big as gooseberries, yards of them—and a dethroned queen's sapphires, besides everything else it was possible to shower upon her—was still half asleep. She still said, "Thank you, Ludwig—it's real sweet of you"—and this got on Mr. Kranwertz' nerves. He had been too busy doubling and trebling his millions to seek the cause of Emma's dumbness. She never resented his caresses, or returned them.

"As well love an india-rubber doll!" he often felt. But that was that! And there seemed no help for it.

The world had given up its gold to Ludwig Kranwertz—and though gold means power his spirit was not free. Of what good to possess millions if he had to live like every other civilized creature? He had dreamed so often of finding a woman with mind and body and soul who might understand him and help him to spend his fortune in some fine way. A woman who would read books with him and think thoughts with him, stimulate him, and differ with him and—love him!

He had waited until he was thirty-nine—in vain—and then,

*Emma ventured to look at Hurlly Ora. It was too bad of Providence—to have given her first a husband she did not want and now a most desirable lover who belonged to someone else!*

in desperation, he had taken Emma! So there it was—and now he felt he required change—complete change.

That magnetic will of his which had drawn colossal wealth to him seemed to draw the means to pursue whatever he desired. And it sent into his office in London one day, a poor half-crazed engineer who had invented a remarkable parachute. It was so small that it could be concealed in a tiny bundle not much bigger than ten or twelve business letters.

Ludwig Kranwertz bought it. "I'll give you a million dollars for this—if you never make another—and forget that you made this one or sold it. If you remember, by chance, and talk of the fact, you'll only have a few hours to do it in. Is it a bargain?"





# Glyn

## *The Story of a Man who Made Over his BODY and of a Woman who Made Over her SOUL*



The engineer, a sardonic person, found the deal to his taste, and in a few minutes it was a fact. The bundle, in a big envelop, lay in Ludwig Kranwertz' pocket, and the engineer was leaving the room when Mr. Kranwertz said: "You seem a pretty clever fel'ow. I'll give you another million if within a year you invent an improved submarine—so small that it can hide on the deck of a little cargo boat. It must be safe—and hold two men—and go at forty knots. Can you do it?"

The engineer said he thought he could if the important parts were made of platinum. No one had yet seen fit to provide for the experiment in this expensive material.

"Go ahead!"

"I will, sir," and the engineer left, smiling.

During the year that followed, Ludwig Kranwertz transferred countless millions into various regions of the earth where he wished them to be. He no longer tried to educate Emma. When he made up his mind, he never wavered. That had been the secret of his success from the days when he had been a bank clerk in Vienna.

When the engineer, Jim Pennington, came into his office again, exactly a year from the time when he had emerged from it, smiling, everything was ready for a great adventure!

The two men looked at each other.

"Hello, 'Jim Bludso'!"

The engineer smiled. "You did right, boss, to 'put your trust in my cussedness.' The boat is ready—up a cove near Southampton."

"We will go to see it today."

They went—and as they traveled in the millionaire's motor-car, they grew to like each other. Neither was loquacious, each seemed to understand a number of points without words.

"Should you care to start life over again?" the Croesus asked.

"No, I'd like to get on with this one. I'm learning—on your million—about nice things to eat and drink, and what silk feels like, and now I want to know women—ladies. I dreamed of them in college."

"So did I."

"I guess you're about forty, boss."

"Just forty-five."

"You've met some, then?"

"I thought I had, but I always found I had not. They seemed everything by day—but were too generous about the nights when they heard of my millions."

"Couldn't you keep that dark—with all your resources?"

"Not for long."

The engineer became reflective. "I begin to see light."

Ludwig Kranwertz glanced at the man sharply. Light was all very well, but as yet it did not suit him for anyone in his employ to see too much of it. The engineer perceived the glance and understood.

"If you should want someone to operate the sub—I can do that too."

"As mothers can dress children?"

"Precisely."

By the time they had inspected the queer-looking craft, Mr. Kranwertz had decided to let Jim Pennington far enough into his secret to be of use to him. There was one other person whom he trusted—his valet, Johnson.

The household in the estate he had taken this summer thought Johnson was away on his annual holiday—and Emma, pleased with a new pink pearl bracelet which had arrived for her twenty-fifth birthday, never worried about anything concerning her husband's movements. She knew vaguely that he was going to try out a marvelous airplane he had just bought, which would hold ten passengers—and that a party of men were going with him across to Havre and then on to Deauville. Emma hated flying, although she never had complained about this, their constant mode of transport.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the perfect English servants had brought the tea to their mistress on the perfect English lawn of Skipbrook Castle—the financier always insisted upon following the customs of the country he happened to be sojourning in—the butler handed her a telegram.

Emma read it languidly and then she gave one scream and—fainted! The Mystery Czar of finance had disappeared from the eyes of man in mid-channel—walked into the back compartment of the airplane and apparently vanished into space.

The whole thing was more than extraordinary. No one had observed a body falling—and the telescope revealed that no ship was within eight miles of their whereabouts to save him. Was it an accident?

The pity was that Johnson should have been on his holiday, and a second man who was not so well acquainted with his master's ways should have been in his place. The millionaire had not seemed depressed, but he had written a number of letters just after they started, it was remembered. These lay upon the table ready to be posted when the plane landed.

When they were opened by the police later, they were found to be instructions to the lawyers about various stocks and also about a large sum which had been settled upon Mrs. Kranwertz—and there was a letter to Emma herself. It did not actually announce suicide—but it could be taken that way.

Dear Emma (it ran): My journey may go much farther than Deauville; enjoy the few dollars I have settled upon you. Return to America and be happy with the pleasures of your age and class. That is a European word of which you do not understand the various meanings as yet—and accept my grateful thanks for five years of perfect acquiescence. Sincerely yours,

Ludwig Kranwertz

Emma was never quite sure what made her faint. She was usually a phlegmatic creature. She never had speculated about anything—and certainly not as to whether she had or had not loved her husband. She was married to him, so of course she loved him. This had been her creed.

Ludwig's "few dollars" proved to be eight millions—free of encumbrances. He left her his yacht and the palatial Spanish villa he had just bought in Santa Barbara, and all his motor-cars—but not the airplanes! He had always been so considerate of her personal tastes!

Of course it was suicide from depression—because his colossal fortune was found to have diminished to a mere ordinary fifty millions! And this pittance was to accumulate for the benefit of scientific discoveries in Austria, England and America.

Such ample bequests to employees and servants, too! No one seemed to be forgotten—Johnson being made comparatively rich for life, which enabled him to retire like a gentleman and travel abroad on his own.

So, by the winter of 1926, the nine-day wonder at the disappearance from Life's stage of one of the most spectacular gamblers of the century had ceased to be news. Ludwig Kranwertz was almost forgotten. But not quite—at least by Emma. In fact, she seemed to be under an obsession of his memory.

In a comfortable room in a gloomy old palace in poor, changed Vienna, a man sat in a velvet dressing-gown. His head was tied round with a silk handkerchief. He held two photographs in his hands—which were encased in gloves—and he looked first at one and then at the other with intense interest. They were of the famous financier, Ludwig Kranwertz.

In one photograph he saw a man of just above medium height and rather heavy build—with short, thick, slightly retroussé nose and penetrating, beetle-browed eyes which had a Mongolian rise at the corners; a

close-cut mustache adorned a large, determined mouth. It was a full-length photograph and showed that the shoulders were particularly square and the neck short.

The other was a half-length, profile, and in it the strangely wrinkled, powerful hands could be seen clearly. The man looked every bit his age—forty-five. The hair was dark and thick, but growing far back from the temples and exposing a high, broad forehead. It was cut extremely short, accentuating ears which stuck out unbecomingly.

THE man in the chair got up and looked at himself in a pier-glass set between the great windows in the best light. Then he laughed. "Come now!" he called—and an elderly English valet appeared from the next room.

"These wizards of Austrian doctors have done marvels, haven't they, Johnson?" he said, after he had greeted the servant warmly. "It is said you can always recognize people by their eyes—but I affirm—not always!"

"You're right, sir," the valet agreed. Both men examined the reflection in the mirror. They saw a trim, athletic-looking figure with a neck certainly an inch longer than the one in the photograph and set on not aggressively square shoulders. They saw an oval face, clean-shaven—with a finely cut, hawklike nose. The eyes were dark and they slanted downwards at the corners and this, with the straight brows well raised above them, gave them a slightly wistful expression. The pure olive complexion was smooth and unwrinkled. The mouth was medium-sized, stern-looking, with young, unwrinkled lips.

Johnson coughed. He could hardly speak. "I can't believe my eyes, sir. If it was not for some tones I know in your voice speaking to me, I'd swear you were deceiving me."

The man laughed delightedly. "And even those tones will be lower and different in another month, and then the last trace will have disappeared."

"If I may make so bold, sir—how was it done?"

"Sit down, Johnson, and I'll tell you all about it. I would not let you join me before because I wanted your impression when the job should be almost complete."

The valet sat gingerly at the edge of a chair, but his mask-like face expressed intense interest.

"You've heard from me, of course, how Pennington and I got away; the chute and the sub both were knock-outs. We finally landed in Spain—and there I said goodbye to him and came on here to Herr Rosenberg who was a college mate of my father's. I put myself into his hands unreservedly. He might try any of his experiments on me that he pleased, so long as he promised that I should emerge a new man. He is a great surgeon. He had a colleague or two, specialists in their different branches, but he did not let any of them see me until he had so disfigured me that they could not recognize me."

Johnson's eyes grew wide. "But your height, sir; your build!"

"Rosenberg always has (Cont. on page 124)



"You remind me of Kranwertz, and if you won't give up my girl, I'll get a pressman and start the hare. Take it or leave it, Ora," said Jim.

# Women and Money

By S. P. B. MAIS

Caused ALL My Troubles

TWO things in life have always evaded me: The management of women and the management of money.

On my fortieth birthday I received two letters, one from my wife, whom I adore, beseeching me to divorce her, the other from the Income Tax Commissioners, for whom my adoration is less noticeable, beseeching me for payment for arrears of taxes extending over five years. In neither case was I in a position to comply with the request, which is, I think, sufficient proof that I have made a muddle of the better half of my life.

Yet I began with every possible advantage. My parents were poor—many great men spring from poor homes; my father was a country parson; and I was closely related to the peerage—a modicum of really blue blood is not only becoming but almost an essential in the make-up of the successful man.

Yet I seem to have done everything that the very successful do except succeed. That is why my story is worth listening to. There comes a stage in the biography of all famous men when they cease to be interesting. That stage comes when they begin to succeed.

No one can tell you how success is achieved. Therein lies its romance. That there are lessons to be learned from successful men, I should be the last to deny. But the lessons to be learned from the failures are equally obvious and even more necessary, for the simple reason that there are more failures than successes. There is nothing to be learned from the man who makes no mistakes.

Unluckily few modern autobiographers have the candor of Benvenuto Cellini or Pepys. They refuse to reveal their Achilles' heel. It is only in novels that the hero is allowed to have weaknesses. I want to show how my weaknesses, which may or may not be yours, have stood in the way of my success.

Had I possessed any money-sense I should not now be chained to an office devoting to journalism what was meant for literature.

Had I possessed any sense of how to appreciate women I should not now be wasting my time repining the loss of the one woman who could have made a success of me. Too many women and too little money have been the causes of most of the failures of modern times.

I neither gamble nor drink; I merely let my money dribble through my fingers, having nothing to show for the spending of it.

I have frittered away my affections just as I have frittered away my money. The wise man will hoard money as a safeguard against the world. The wise man will hoard up his love in order



to lavish it all on the one woman, for the girl has yet to be born who will cry "Enough!" to the man whom she loves.

Now let me tell you the story of one who loved unwisely and spent unwisely.

My boyhood was quite normal and quite happy. I was an only child and therefore, of course, destined to perform wonders. I had not then developed that inferiority complex, that sex infirmity, that curious incapacity to deal with money or women that afterwards hampered all my plans.

It was at Oxford that my inferiority complex first came into play. While other men from better-known schools were obeying the herd instinct I was away down the tow-path flirting with the daughters of boatmen or shop-assistants. My appetite for vulgar intrigue seems to have been insatiable.

While my fellow undergraduates were reading Greek philosophers in the dignified seclusion of their rooms or pretending to be literary by reading passages from lewd poems aloud between drinks, I was to be found walking in the rain over the sodden fields of Terry Hinksey in the company of young women who were more tongue-tied than lip-tied.

It was at Oxford that my total incapacity to manage my financial affairs became noticeable. I began to cultivate the habit, which I have never lost, of ordering things without having the least chance of ever paying for them. I owe much both to and at Oxford.

I came out of Oxford with a degree, but no knowledge, and once more found that the world was quite capable of continuing without my help.

FOR four years I taught school and then left because I wanted to get married. My wife was one of the few girls of gentle birth with whom I had ever come into contact.

I had continued my career of philandering with shop-girls until a certain night at a social gathering when I noticed a dark-haired girl of extraordinary beauty talking to a friend of mine.

With a sudden determination that was quite foreign to me I strode across the room and demanded an introduction. The girl obviously resented my importunity but consented to give me one dance. She cut it and I saw no more of her for a year, when after four meetings I proposed.

Six months later we married. We lived on one thousand dollars a year in a remote country town where my wife was rebuked for playing bridge for money on Sundays (Continued on page 156)



# The Extraordinary

I DO not like long-standing engagements. How can you tell whether on a certain day three or four weeks ahead you will wish to dine with a certain person? The chances are that in the interval something will turn up that you would much sooner do and so long a notice presages a large and formal party.

But what help is there? You accept and for a month the engagement hangs over you with gloomy menace. It interferes with your cherished plans. It disorganizes your life.

There is really only one way to cope with the situation and that is to break it at the last moment. But it is the one I never have had the courage or the want of scruple to adopt.

It was with a faint sense of resentment then that one June evening towards half past eight I left my lodging in Half Moon Street to walk round the corner to dine with the Macdonalds. I liked them. The Macdonalds were nice, but their parties were a toss-up; for they suffered from the delusion that if they asked six people to dine with them who had nothing in the world to say to one another the party would be dull, but if they multiplied it by three and asked eighteen it must be amusing.

I arrived a little late and Mrs. Macdonald's drawing-room was filled with people. I knew few of them and my heart sank as I saw myself laboriously making conversation through a long dinner with two total strangers. It was a relief to me when I saw Thomas and Mary Warton come in and an unexpected pleasure when I found on going in to dinner that I had been placed next to Mary.

Thomas Warton was a portrait-painter who at one time had had considerable success, but he never had fulfilled the promise of his youth and long since had ceased to be taken seriously by the critics. He made an adequate income, but at the private view of the Royal Academy no one gave more than a passing glance at the dull but conscientious portraits of fox-hunting squires and prosperous merchants which with unflinching regularity he sent to the annual exhibition.

You would have liked to admire his work because he was such an amiable and kindly man. If you happened to be a writer he was so genuinely enthusiastic over anything you had done, so charmed with any success you might have had, that you wished your conscience would allow you to speak with a decent warmth of his productions. It was impossible and you were driven to the last refuge of a portrait-painter's friend.

"It looks as if it were a marvelous likeness," you said.

Mary Warton had been in her day a well-known concert singer and she had still the remains of a lovely voice. She must in her youth have been very handsome. Now, at fifty-five, she had a haggard look, her features were rather mannish and her skin was weather-beaten; but her short gray hair was thick and curly and her eyes were bright.

She dressed picturesquely rather than fashionably and she had a weakness for strings of beads and fantastic earrings. She had a blunt manner, a quick sense of human folly and a sharp tongue, so that many people did not like her; but none could deny that she was extremely clever.

She had a very rare feeling for art. She was not only an accomplished musician, but she was a great reader and she was passionately interested in painting. Her taste ran to what was most modern. You might say she was a highbrow; she was; but her taste was almost faultless, her judgment sound and her enthusiasm honest.

No one admired her more than Thomas Warton. He had fallen in love with her when she was still a singer and he had pestered her to marry him. She had refused him half a dozen times and I had a notion that she had married him in the end with hesitation.

She thought that he would become a great painter and when he turned out to be but an honest journeyman of art, without originality or imagination, she felt that she had been cheated. She was bitterly mortified by the contempt with which the connoisseurs regarded him.

But Thomas Warton was in love with his wife still. He had the greatest respect for her judgment and would sooner have



had a word of praise from her than columns of eulogy in all the papers in London. She was too honest to say what she did not think.

It wounded him bitterly that she should hold his work in such poor esteem, and though he tried to make a joke of it you could see that at heart he resented her outspoken comments. Sometimes his long, horselike face grew red with the anger he tried to control and his eyes were dark with hatred.

It was notorious among their friends that the couple did not get on. They had the distressing habit of quarreling in public and though Warton never spoke to others of Mary but with admiration, she was less discreet and her confidants had often heard how exasperating she found him. She admitted his goodness, his generosity, his unselfishness, she admitted them ungrudgingly, but his defects were of a sort that make a man hard to live with, for he was argumentative, intolerant and dogmatic.

But if I have given the impression that Mary Warton was a discontented, rather tiresome, pretentious woman I have been unjust to her. She was a loyal friend and excellent company. You could talk to her of any subject under the sun with the certainty of a sympathetic hearing. Her conversation was humorous and witty. She could tell a good story with point. She never repeated herself. Her vitality was immense.

SHE was sitting now on the left hand of her host and the talk around her was general. I was occupied with my next-door neighbor, but I guessed by the laughter with which Mary's sallies were greeted that she was at her brilliant best. When she was in the vein no one could approach her.

"You're in form tonight," I remarked when at last she turned to me.

"Does it surprise you?"

"No, it's what I expect of you. No wonder people tumble over one another to get you to their houses. You have the inestimable gift of making a party go."

"I do my little best to earn my dinner," she laughed.

"By the way, how's Mawson? Someone told me the other day that he was going into a nursing-home for an operation. I hope it's nothing serious."

Mary paused for a moment before answering, but she still smiled brightly. "Haven't you seen the paper this evening?"

"No, I've been playing golf. I only got home in time to jump into a bath and change."

"He died at two o'clock this afternoon." I was about to make an exclamation of horrified surprise, but she stopped me. "Take care. Tom is watching me like a lynx. They're all

# Sex

By W. Somerset  
Maugham



**N**o one admired Mary more than Thomas Warton. When she was still a singer, he had pestered her to marry him.

watching me. They all know I adored him, but none of them knows for certain if he was my lover, even Tom doesn't know, and they want to see how I'm taking it. Try to look as if you were talking of the Russian Ballet."

At that moment someone addressed her from the other side of the table, and throwing back her head a little, she flung at the speaker so quick and apt an answer that everyone round her burst out laughing. The talk once more became general and I was left to my consternation.

I knew, everyone knew, that for five-and-twenty years there had existed between Gerrard Mawson and Mary Warton a passionate attachment. It had lasted so long that even the more strait-laced of their friends, if ever they had been shocked by it, long since had learned to accept it with good-humored tolerance.

They were middle-aged people, Mawson was sixty and Mary not very much younger, and it was absurd that at their age

they should not do what they liked. You met them sometimes sitting in a retired corner of an obscure restaurant or walking together in the Zoo and you wondered why they still took care to conceal an affair that was nobody's business but their own.

But of course there was Thomas. He never had ceased to be insanely jealous of Gerrard Mawson and it was known that he had made violent scenes about him; indeed, at the end of one tempestuous period, not so very long ago, Mary had promised never to see her lover again; but of course she had broken the promise, and though she was never quite certain that Thomas knew this, she took precautions to prevent him from discovering for a fact that she had not kept her word.

It was hard on Thomas. I think he and Mary would have joggled on well enough together and she would have resigned herself to the fact that he was a second-rate painter if her intercourse with Mawson had not embittered her judgment. The contrast between her husband's mediocrity and her lover's brilliance was too galling.

"With Tom I feel as if I were stifling in a closed room full of dusty knickknacks," she told me. "With Gerrard I breathe the pure air of the mountain tops."

"Is it possible for a woman to fall in love with a man's mind?" I asked in a pure spirit of inquiry.

"What else is there in Gerrard?"

That, I admit, was a poser. For my part I thought, nothing; but the sex is extraordinary and I was quite ready to believe that Mary saw in Gerrard Mawson a charm and a physical attraction to which most people were blind. He was a shriveled little man, with a pale intellectual face, faded blue eyes behind his spectacles and a high dome of shiny bald head. He had none of the appearance of the romantic lover.

On the other hand, he was certainly a very subtle critic and a felicitous essayist. I resented a little his contemptuous attitude towards English writers unless they were safely dead and buried, but this was only to his credit with the *intelligentsia* who are ever ready to believe that there can be no good in what is produced in their own country, and his influence in current letters was vast. I once had told him that one had (Continued on page 102)

Illustration by  
Addison Burbank

By  
Theodore  
Dreiser

# THIS

## Part Two—Aglaiia

A DAY passed—then two, then three. The charm of Wilma began to fade. I was beginning to think of being rid of her—and forever. For had not she (not I, you see) been the cause of this? There was a real pain in my heart.

And then, at eleven of the third night, and as I was preparing actually to go and seek her out, a note by messenger: "Darling, how can you be so cruel? I have waited so long—all day yesterday and the day before and all last night—for some word. Have you nothing to say to me? I cannot sleep. At eleven I am going for a walk along the Drive toward Grant's Tomb, that little stone pergola where we were one night. If you cared the least bit, wouldn't you wish me to know that at least you sympathized with me?"

The words dripped with misery. I ran for my hat and stick, and called a taxi. And dubious though I was about my future actions, I stepped out at the Tomb, and there she was, walking along the wall toward me. And in the blaze of an arc-light, so pale—haggard, even—a limp, waxy, sunken kind of paleness. And under her eyes violet scars, as though the flesh might have been bruised. And from brooding alone.

How horrible! I thought. Brutal! I hurried to her, and she, without a shade of reproach in her eyes and scarcely looking at me, took my hands in hers and held them.

"Don't say anything," she said softly. "Don't talk, please, and don't ask me to. I can't." And then suddenly she turned away from me, not rudely or quickly, but gently, her shoulders and arms indicating that she was trembling and crying.

"Sweetheart! Aglaiia!" I said. "You know that if I didn't care I wouldn't be here. I was afraid to come. I thought maybe you wouldn't want me. But I do care. I am sorry!"

"Please—please, honey," she insisted softly. "Don't say anything at all. Don't. I can't stand it. If only I hadn't seen.

44



Oh! And she hanging on your arm like that! Oh!" Silence, and more convulsive trembling.

"But Aglaiia," I pleaded, "please—you know how I really feel toward you. You know, don't you? Truly, you do."

But all she could say was: "Oh, honey, don't explain. It can't help. I cannot help it and you can't. I know how you are and how I am. If only I hadn't seen. It's so hard. If only I hadn't!" And then suddenly adding: "Oh, hold me, hold me, please. Put your arms around me and just let me stand here, and don't talk. You needn't say anything."

Tears sprang to my own eyes. I couldn't repress them. There was something about her tenderness in her suffering that devastated me completely. How remarkable, I thought, that this girl who, because of her beauty, understanding and place,

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# MADNESS

By the Author  
of  
"An American  
Tragedy"



*She was prepared to sail for the Isles of Greece for the winter. Would I come? "But I have never seen you before!" I objected.*

Illustrations by  
Marshall Frantz

need really ask favors of no one, still, because of her susceptibility to love, could suffer so!

And how different, and moving, this very process of suffering in her! Generous, lovely, sensitive, colorful—so I thought of her at the time. And to think of her not requiring a word in explanation, nor offering a single reproach—merely asking to be held, to feel the warmth that sympathy, even in the soul of the one who had most injured her, could afford her. I was tried and mystified. The contentious, quarreling, reprobative type of mind I could understand, and deal with, but this . . .

And so for an hour or more we stood, I admitting what I could about my temperament and my actions and apologizing for the same when she would let me—and she merely smoothing my hands and leaning against me and saying: "Don't! Only hold

me, hold me!"—until at last I said: "But Aglaia, darling, what about the time? Your father and mother—you know how it is. You can't stay out here too long, dear."

"Yes, I know, I know. Stop a taxi, will you? Ride with me almost to the door. I can't leave you right away. But, oh, how I wish I could go along with you tonight. That would be something."

I hailed a passing taxi, and we stepped in. Within a block of her home, I stopped it and waited while she composed herself. After a time, I said: "And what about tomorrow, Aglaia? Can't you come in the morning?"

"Yes, yes. As soon as I can get out. I will! Oh, I feel so weak, though."

And she stepped out of the cab and walked to her own door, while speculatively and really miserable for once, I returned to my own rooms.

But then the next day, a complete reunion, and this in the face of Wilma and the knowledge that I was not likely to change. For all of a will to either good or evil, what shall it profit a man if in the end he has his own temperament to deal with? Still, sorrow for Aglaia as I might, and did, the same was none the less mingled with the knowledge that my nature was not given to a single affinity, or fever. I could not hold fast to one only.

Restless, harried by my own moods in regard to beauty or interest in this and that form,

many, many allured me. I was, if I may express it so, a thing of the wild, too often solitary but all the more, for that reason, free and eager to pursue the path of the free. Aglaia understood that. Her understanding was one of the strongest ties between us.

None the less, for a time here, there was deep meditation concerning her fate—the probable duration of this passion in herself which was causing her so much pain. For more than once she said, "I don't know whether I can stand this. I knew from the first how it would be and that you would be like this. But now that it has come . . ."

She paused and apparently speculated concerning some more practical course of action than any which she hitherto had followed, but soon came out of that to add whimsically, and with a burst of ironic laughter:

# A NOVEL *about a* MAN'S LOVES *by*

"But darling, what a magnificent liar you are! The positiveness with which you can assert your innocence!" And proceeded to twit me with some of the statements I had made. And in self-defense I repeated the old saw about love and war.

To which she replied: "Oh, well, so long as I feel this way about you, what am I to do? If I didn't care for you so much, I would soon change things, I suppose. Besides, you will care for me awhile, yet, I know. Even if you do like her now. She's a little younger, and she's new—but she can't care for you any more than I do, and I know she isn't any more attractive. You'll come back. Maybe I'll even be here after she's gone."

And that proved true. For Wilma, for all her lure at the beginning, endured vitally only until the following fall, when she left New York for a road engagement—an insufficiency of poetry in her viewpoint and a too calculating desire to use one for her own purposes, being two of the reasons for my diminishing interest in her.

At that, for some time she continued to shower me with smart, although none too sensitive, letters concerning her work and her affairs, expecting me to understand and sympathize—as I did, after a fashion. But later on, a new affair, about which I heard afterwards, engaged her so completely that I heard nothing more.

But during this time Aglaia was with me as before—in my rooms or at her home, where occasionally I found time to share a dinner with the family and enjoy the always amusing and sometimes sparkling company that centered about Martynov.

That charming home! Those clever, hospitable people! And the sense of unity and restfulness that I experienced with them for all of ten years, or until time and compulsions of various kinds—business, marriage, remote removals, death—had dissipated them.

But through all this—and as strange as it may seem to some—Aglaia was my chief support, emotionally if not always sensually. Hers was so truly a friendly—and even motherly—temperament where I was concerned, thinking always of some way in which my detached and often self-isolated temperament could be connected up with such a comforting social scene as she knew.

And as young as she was, she understood life so well, taking my variable moods in regard to herself and others about as she had taken Wilma. Such affairs, as she saw it, grew out of one's



C. "But Aglaia," I protested, "those two girls—I never looked at them more than once

temperament and while they might well be frustrated, never satisfactorily could be so healed. In such cases they simply gave rise to others and—if there was anything really worth while between a man and a woman—would better be allowed to run their course."

AT ANY rate, as she once said to me, now that she had gone through one such ordeal she would not, could not, suffer as much again, and so long as she believed that she was as much cared for by me as any other, she would rest content, or try to—say nothing, pretend she hadn't seen. For she knew now, she said, that I must be allowed to go and come and gather experiences as I would. She could not quarrel as long as she cared as much as she truly did.

But if only sometime I could see my way to getting a divorce and marrying her, that would solve all her own problems as well as mine, if I would only believe it. For once married to me, she would not be as she was now—nervous and all that. Not a bit. I could come and go and do as I pleased.

But, for all such theories and dreams, things went on no better—really worse, as she must often have known. In spite

by

# a MAN who is HONEST about LOVE



and it never could amount to anything. He had been young once. He had had girls, and married women, and troubles, too. Her mother knew that and had stood by him. And he would stand by her and help her through—with money, or a scheme, or silence, or all.

And as he talked, so she said, he had held her in his lap and babied her. But in spite of her intense affection for him, she just couldn't tell him. And she wouldn't.

Never! That was her secret, hers and mine to be shared by no one else. Although she knew, as he said, that he never would tell or harbor any deep feeling against her, she could not tell him. For her fear was that, regardless of his silence, he still might come to me, in some friendly way, with some plan or scheme, and she knew how that would be. I would not like it, and she wouldn't. No, no. I never need fear as to that.

But on account of this, I pleaded with her to give me up, that I was not worth while. Here she was, I told her—beautiful, and with means, and able to choose any one of many whom I knew she knew and so place herself safely for life. But when I did this, she merely put a hand over my mouth. I was to hush. Why say that now? Didn't I really care for her a little? Had she asked me to marry her? Was she insisting on it? Well, let it go—she was just telling me what her father had said.

But all the while I could feel that she was suffering, secretly. The smiles

or twice, and as for flirting with them—" "Don't lie!" she cried. "I saw you."

of her resolution she did worry, and one time—not so long after the Wilma affair, and when she suspected that I was becoming interested in another—which was true—came to me with an account of how only recently her father had called her into his room and talked to her in the most loving, and yet inquiring, way.

Why had the lieutenant left? Why had she let him leave? Did she not realize that she was getting older? A girl of twenty-three was not the equal of a girl of eighteen in the marriage market.

And what of her one-time social interests? Once she had been so alive to do this and that, go here and there, whereas now, apart from her music and reading books, she had no interests, apparently, or any that he could see. Why? What did she do with her time?

Was there a man? Did he know him? Was there a clandestine affair in which she had involved herself and which she could not work out? Could he help her? Didn't she know how much he loved her, and how, no matter what it was, she could confide in him and get help, too?

And it never would go any further unless she wanted it to. Not even to her mother. Not even if it were a married man

and gaiety with which she faced me, at times, were, as I knew, assumed—at others, real enough. But moods or tears—however they might be when I was not by—were "out" in my presence. Her determination was too great, her temperament naturally too buoyant. At times, she was even inclined to laugh at my complications, some of which I went so far as to explain to her, calling her my "Mother Confessor." But always, always, with an undercurrent of suffering, I am sure.

Aglaia, wonderful Aglaia! Wherever you are, forgive.

Yet at this point, an interlude. I was called upon to do a book on Europe and furnished the means. It was an opportunity that I felt I should not put by, and so told her. At the same time, as I said to myself then, here was a situation in which, if ever Aglaia were to be shaken out of her infatuation and made to realize how hopeless was her prospect me-ward, this was it.

She would not see me for six or eight months—perhaps more. She would have time to think—find someone else. The influence of her parents could, and no doubt would, be more definitely brought to bear. And yet, in spite of none too frequent letters and a mood on my part which was distracted and colored by all that I was seeing and doing, numerous (Continued on page 160)



By *Jesse Lynch*  
WILLIAMS

author of  
"They Still  
Fall in Love"

# 3

## Questions for You to Answer

- 1.—Has there ever been, in your honest opinion, such a thing as a *Platonic Friendship* between a man and a woman?
- 2.—Are such friendships possible or advisable in modern times—with our excess freedom of speech and behavior?
- 3.—If so, do husbands and wives ever inwardly and emotionally like such friendships to be enjoyed by their spouses, even when they outwardly and intellectually approve of them?

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IF YOU are a Wise Wife or a Wise Husband,  
This Discussion Will NOT interest You

# Could YOU be a Platonic Friend?

WHAT Plato really meant does not matter now. In none of his works does he mention "Platonic" love or "Platonic" friendship anyway. If he returned to earth today and we asked him to explain, he probably would say in effect, "What d' you mean, Platonic? Never heard of it."

Well, that's where you and I have the advantage over Plato. We know what we mean, and the modern significance of the term does matter to us. So I'll plunge into the subject at once by asking the reader three pertinent questions.

(1) Has there ever been, in your honest opinion, at any period since human gregariousness took the form called "civilization," such a thing as a Platonic friendship between a man and a woman?

(2) Are such friendships possible or advisable in modern times—with our excess freedom of speech and behavior?

(3) If so, do husbands and wives ever inwardly and emotionally like such friendships to be enjoyed by their spouses, even when they outwardly and intellectually approve of them?

Now, as I may never hear the reader's answers to these pertinent or impertinent questions, I must venture to offer my own instead, such as they are. They are at least "frank and honest," even though I do not belong to the so-called new generation, which has commendably undertaken to debunk life and love for us and therefore understands the truth about sex better than anyone possibly can who saw the 'nineties with his own eyes and was blinded thereby.

To the first question then, my answer is, *Yes*.

To the second question, *Yes*.

To the third, *Yes*.

From the beginning of civilized society, we can trace authentic records of success in exactly such friendships, though I admit that we, especially we writers and readers, always have paid more attention to the failures. And naturally so. A failure of this kind is far more interesting to read and write about.

The news sections of our papers illustrate a similar principle in the writing and reading of the daily history of each twenty-four hours. Did you ever see any head-lines calling attention to the eminently creditable fact that John Jones is still living in peace and happiness with his wife and the little Joneses at number so-and-so on Such-and-Such Street?

Naturally not. That isn't news. Nor would it interest you and me, though we may be among those who self-righteously condemn the newspapers for "filling their pages with scandal and divorce."

If the front page were filled with optimistic dullness, like the story of the Joneses, we should soon stop buying newspapers. *Sunshine is not news, an eclipse is.*

Indeed, the story of false friendship has been told so often—over the teacups as well as in type—that we are apt to smile skeptically at the mention of that somewhat soft and misunderstood designation, "Platonic." Offhand, we pronounce the thing an impossibility—"contrary to human nature." But forget the connotation of the unfortunate phrase, stop thinking for a moment of the question abstractly, and look around. As a plain matter of fact and every-day life, I do not know any man or woman, no matter how cynical or how susceptible, who has not at least a few good and useful friendships among members of the opposite sex.

If we must be cynical, let's look at things as we really find them

and not as we talk about them to impress others with our sophistication. To tell the sad, sad "truth about human nature," no one can go around falling in love all the while. There are so many other things to do, some of them equally desirable and even more important. And so many of these other things, please note, are done—have to be done—nowadays by men and women together. Like it or dislike it, you can't change it.

And this brings us to my categorical imperative No. 2.

Such friendships are more possible and less dangerous today than ever before. But it is not in spite of "the modern freedom" of speech and behavior; it is because of it.

I hold no brief for or against the so-called younger generation or their awkward imitations among my own generation. I am merely sick of reading about them.

Besides, the "new" generation now is old. The post-war "young" people with their dreary little depravities are no longer novel. They are awakening with dismay to the fact that there has already arrived another generation which really is young and is laughing at its immediate predecessors, and calling them old-fashioned. Hard luck, but we all come to it.

THE social benefits, however, of that brave band of doughty pioneers remain with us. For example, by reason of the very fact that the "b'oom has been rubbed off" by persistent pawing, that reticence has retired before "realism," that mystery has disappeared with the emergence of woman as a biped, and finally that there is more unmarried mating than ever before since organized society undertook the job of regulating mating—for these reasons and some better ones, friendships are possible in a way and to an extent which was difficult or disastrous in the days of dainty refinement, when all women were timorous and virtuous, or pretended to be, and all men were noble and brave, or made a bluff at it, and each was too much excited by the presence of the other to think of much else but that excitement.

Undoubtedly a greater number of young people are doing as they like today than formerly, but at least they know what they like and therefore what they do not like. If there is more unlegalized loving than ever, there is at least more sincere loving, regrettable as their way of gaining it may be.

The bearing upon the question we are discussing now is clear enough. Today, as never before, a man occasionally can look upon a woman, and a woman upon a man, as a fellow human being, congenial or otherwise, and not necessarily as a potential wife, sweetheart, mistress or temporary temptation. Men and women of today have friends among the opposite sex, because sex is not the only thing they see when they look at each other.

There was a time when we, like other male animals, had only one use for females. For that matter, there are still plenty of unevolved men of that sort today—and women of a similar sort, too. They miss a lot of fun. By the same token, from their point of view, though such people aren't capable of understanding this, they miss the quintessence of the other thing—and never know it.

But despite the recent abortive attempt to revert to savagery on the part of those young reactionaries, who naively believed that they were "advanced," our civilization as an organic culture is not slipping backward into the slime of "the swamp age," but forward to a higher, healthier plane for gregarious life than we ever have reached before. This is the sound and optimistic compensation for all this discouraging and sometimes disgusting manifestation of the modern tendencies in regard to sex.

To prove my point, though I don't (Continued on page 181)



# Roaming

health and poverty. All his possessions, his loves and his necessities moved, chestnut and vital, there between his knees: Tiptoes, a friend, a mate, a home, a child and the prideful creation of his own will.

"Oh, lovely Tiptoes, wait until the folks down Munger Mountain way sling their eyes across you—you'll make 'em sit up and take notice, dern your hide!" Tenderness took unto itself

queer syllables on Nick's range-limbered tongue.

So he came down at last out of the dust and the hard glare into that green and sudden valley which carries a red hill like a rose in its mouth.

"I'll be derned," said Nick, stopping at Crystal Ford below the bridge they use there in high water, in order to give Tiptoes a drink and to splash the alkali out of his own mouth and eyes, "I'll be derned if ever I seen a country that's the match of this one. And we've seen a heap of country together, Tiptoes, you and me."

The valley justified his thrilled pleasure. Sunset stood among the three tall Tetons, spirits of rock and snow, so far in the distance that their tallness had a quality of apparition. Beneath them, green hills of Grovont Range interlaced, taking fire at that one strange outcrop of ruby stone.

Soft gray meadows fell from its base to this gold-flecked stream and to the dark Douglas firs that marched along it. The river turned just beyond the ford and in the land it looped a ranch-house stood, very solid, very prosperous, beautifully placed.

"There's a lucky feller, yonder. Let's go look in at him, shall we, Tiptoes? Looks to me like a likely stoppin' place, the kind of a homestead you and I would have chose for our own selves if we'd had stoppin' feet instead of the kind that keeps a-wanderin'."

It was the stopping place chosen seven years before by wise Jessica, who had been the daughter of a pauper and a crazy woman, the Jessica who at this moment approached the opposite margin of the ford. She did not know what had moved her suddenly to come down to the water's edge, but at sight of the youth's prostrate body on its farther bank, she stood staring, pale.

Nick Lynne looked up across the running water and saw Jessica, a small honey-colored woman, sleek and pale, with the veiled look that sculptured fates sometimes have. Her small hands had extraordinary

thickness and weight. She looked out with a steady gentleness of regard.

"She's plum' dangerous," commented Nick, an impression he was too quickly to forget. Tiptoes was the first to speak aloud.

"Hay-ay-ay!" said Tiptoes, bugling.

Nick smiled. "My hoss here has got better manners than me," said Nick, his hat off and drops running from his darkened hair.

*Jessica said: "I will not permit any man on this ranch to make up to Candace. She's not for the likes of any ranch hand or cowboy. I want she should be a lady."*

**D**OWN through that naked and livid country which lies beyond Old Munger Mountain to the north, and carries the ancient trail of the fur traders into Crystal Valley, rode Nick Lynne in a choking cloud of dust. It could hardly dim the physical radiance of him: his cap of sun-beaten copper hair, his red and white complexion, his eyes glittering like mica. He rode his wonder-horse, his Tiptoes, and he carried a ukulele on his saddle.

Like a troubadour Nick rode, singing with a full, loud voice, for the joy in him must overflow, its sources mere youth and



# By Katharine Newlin Burt

# Cowboy

"I'm a stray, a kind of maverick. Bein' hayin' season, I reckoned I might find a job with you folks. You've got a fine ranch here."

"It's Ernie Bates' ranch." Jessica supplied him with his missing information in her small, cool voice. "Come over and drop down to the house. The boys are cleaning up for supper. You can eat—and talk to Mr. Bates."

He swung up into his saddle. The water and the stones made a tumult about the pony's steady little feet. Beside Jessica, Nick slid to the ground.

"Will you mount, ma'am? I'll walk."

"No. You can ride. I'm not dressed for it."

"Then we'll both walk, if you please, ma'am."

THEY walked together in complete silence. She watched him out of the corners of her eyes, quiet and composed as a cat, moving very easily. They came to the ranch-house where the men, all in a row, bent over their tin basins on a bench.

"The boss sure gives the boys a chance to clean up, don't he, ma'am?" Nick was amused by the tremendous communal ablutions in progress.

"I'm the boss that does that," said Jessica. "You'll find a mirror over yonder where you can slick your hair. Tell me your name."

"Nick Lynne, miss. And yours?"

"I am Mrs. Ernie Bates. Come in with the others when you're neat. Mr. Bates will be at the table."

She left him with fire in his face. She had had the queerest small cool smile on her lips when she had told him her name.

In spite of her commands, Nick saw first to the unsaddling and the turning-out of Tiptoes. In this transaction he was aided by a new acquaintance.

A long-legged girl was sitting on some fence rails near by and she called to him as soon as Mrs. Bates had gone into the house.

"Say, that's sure a pretty pony of yours, stranger."

Nick's heart of a boy and a horseman grew big and warm. He came to her as a child comes to his mother, Tiptoes nosing close beside his elbow.

"Ain't that the truth?" sighed Nick. "I bet you ain't never seed the like of her," and he remembered with resentment that Mrs. Bates had not once seemed to look at Tiptoes.

This girl looked only at Tiptoes. "What you call her?"

"Tiptoes."

"Ain't that a cute name? She's a good cow-pony, I'll bet."

"Can turn on a button, ma'am. And say, I'll show you some of the tricks I've learned her."

"Sure. That'll be great. But we got to go in for grub now. I'm ready for it. Been on the tractor all day."

She slid down from her perch, still with her eyes on Tiptoes. She was tall and rangy, very young, big-eyed and big-mouthed in a handsome friendly fashion, freckled across the nose and with short roughish hair, its darkness tinted by the sun.

"You can turn Tiptoes into the pasture yonder, sling your



Illustrations by  
Pruett Carter



saddle here. Oh, she's a love, a jewel!"

Beside this girl, rather in the fashion that Tiptoes moved beside her master, did Nick come into the supper room.

"Ernie Bates, now, he's my uncle," his conductor told him just before they entered.

"My name is Candace. You'll get your job, all right. Uncle Ernie will be glad to get another hand right now."

But though he gave Nick his job, there was no gladness in Uncle Ernie's face or voice. Gladness was not the key-note to Mr. Bates' manner or to his mind.

He was a dusty, sad old fellow, of a plodding temperament,

fifty-five years to the twenty-five of Jessica, his wife.

It scared Nick faintly to find her, with her softness and her smallness, married to so sober and old a man. But he was prosperous, successful. There was no ranch so fine as his in all that corner of Wyoming. A tight, hard worker and a master, tight and hard.

Under him, or at least so Nick believed until he learned better who was master, worked a gigantic foreman laboring with patience and meekness like an ox—and the rest of them were the familiar sunburnt faces that Nick had seen all up and down the West. All but George Garger's, the "garbage-boy's," perhaps, but that face Nick hardly noticed until later when it made itself more than noticeable.

Nick worked next morning in the wide sun pitching and stacking after a casual, large-minded machine which had no talent for details. Far away above him in a sloping pasture he could see bright Tiptoes, feeding in a paradisiacal idleness.

Candace sailed across his shimmering field in her great buzzing engine, moving a crank with a rhythmic jerk and slide of her young body. She came nearer to Nick, swath by swath.

As she passed close, mightily whirring, she shouted down to him, "This evening—Tiptoes."

"Yes, ma'am," he yelled back, beaming.

He began to sing. His voice was beautiful, steady as a hawk's flight. It circled the meadows. Candace kept turning her head to listen to it above the noise of her machine.

**D**URING the hot noon-hour, in the shade, his copper head upon his blue sleeve, alone under a cottonwood tree, Nick slept.

He felt himself, in dreamland, coolly touched, and rippled up, gasping, to his feet.

"You. Mrs. Bates?"

"Yes. I've had a bucket of lemonade sent down to the boys. It's over yonder. Why don't you join them?"

"I wouldn't be carin' for any, thank you, ma'am. I've had a plenty of water. I don't feel no thirst."

"You're more a horseman, I suppose, than a hay-hand," she remarked, looking as sleek as a mouse and as cool as a little green snake. Her dress was katydid green.

"I've done everythin', ma'am, gamblin', ridin', ropin', hosses, cattle, farmin', fancy ropin' and bronco-bustin', barkeep, biscuit-shooter and camp cook—but don't you never please ask me to cook nothin'!—and I even sung in a minstrel show."

"Aren't you pretty young for so many experiences?"

"Twenty-seven; not so derned young. And I begun early. I'm older than you are, I reckon."

"Yes. I figure you were surprised—" She made a long pause.

"Yes, ma'am." He answered her at last without waiting for her to finish her phrase. "I was—kind of. But Mr. Bates, he's sure a man and he's got a great ranch here, ma'am. I reckon you knowed what you was doin' when you married him. There's a heap of girls that wouldn't hev had the sense."

She seemed to be laughing. It was a silent ripple, the corners of her lips pulled into sweet pockets and a long creamy wrinkle ran out from her eyelids.

"Yes," she agreed, when she was through with this, "I've got sense—a lot—and then some." And with that she lifted to him, straight, her two eyes in the saddest long look he ever had met.

Then she left him. She walked beautifully, her little feet made a play as of shadows on the grass.

A moment later Nick went back to work and he sang no more that day.

After supper Tiptoes greeted him with silly coquetry, with small bitings and comic gestures of delight. She told him softly the story of her day: fat grass, thistles, sunflowers, water of a forgotten sweetness, shade, rollings on the back, racings, new cronies, a good squabble or so.

Below them, waving, Candace called, "Oh, bring her down, won't you? Bring her down and show her off to the boys and to Uncle Ernie and to Aunt Jessica."

Nick strolled down to meet her, leading his docile friend. "No, ma'am," he said; "I'll show her off to nobody but just you. Is there a down tree hereabouts?"



**C** "I was a-comin' to scare you," Nick said

"I near fell across that log there behind you this morning." "That'll do."

He was up across Tiptoes' shining back and he put her through some whistling paces, when she danced jazz, waltz, minuet and Charleston to the bidding of his changeable tunes, while Candace crowed and skipped and rocked in young delight. Then he got the mare to the end of the log and teased her along it like a tight-rope walker, tiny mincing steps, step by step, steps in a row, impossible, balancing steps.

"Oh, my! Oh, my! How can she? How did you? Oh, she's worth a real fortune. She's just wonderful. Was she a circus pony?"

"No." Nick slid off, bowed and flung his arm across the mare's tossing neck. "She's just my pet, I reckon. Say, hold her till I get my uke. I got a new trick I been tryin' to learn her."



to Jessica. "To show you what it means to snatch away his possessions from a growed man."

He ran and came back, vividly colored, breathing fast. He sat down near Tiptoes and played and sang. At first she pretended indifference and then stupidity, but gradually under temptation of a great red apple, she came close, dropped her nose to his shoulder and began to shake her head and to—sing, a quaint, not untuneful nickering in time to his chords.

"Nick! Nick!" sighed Candace, thrall'd, her clear-water eyes almost including Nick in sudden worship. "Oh, Nick, I don't know what to say."

Jessica came upon them so absorbed. "Which is the clown?" asked Jessica. "You or your mare, Lynne?" She turned at once to Candace, leading her away with some sane and sober message.

Nick stayed alone, abashed, turning the ukulele in his hands, his pretty mare drooping beside him. Being an egotistic adventurer, he could have shed tears. Instead, he swore. It would

answer, however, after a fortnight. He got it piecemeal as before. But, piece by piece, as it was delivered, his experience was illuminating it.

"The mi-mi-missus—"

The missus, eh? Mrs. Ernie Bates. So far, so good. Yes. It was easy to hate the missus, Jessica Bates, but there was more to her than that, so Nick's experience was telling him. Oh, there was much, much more to her than that.

There had been, meanwhile, an evening . . .

She had come out to sit with the boys and with her husband on the long edge of the porch. Without seeming to choose her place, she had settled between Nick and a wooden post. It was curious how, as soon as she was there beside him, they seemed, Jessica and Nick, to be alone.

Like a dove she sat there, warm and (Continued on page 100)

not be hard, he told Tiptoes, to hate that woman.

It was not until he had been at the ranch a week or more that Nick fell a victim to George Garger's infatuation for him. This George was "garbage-boy." For Nick he conceived an astonishing and anxiously paternal devotion. He was about sixty-five years old, he stammered and was naturally inarticulate besides, but something, it would seem, George Garger was "b-b-bound to s-s-say."

"I'm b-b-b-bound to t-t-t-tell you, Nick, to k-k-keep—"

It took George Garger a week to get over this piece of counsel. All the seven days at intervals he had held Nick up, to wag his head, to scratch it, to shake his finger and to gurgle with awful effort, "There's s-s-s-something I'm b-b-b-bound to t-t-t-tell—"

And there the fates always had intervened and he had been called imperiously pig-wards. It was, Nick thought, like death by slow tickling torture, Chinese.

On Sunday, the first Sunday, after a noon dinner, George cornered Nick in the depths of the wood-shed, got him seated and came at slow, terrible, serpentine length to the end of that mighty objurgation:

"To t-t-tell you to k-k-keep away from C-C-Candace."

"Why?" asked Nick, greatly surprised. Yes, he was rash enough to ask a question of George Garger!

"Th - th - the mi - mi - mi—"

Five thousand "mi's" later, Nick, dodging, apologizing, laughing, broke past him and escaped. He got his answer.





**C.** "On the vacation there is a fairly continuous use for evening duds."

**R**HAPSODIZES Thomas L. Peacock in his "Visions of Love"—

To chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours,  
To strew its short but weary way with flow'rs,  
New hopes to raise, new feelings to impart,  
And pour celestial balsam on the heart;  
For this to man was lovely woman given,  
The last, best work, the noblest gift of Heav'n.

Bossing his leisure from seven to seven.

(Scene: Ménage of any American man of affairs at the home-going hour. Tired business man returns from the works. Putting hat and greatcoat on hall-tree, addresses maid.)

Husband: "Desdemona, dost know whether my wife is going out this evening?"

Maid: "She is, sir, directly she awakes from her siesta."

Husband: "Dost chance to know, Desdemona, whether I am going with her?"

Desdemona chances to know that he is, as per arrangements of several hours standing. Eftsoons the tired business man groans inwardly, as he makes appraisal of dress shirt worn yestereve to ascertain if condition of bosom and cuffs will permit another nocturnal appearance.

What has been predetermined in that palace of the prosperous is as follows: My liege lord, hying himself to his haven of rest (obsolete poetic form) from a full day downtown, will upon partaking of the evening repast accompany the wife of his bosom to the première of "Trelawny of the Wells," by an all-star company—it being Monday night.

Put it down that in all probability there will be something doing after the show, in keeping with the paraphrased last line of the opening-night production as the curtain falls: "Let the play go on!"

The almost continuous and absorbing social performance does go on. To be sure there are resting-spells for half of the family when it is milady's guild or milord's lodge that has scheduled a meeting for members only.

And there are occasional life-savers for both like the mid-week church supper and worship, over at eight p.m., or a Lindbergh banquet which lets everyone go home at nine because the guest of honor is unlike a parrot. He can fly, but doesn't care to talk.

Also when mountain and sea, springs and salubrious climes attract on this side or foreign lands beckon, there is vouchsafed

# Your Wife has

By James Schermerhorn

physical relief for the days involved in making the vacation trip. Once arrived there is a fairly continuous use for evening duds, however.

These providential dispensations aside, the tabulation of a typical American householder listed in the social register looks something like the following:

Quiet and exclusive little function at the Roger de Coverleys'. Private theatricals, concluding with breakfast.

Series of dinners preceding the début of Benjamin Butler Bascombe's charming daughter at the Lone Glenartney Country Club, 10 to 12.

Opening new Institute of Arts. Reception to visiting art directors and artists. Addresses. Dinner at Theaters and Crafts for out-of-town guests.

Reception and dinner for Prince William of Sweden; followed by the Prince's lecture on hunting in Africa.

Scarab Ball by local artists. In costume. Go at ten; return at daybreak.

Dinner with the Merton Montgomerys at Hotel Michilmackinac. Attend second showing of movietones at the new cinema. Snack at home of Merton Montgomerys.

Grand Opera—"Rigoletto." Box with the Wouter Van Twillers. Drive to Dew Drop Inn on the Lake Shore.

This fortnight's social calendar implies that the average American man of affairs has retired from business. Wrong. He has not

retired from business any more than he has retired for the night, about every other night.

The skeptic who considers this an enlarged copy of a social chronicle does not know the half of it. Observe the omission of the more numerous away-from-home's such as church weddings; alumni, aviation and automotive affairs; club and convention banquets; and community "drive" dinners, all the way from Near East to No Rest.

Happily for the dated-up husband he gets some golf, possibly some horseback riding, between the thrice-a-week functions. His motor-boat or yacht and the pool at the club make it possible for him to stay in the social swim.

It will also help when someone brings out a reversible suit of clothes that will facilitate changing from business to formal garb. It is estimated that this will effect a saving of one working day in fourteen.

From this look into the social movements of a prominent citizen who covenanted at the altar to leave all and cleave only to the dear soul who signs him up for one soirée after another, it is evident that he has no experiences with a matter that troubled the lamented Joseph Cannon when he exchanged

the quiet domesticity of Danville, Illinois, for the throbbing metropolis.



**C.** "He recalls the night 'Money Musk' and 'Sally Waters' lured him."

# 50 Slaves

Illustrations by  
Rea Irvin



“His arrival at the office  
sets all storm-signals flutter-  
ing at ‘cloudy and colder.’”

“Only trouble in New York,” Congressman Joe was wont to observe, “is what to do between midnight and the hour for retiring.” Almost every metropolitan mixer, mated to a modern matron who loves life, knows a woman who knows what to do.

Our married man of immense mobility—especially at night—comes to have a profound if silent admiration for the masterfulness of Germany’s late super-industrialist, Hugo Stinnes, whose preoccupations were so numerous and absorbing that he vouchsafed his household but one night a week of his society.

Gaily, every Saturday night the Stinneses set out for the theater or opera, where the mighty ironmaster slept soundly all through the production and awoke to get his loved ones’ verdict on the quality of the entertainment as the last curtain fell.

Your indulgent American husband essays no such audacity as he is personally conducted through his night duties. He may nod over his morning mail, blink and yawn at the directors’ meeting, look listless enough at conference and snooze in the barber’s chair at the club; but the importance of the more than semi-occasional nocturnal rounds calls for alertness of every fiber and faculty.

There must be no sleeping on post under pain of something only a little less drastic than the death penalty.

How often does the alleged social lion, whose name is Kept standing in the morning paper’s “What Is Going On In Society,” share the sentiments of the dejected file at the social function to whom one of the guests imparted the information that the affair was so boring he was going to grab his hat and beat it.

“Can’t blame you a bit,” the solemn party acquiesced. “I’d go too, but I’ve got to stick. I’m the host!”

Wife—always with the best of intentions, be it said—moves in a mysterious way her husband’s business, social and political promotions to perform.

She invariably puts up bridge as a thing to carry him over to the farther shore of commercial affluence. With martyrdom grimness and the merriest of a morgue he must attend Mrs. Witherspoon’s post-mortems after every hand. For know ye that Brother Witherspoon as a business prospect is not to be sneezed at, no matter how preeminently the weaker vessel of that conubial collection, as a bridge expert, is to be scoffed at.

Same with the dreamy mazes as managed by the well-meaning but deeply calculating madam. The next dance with the vivacious sub-deb may bring fond husband and Frau two steps nearer inclusion in the invitation list for the approaching coming-out sensation of the season, but to the leg-weary victim of wifely wiles it is a much closer approach to Walt Whitman’s poetry—the feet are so mixed.

Friend Wife’s coerced confederate in the night-after-night climbing ordeal or in the stick-at-the-pinnacle-once-you-have-arrived system, forgets not the old-fashioned father and mother of his youth, how they admonished him that—

“Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.”

But he finds himself switched from that homely maxim by the twentieth-century tutelage of a life companion who is impressed with the line that modernity had added to that saying, to wit: “But you’ll never meet the live ones!”

Barring Watch Night at the village church on New Year’s eve, it was the current notion that only prowlers and tiptplers turned in at daybreak. Then “We won’t go home until morning” was antiphonal with “Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl!”

Now and then a too-ardent swain met the milkman on his homeward way and had to be warned by an irate father about lugging off the morning paper, but respectability as a general thing fixed upon ten—at least not later than eleven—as the hour for taps.

It makes a modern go-early-and-stay-later smile wanly when he recalls the night “Money Musk” and “Sally Waters,” schottische and polka, lured him so long after nightfall in Union Hall that he bunked on buffalo-robies which his friend in his bon-vivancy, the furrier’s clerk, spread on the store floor.

It was press day in his father’s country weekly office, and the Gazette expected every member of the publisher’s family to do his or her duty at dawn. The reception, vociferous and corporal, which the oversleeping disciple of Terpsichore received when he arrived at the office at eight-thirty A.M. convinced him there and then that he must decide between being a perfect devil in a print-shop or on the dance floor. He cut out chasing the hours with flying feet, for all time.

What time high-flying husband has for current reading is full of stop-signals. He decries the red flare set dead against Americanitis, the pace that kills three-quarters of a million yearly with preventable maladies. His disposition is so choleric that his matutinal arrival at the office sets all the storm-signals fluttering at “cloudy and colder.” The atmosphere he creates is like unto that which prevailed in an office that received word one morning that the chief was indisposed.

“Heaven grant it is nothing trivial!” exclaimed one of his employees, who is now a famous humorist.

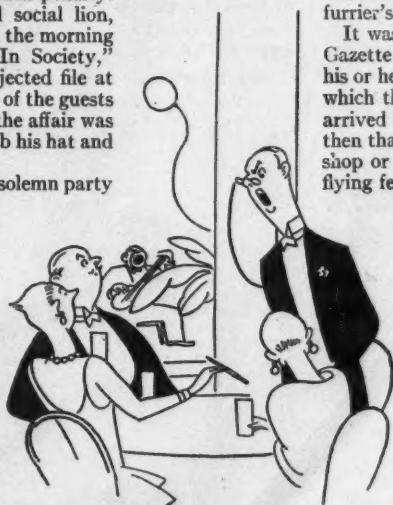
His mood befits the definition of a pessimist—“One who of two evils chooses both.”

Enervated by the overfilled night and day hours, he seeks to bring himself up to condition with a Swedish treatment at four P.M. (Office term for the vapor-boiling process and massage is “in conference.”) This tones him up not a little, but makes him forty minutes late at the portals of his domicile, over which is emblazoned at least three nights a week, Lent and midsummer excepted: “Oh, where do we go from here?”

Let us close the storm-door on what follows this belated home-going. From the doorstep it may sound like vocalization. But back of it all is organization. Wifehood of the militant order has caught that maxim of efficiency that calls for an establishment so disciplined that the chief executive can leave it at any time.

Madam has related that essential of commercial well-being to her household. She prides herself on being ready to leave it at any time; and on time. Her postmeridian beauty sleep is also her mobility sleep. She rests when the sun is shining so that she may be physically and mentally fit to “go to places” when darkness, like a feather, falls from the wings of night.

A realtor’s confession fits in here: (Continued on page 132)



# The Mystery of the

by Margery  
Lawrence

PETER WILBROUGH, well-dressed, eight-and-twenty, and on his way to meet the girl of his heart, pretty Isabel Dillingham, stood tilting his handsome head to see into the window at Andrew Crane's antique shop, Bury Street, St. James.

It was fortunate for Mr. Crane that Mr. Wilbrough's luxurious apartment was situated only a few doors away, so that the luckless Peter must needs pass temptation every day on his way to the usual haunts of the young man about town—and it must be admitted that Peter did not always avoid temptation, having a pretty taste in antiques and an excellent income!

But his recently announced engagement to the fair Isabel, and the expenses consequent thereupon, had rendered his visits to Mr. Crane's fewer and further between than usual. Therefore it was with a beaming smile that the proprietor of the "Sign of the Hour-Glass" moved forward to greet him as he stepped down into the dark little shop.

"The snuff-box in the window—certainly, Mr. Wilbrough! You keeping well, sir?—haven't seen you for a long time! There you are, sir—quaint little piece, and genuine. Oh, yes, sir—you know me. Genuine enough it is, you can bank on that!"

It was certainly quaint—an oblong square of clear white crystal, bound and hinged with gilt metal; the lid was formed of two pieces of crystal laid face to face, enclosing a small piece of finely worked embroidery on faded yellow satin. A central posy of tiny flowers in shades of brown, surrounded with twirling, twisting letters in black—letters that spelt, in quaint old-world spelling, the phrase whose oddness and incongruity had attracted Peter's attention:

"Beauty draws us by a single hair!"

Mr. Wilbrough turned the box about in his well-manicured hands—it was less pretty than quaint; original, charming. At any rate, Isabel might like it for pins or something. He would take it—Mr. Wilbrough being still in that fatuous state of adoration that impels the lover to fling daily offerings at the feet of the adored!

"Right, Crane—pack it up and I'll take it with me. Lady Isabel might like it—or else I'll keep it myself. G'day!"

But the purchasing of the Crystal Snuff-box, swiftly as it had been effected, had delayed the hastening lover ten minutes on his way to the Carlton and tea, and it may be that sheer annoyance caused pretty Isabel Dillingham to refuse, with a toss of her golden-fair head, the proffered gift. It was a dull, ugly little thing, she avowed, and not in the *least* interesting!

And even if it had been, there was no use in Peter's thinking he could arrive late for an appointment with her and then smooth things over with a present. She hated waiting, and he knew she

did! The

young lady

pouted all through tea

and refused to be amiable. At

last, crushed and miserable, Peter took

himself off, after dropping his inamorata at the parental door in Grosvenor Square, and retired disconsolate to his apartment.

Throwing the despised snuff-box morosely on the fireside table, he poured himself out a whisky and soda. It was only six-thirty, although it was growing dark—lots of time for a drink and a snooze before he need change to take Isabel out to the Embassy, at nine. He did hope she'd have recovered her temper by then—he hated doing anything to upset her—but after all, he had only been ten minutes late! Nothing to what she often was herself.

Lying back in his deep leather chair, comfortably warmed by the insidious mixture of the whisky and a good log-fire, the young





# Crystal Snuff-box

Illustrations by  
W. E. Heitland



Ee-yah, he certainly could do with a snooze! Rowin' with Is'bel—exhaustin'—exhaustin' business. Women were tryin' things . . . Haurgh! Hongrh—haurgh! . . .

The impeccable Sims, appearing a few moments later to attend his young lord and master, withdrew softly. Mr. Peter Wilbrough was deeply and completely asleep.

Although Mr. Wilbrough was again late for his appointment with his lady-love that evening, she greeted him with a smile instead of the afternoon's frown—being, to tell the truth, rather ashamed of her recent peevishness. By way of being extra-specially nice, to look at as well as to talk to, she had donned a new and wonderful frock of gleaming gold tissue that seemed to catch and reflect the lights in her casque of shining yellow hair—but for the first time in their acquaintance Peter did not comment on the extreme good looks of his fiancée.

He looked white and tired and curiously strained. Concluding that their recent quarrel was the reason for his depressed air, the girl, secretly repentant, exerted herself to be charming, and even interjected a quick "Oh, it didn't matter," when half-way through the dinner he suddenly, as if, indeed, he had only just realized it, apologized for his late arrival.

"Don't know how it happened—but I'm awfully sorry!" Under the influence of champagne, so'e Florentine and the cheerful atmosphere of lights and music, Peter was regaining his old spirits if not quite his old looks—for he still looked oddly pale and tired. "The fact is, Belle darling, I was asleep!"

Isabel laughed. "Sleepy, were you? It doesn't seem to have rested you much, Peter—you look all in!"

"I know," admitted the young man. "I had a rotten nightmare—must have been brooding over your wrathiness, my angel! Dreamt like the dickens and woke feeling as weak as a kitten!"

"Dreaming? What about?" she queried. Peter wrinkled his brows, faintly puzzled.

"I *knew*, exactly—but I can't remember now!" he admitted. "Only that I was glad enough to wake up! I believe there was a woman in it; not you, but a dark woman who scared me, rather. She seemed to be running after me."

"Sounds like Sonia Varens!" commented Isabel dryly.

Mr. Wilbrough promptly changed the subject, as the said Miss Varens, an old flame of his, was rather a sore point with Isabel. The talk drifting to a more absorbing topic, Isabel promptly forgot her betrothed's curious dream, but not so Mr. Wilbrough.

Under the cloak of eager talk and laughter, his mind kept recurring to it with an odd persistence, delving eagerly, excitedly into his memory in an endeavor to remember, to reconstruct it. For despite his admission to Isabel of his "scare," that frightened feeling had been companioned by a curious breathless fascination

in a n  
meditated, half  
asleep and half awake.

The red glow of the fire-  
light flickered on the comfortable little

room, on the shining array of old pewter in the corner cupboard, on the fluted edge of an old Venetian mirror, on Chelsea porcelain and Georgian silver and antique brass. It struck a light, bright as a tiny star, from the crystal box upon the round walnut table at his elbow; a light so bright that it arrested Mr. Wilbrough's drowsy attention, and he stared at it, half asleep.

How it winked and sparkled, that tiny corner where the fire struck it—made one blink and dazzle to watch it. Suppose that was what those fellers did to one when they hypnotized one! Made one stare at something that dazzled, till one got sleepy—why, he was getting sleepy, actually, which was darn funny.

that made him long to turn and look at the fear that was pursuing him—a fear feminine in form, he knew, tall and dark, but veiled, surrounded with a dark cloud of some sort through which great eyes gleamed, ever fixed on his.

It had been an odd dream—but there, it was over and not worth talking about, especially since it seemed possible it might annoy Isabel again, which heaven forbid! Therefore Peter discreetly held his tongue, and the rest of the evening passed as usual, in dancing, chatter, light laughter and the usual half-chaffing badinage that passes for love-making among the casual generation of today.

Peter's car being for the moment off duty, the Dillinghams' sumptuous red limousine carried the two young people to their respective homes at last, Isabel insisting on first dropping Peter at his apartment, declaring that in his white and weary condition, which had certainly returned towards the end of the evening, the quicker he got to bed the better. As the girl peered out from the car to see the man whom, despite her modern pose of nonchalance, she secretly adored, safely within the shelter of 12 Bury Street, she happened to glance up at his sitting-room window, a square of ruddy amber against the black front of the house.

"Peter!" A sharp voice arrested Mr. Wilbrough as he inserted his latch-key into the door. "Peter, who's that in your rooms at this time of night?"

The young man stared, turned and came back to the car. Standing back, he peered up at the lighted window, perplexed.

"Hullo—Sims has left the light on, that's all!"

"Don't talk rubbish to me!" snapped the young lady, scrambling out of the car. "She's moved away now, but I saw her shadow distinctly against the blind. Peter, you've got a woman up there!"

Strong in the consciousness of virtue, Mr. Wilbrough loudly protested. It was perfect rubbish—woman up there!—rot and rubbish, complete and utter, unless the impeccable Sims had fallen from grace and concealed a woman of his own about his employer's apartment—in which case Sims could look for instant dismissal in the morning, admirable valet though he was!

But Isabel was not to be appeased—that he hanged for a tale! She would come up and see for herself. There *had* been a woman there—a tall woman with a hood or something about her head. Maybe Sonia Varens, the little beast, had bribed her way into the apartment and was lying in wait for its occupant.

The said young lady being quite capable of doing such a thing, as he well knew, Mr. Peter Wilbrough's heart thumped in considerable apprehension as he followed his determined fiancée up the winding stairs.

Great, therefore, was his relief, as great as Isabel's angry bewilderment, to discover the sitting-room absolutely empty, the fire burning quietly on the hearth with the lamp ready lighted upon the table beside it—all things neat and orderly as the

admirable Sims invariably left them! In the bedroom no one to be seen; nobody in hiding behind the curtains.

There was no denying it, the "woman" must have been a mere passing shadow, possibly thrown from a window opposite; an impression due to some trick of light, a figment of a jealous woman's brain—though this last possibility was wisely not voiced by the accused, whatever his own private opinion!

Standing at the window watching the car draw away up the



"The snuff-box?" asked Crane. "There you are, sir—quaint little piece, and genuine."

steep old-fashioned street, Peter Wilbrough heaved a sigh of relief.

"Crazy—bless her heart, she's perfectly crazy! Sees that confounded Sonia Varens in every corner." He sighed again and turned towards the room with a yawn—turned and started violently! For just beyond the circle of light cast by the shaded lamp, it seemed that a woman stood, a tall woman dressed in a pale yellow satin gown, her dark hair piled high about her lovely head in countless curls and ringlets, her long white fingers resting lightly on the Crystal Box!

With a gasp of terrified astonishment, Mr. Wilbrough passed his hand across his eyes and stared again—and gasped again, but this time with relief, for there was nothing there. Only the dying firelight, and the quiet room, and his whisky and soda waiting beside the lamp.

Then hurriedly the young man poured out for himself

an unusually stiff nightcap and drank it, more agitated than he cared to admit.

"Lord—talk of 'thought-transference'!" he muttered as he set down the empty glass. "There's a case for you! Poor little Belle starts yapping about some confounded woman, and for a second I actually think I see her! Must be getting balmy in my old age."

"But hang it all, it was so amazingly real! I shan't be in such a

late for every appointment; to forget the when and where of meetings; to send her size six in gloves when he perfectly well knew she took fives; to get tickets for Shakespeare when she wanted to see a revue, and generally behave like a man either trying deliberately to pick a quarrel, or else becoming absent-minded and thoughtless to a really alarming degree!

Amazed and offended as the young lady naturally was, her amazement was nothing to the startled perturbation of the unfortunate victim, who, panic-stricken after a series of quite outrageous slights, foresaw his adored one "chucking" him, and gloomily declared she would be entirely justified if she did. But for once he was mistaken.

Isabel Dillingham was no fool; moreover, she loved her betrothed. Realizing, as she soon and shrewdly did, that his increasingly frequent lapses from good manners did not arise from any desire to be rude, but from sheer inability to help himself, she bit her lip and forgave, overlooked, made excuses, both to herself and the outside world, till Society, always acid, shrugged incredulous shoulders and decided that "really, darling Isabel seemed utterly to have lost all proper pride! Couldn't she see that Peter Wilbrough was fed up with the whole thing?"

For, slowly but with increasing frequency, "things" were being said. Odd and unpleasant things, about Peter Wilbrough. Only whispered as yet, but as time went on the whispers grew. He was indulging in various and unpleasant habits—"Look at the way he looks now, my dear, and how he dresses! And you know how smart he used to be!"

He was to be met at all hours of the night, it was reported, wandering about London, wearing any old coat thrown over his evening dress; wandering vaguely, with a hunted, haunted sort of look. He started when spoken to,

and admitted, if one asked him why this thusness, that he "was walking because he couldn't sleep, because of the dreams!"

He had taken to refusing invitations—or worse, accepting them and then standing in some corner staring blankly at the crowd, or else muttering vaguely to himself, or talking to some imaginary person at his side. Dreadful!

And worse still—Isabel darling, I know it's going to hurt, but you ought to know—he keeps a woman in his apartment, or at least one visits him there! She's been seen—not only through the window—she's been seen, two or three times at dusk, walking beside him in the streets, and twice Freddy Langham, who lives opposite, has seen her dart into the doorway of Number Twelve and vanish—so of course she must have a key! It can't be anybody decent, or he wouldn't only meet her at night—and it's only at night that she appears—a tall woman in a sort of dark cloak-and-hood arrangement . . .

Thus Society, first in private, finally in chorus, and Isabel smiled, and setting her dimpled white chin firm, shook her head again, and yet again. She trusted (Continued on page 206)



"Pack it up and I'll take it with me," said Wilbrough. "Lady Isabel might like it."

hurry to laugh at people talking about ghosts and so on, now I know how easy it is to think oneself into seeing 'em."

It was about a week later, to be exact, that Peter Wilbrough woke to the disquieting discovery that somehow, in some curious way, he seemed to be developing a most distressing trick of blundering, of saying and doing the wrong thing when in company with Lady Isabel Dillingham that was, to say the least of it, not conducive to harmonious relations between them!

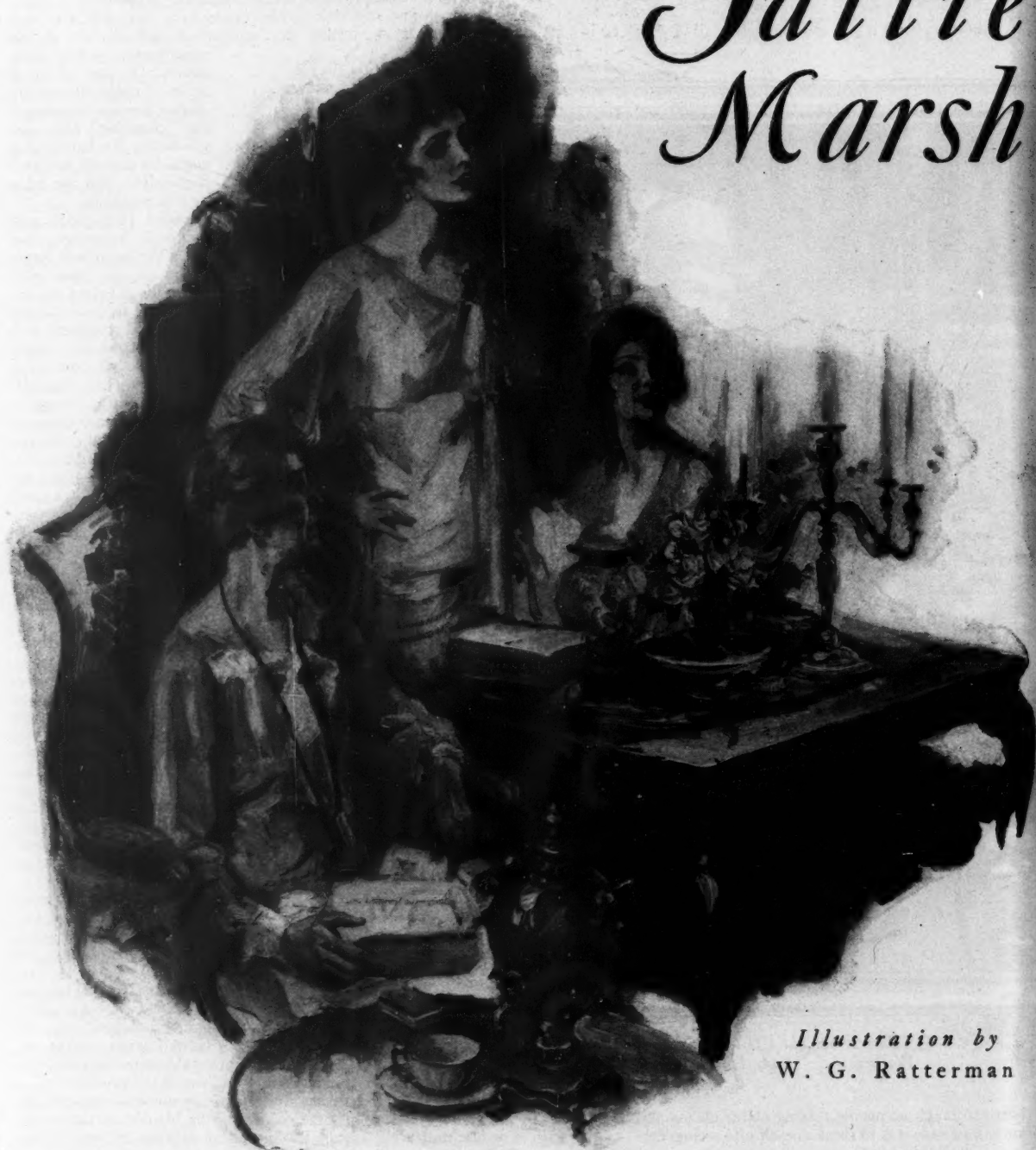
Previously notable for his charming manners with women—as indeed he should be, his training having been considerable and in various experienced hands!—he now seemed increasingly incapable, as the Irishman said, of "opening his mouth without putting his foot into it!" Some power beyond himself seemed to urge him to say and do the most unforgivably clumsy things.

The same malign fate seemed now to be influencing him to be



*The Complete Life  
and Love of*

*Tattie  
Marsh*



*Illustration by*  
W. G. Ratterman

**T**ATTIE MARSH came out of her house just as the grocery delivery cart stopped before her door.

"Take them round back," she ordered. The boy had only a bunch of radishes, but she had wished to taste to the full the splendor of having the wagon stop at her door. Every day now she ordered five cents' worth of something, for this emotion.

On a bay mare of beauty and pride, Breck Lardner was passing, his thick brown hair uncovered, his face lifted. Tattie's attention wandered from her own distinction to his. He was to marry Marya Bradley, for whose family Tattie did "scrubben and cleanen"—but she had taken that legend from her window now that she had a whole house.

She forgot both house and grocer's cart in staring after Breck Lardner. If a girl had a man like that . . . He passed, and Tattie's eyes came back to the grocer's cart.

Seated in the grocer's cart was a man, pink of face, black of hair, his cheap clothes pressed. Seeing Tattie, he stepped down, turned his hat over his wrist in the fashion of another day, and said: "Can I inter-est you in something in the chocolate line?"

"I'm always inter-ested in chocolates," said Tattie.

The man swung down a bag, told the boy to come back for him in quarter of an hour, and followed Tattie into her house.

Her house. Two rooms, at six dollars a month. Tattie, who for eleven years had scrubbed, by the day, never before had had a home.

# Told in 1923 words by Zona Gale



The grocer's delivery boy came to his cart and waited, whistling. The chocolate man emerged, saying to Tattie, in her doorway:

"I'll get here again in two weeks, if I can. Ball is the name. Magnus Ball."

EVERYWHERE that Tattie worked, in those next weeks, they were delighted with her. Never had she so identified herself with their interests. Especially at the Bradleys' they praised her. The Bradleys lived in the Principal House—five acres of ground about it, a clock in the tower of the frame barn, that was now a garage.

In a month Marya Bradley's marriage would be solemnized, and all winter Marya, her mother, her sisters, had worked on the trousseau and on the linens for the new house. Sometimes Tattie, wiping waxed

floors, would hear them talking, would see them sitting together, in the sun, among plants and flowers. Money, beauty, marriage—these would rush upon Tattie as if gates had opened on golden clouds and light. From her great distance, she saw life.

But now, she seemed to have moved nearer to life. The day after she had found Magnus Ball, Tattie met Mrs. Bradley on the stairs—a gentle little woman, with her voice pitched in her throat, and her hair in disorder, and now her hands were filled with some fine embroidery. Instead of passing her shyly, Tattie laid a red finger on that fine stitching, looked up doglike, and said:

"A person likes nice things."

"Why, yes, Tattie," said Mrs. Bradley, in surprise, as if the clock had

spoken out in allegiance of its own to beauty.

And when Tattie helped to carry up some express boxes to the guest-room, she hung about the door looking on, until Marya said: "Was there anything you wanted, Tattie?"

On which Tattie burst out, from her throat: "I was wondering—if I could just—see 'em." While the hand-made lingerie was unpacked, Tattie stood watching.

Marya Bradley, who was a handsome girl with a high chin, long earrings, moist hands and a rich, full mouth, said absently: "I hope you approve, Tattie?"

And Tattie said: "I've got a pair of silk stockings of that same skin shade." She went downstairs thinking: "Magnus would get me more."

He came again, at evening, and took her to walk. Very proudly she showed him the Bradley place, and said, proudly too, that she had cleaned there for eleven years.

"Been on your own that long?" Magnus Ball asked.

"Longer," said Tattie, proudly still. "I've lived alone since I was sixteen—that's fourteen years."

"Mean to tell me you've made your way and been a good girl till now?" he asked conversationally.

"I'm a good girl now," said Tattie.

"Of course you are," said Magnus Ball, and laughed.

She told him about Marya Bradley, about her parties and her friends, about Breck Lardner.

"She'd ought to be the one for you," said Tattie, "you're too grand for me."

"You i-dealize me," said Magnus Ball. "And now shall we go back to your own nice little home?"

A third time Magnus Ball came, this time to deliver the chocolate, the extract, the cure-all. This time he said that he was going away, going south.

Tattie listened. When she did not hear what she expected to hear, she said: "We can't be married before you go?"

"Just the minute I get back," said Ball. "Say June first."

"Why, that," said Tattie joyfully, (Continued on page 98)

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"Please," said Tattie.  
"I'm going to be married to-morrow too. Is that all right with you?"

They entered the "parlor" which she herself had papered. The major part of the floor space was occupied by a dining-room table, oak and extension, which the furniture dealer had sold her on time when she went in proudly to buy for her new home. There was one chair, there was a clock, there was a geranium on the sill of the uncurtained window.

The man spread his wares. Chocolate, extracts, medicine. But Tattie looked at him. His eyes were long and glossy, his slight mustache curved upward, his lips were red and heavy, one lock of black hair fell down his forehead.

"Cinnamon chocolate," he said, "di-rect from Egypt."

"My," Tattie said. She wished that she had put on her green muslin.

She bought a cake of chocolate, payment on delivery. She bought a bottle of Italian extract of almond, and another of cure-a'll. Having a home, it was impossible not to believe that she had also an income adequate to support her needs. And then the man was so reasonable. And what an opportunity! Egyptian chocolate, Italian almond. She had never seen such white teeth.

He closed his bag. "You live here with your parents?"

"I live here alone," Tattie said proudly.



BEULAH

*In Which You Meet:*

CONSUELO BARRETT, an attractive young girl from the West with a mystery in her past, who, in her vain search for employment in New York, encountered an odd fellow—

JAMES I. SMITH, known to his friends as Ipsydoodle, who had a genius for talking a lot, but revealing little about himself. Ipsy gave her much good advice and a letter to

GERSTEL CORSS, proprietor of a beauty salon, where Connie at last found work. There she obtained training and became a full-fledged operator. It was while she was at Corss' shop that she gave a treatment to

ROWDY PONTEFRAC, heir to millions and, as well, to an incurable thirst for drink. It was Rowdy's first appearance in a beauty parlor, an ordeal he had been forced to undergo as an initiation stunt to admit him to the Quiddles, a smart club of society scions. Connie turned Pontefract's ordeal into a triumph by accompanying him to the dinner he gave to the club members on the night of his admission. Not long after this interesting experience Connie lost her position, when Corss' shop was forced to close as the result of an unfortunate accident to one of the clients. But Connie soon found employment through

BOB ROBERTS, an operator at a smart shop—La Primavera. Connie had met Bob during her first search for work and the girls had become friends. Bob shared an apartment with

MADAME VARVARA PRAVDINA, whose husband had been killed before her eyes during the Russian Revolution and whose nerves were shattered as a consequence. An uneasy sort of housemate, Connie decided, in spite of her sympathy for the Russian. Bob told Connie more about Pontefract. He was a crack athlete and heir to the millions of his uncle

WALLER DANIELS, who one day came to Connie for treatment at La Primavera. She succeeded in quieting his taut nerves, but that first treatment ended in a battle of wills between them when Daniels dropped five dollars to the floor as a tip—and Connie indignantly refused to pick it up. Soon after this meeting with Waller Daniels, Rowdy, to Connie's dismay, asked her to become his mistress or his wife, whichever she chose. Connie pleaded for time to consider his proposals, unwilling to take a definite step with him before she had again seen Ipsy Smith.

TIME slipped softly along in the busy quietude of La Primavera. Consuelo found herself becoming not only habituated but enslaved to the cool, rest-impregnated atmosphere of the place, where everything was subdued to a profitable suavity. She could feel her inner skin softening under the penetrative luxury. The thought of impending exile from this perfumed paradise and of the rigors of job-hunting through the reeking streets appalled her. Yet she had to face it; she knew that she had not made good in the chill eyes of Madame Latouche, and as soon as the vacationing Barstow should return she would again be wearing out her shoes (new and costly) on the dusty round of the beauty shops.

Bob Roberts brought her the glad news. "I guess you can stick if you want to. Miss Elizabeth Barstow has decided to

# The Flagrant Years

give us the shake, having another more important matter on her hands."

"What's that?"

"Getting married."

"Banzai for Bess! Do many of the girls here marry?"

"Some do. Some do the other thing and catch 'em by the left hand, like Bella."

"What's your view?"

It was slack Tuesday in the salon. The two friends were sitting in a vacant cubicle. Tipping back against the wall, Miss Roberts set forth her philosophy of life and conduct. The main consideration was to get on, to establish oneself. A small but high-class establishment of one's own in some fashionable suburb; that was the distant but guiding star of one's progress to higher things.

AS FOR marriage—perhaps. But one ought to be very sure. Of course, if one did marry, that committed one to the straight and narrow path. For the wife who "played around outside" Bob professed a healthy and hearty contempt. New York was full of 'em, but—

Sex, meantime, was a sort of emotional perquisite, an esthetic capacity like a taste for good music or the gourmet's appreciation of delicate food. If a girl, a working girl paying her own way and responsible only to herself, chose to go in for that sort of thing within the limits of decorum and decent appearances, far be it from Miss Roberts to cast any asparagus at her; it was her own business. But she must never let herself go to the extent of allowing the lover to support her.

Self-dependence and self-respect were, in the Robertsonian ethics, synonymous. It was all a difficult problem, but on the whole an alluring one.

"That sort of thing doesn't trouble you much, I expect," bluntly surmised the lecturer.

"What sort of thing?"

"Why, men."

"What makes you think that?"

"I dunno. You've got vitality and pep and all that, but somehow it don't strike me that the old body-urge would keep you awake nights."

Consuelo smiled. "Well, no; it doesn't."

"It's something in your bringing-up, likely. Or maybe it just isn't in your blood."

"I'm not so sure. I can get a pretty strong physical revulsion against a man. So, to balance, I ought to be capable of just as strong a physical attraction."

"It isn't the same thing," the sapient Miss Roberts delivered judgment. "Of course you're awful young yet. Some girls don't wake up—What's your idea in life?"

"Just making a living at present."

"Well, you're all set, I'd say."

"Latouche doesn't like me."

"Latouche doesn't like anybody. But she knows what's good for the shop."

"I'm not sure I am. I'll never make a go of the selling end."



By Samuel Hopkins Adams



"I'll give you five thousand dollars if you'll keep my nephew sober for six months," said Daniels. "Using whatever means I choose!" asked Connie. "Yes. Go as far as you like."

Illustrations by  
R. F. Schabelitz



**C** "I don't know that I could marry Rowdy," said Connie. "Sidestep and let a real buyer in, then. Gee! One glance from him and I'd fall off Brooklyn Bridge onto his neck," cried Bob.

"Forget it. You've got the makings of a swell operator. Besides, you're in it now. If you get out—what have you?"

The owl being elsewhere, its owner decided to relax her usual reticence and get an unbiased view. "I might get married."

"Yeah? Who's the lad? Not Rowdy!" There was excitement in her face.

Connie nodded. "But I don't know if I could."

Bob misunderstood. "Ring-shy, is he? Not church-broke yet?"

"Oh, no! It isn't that. He's been trying to ask me but I've bowed him off."

"Crazy like a doodle-bug. What ails the girl?"

"I don't know that I could go through with it."

"Sidestep and let a real buyer in, then. Gee! He's the grandest-looking guy I've ever seen off the screen. One warm glance from him and I'd fall off Brooklyn Bridge onto his neck."

"Would you? Why?" marveled Connie.

"Haven't I just told you? He's got the come-hither. And as for marrying him, why, even without the old man's wad he's got enough of his own to choke a subway tunnel."

"But if I married him I'd have to live with him," pointed out the girl.

"Fair enough. And what's the matter with that?"

"I don't know," confessed Connie doubtfully. "Yes; I guess

I do know. When I gave him the treatment—I didn't exactly like it," said she naively.

Bob stared. "Do you feel that way about other men?"

"I've never given but one other treatment to a man," answered Connie, not fully understanding. "No; I didn't feel that way at all about him. I was just interested in doing the best I could for him. I liked it."

"Then you'd better marry him."

Consuelo snickered. "Think so? It was Waller Daniels."

"Then you'd better not. Not to mention his having a wife. Listen, kid. Give Rowdy a flash. He's too good a bet to pass up. Why don't you have him up to the flat where you can talk it out, man to man. I'll see that you have the place to yourselves and if I don't find you wearing a blush and a solitaire diamond next day, I'll give you the boot myself."

"I suppose I've got to face it sooner or later."

"Good kid! When? Tomorrow?"

"Oh, no! I told him I didn't want to see him for three weeks."

"Three weeks, my glass eye! You'll lose him, first you know. The time to go fishin' is when the fish are bitin'. When's the three weeks up?"

It came to Connie with a shock that only a few days of grace were left. "Pretty soon. I'll let you know when I want the apartment."



She went to work on her cabinet, replenishing her stock, furbishing up her implements and setting them in order. Beulah Barr was on the desk and she heard her stressfully refined tones modulated to the query: "Did you wish to see someone?"

A man's voice inquired smoothly, "Is Miss Sybil Slink in?"

Beulah began to giggle. "I don't think we've got anyone of that name here."

"Surely you have. You can identify her by the fact that her eyes have laughter for a secret guest."

Connie's eyes had wrath for a by-no-means secret guest. What did Ipsy Smith mean by coming to the salon after her? It was tactless, stupid, and from a business view-point, compromising. Beulah was gurgling out: "Have you an appointment?"

"Not yet. I wish to make one."

"Several of our operators are at liberty now."

"Con me well, girl. How many faces would you say that I have?"

"One," burbled the mirthful attendant.

"Then one operator should be able to (Continued on page 168)



# The 3 Darlings

GAYNOR was the middle one: there were three of them. Patricia was the eldest. The fact that never at any time had she been called Patsy or Pat describes her best. Tall and slim, dark and regal, with aloof black eyes and a sulky mouth. And with two hobbies—clothes and men.

Geraldine was the youngest. But she never had been called anything but Jerry since her christening. Small, without hips or breasts like a boy, was Jerry, with curling flames of bright hair licking her little face in a wind-blown bob and wide blue eyes that looked at you with a blind, transparent stare. And a rather inadequate nose but the most satisfactory mouth imaginable. And a glorious golden-white skin. Her hobbies were more numerous and more frequent than Patricia's: tennis and boys . . . ukulele and boys . . . frat pins and boys . . . then, after a while, just boys.

Gaynor was two years younger than Patricia, three years older than Jerry. She was, if one bothered to classify her at all, what the French very nicely call *châtain*. But usually no one noticed Gaynor's hair, which was nut-brown, or her eyes, which were a smoky-gray, or her mouth, which was much too wide for beauty, but beautifully generous. And she had no hobbies—she couldn't spare time for them—but she did have many occupations. For the Darlings were poor.

"Land poor," the widowed Mrs. Darling would smile ruefully, waving a beautifully white and thin and blue-veined hand vaguely. "This house and plantation are about the oldest in Virginia, and I reckon the poorest."

So Gaynor sewed dainty organdies, and dusted slender Chipendale, and polished old silver, and weeded the rose-garden, and fed the kittens and dogs with which the place abounded.

Mrs. Darling was very given to remarking: "I really don't know what I'd do without Gaynor."

Gaynor could have told her, but, of course, she didn't. Instead, she went on sewing and dusting and weeding and wearing Patricia's hand-me-downs. For being the middle one, Gaynor never got a new frock of her very own. Patricia did, because she was the eldest; Jerry did, because by the time Gaynor had worn Patricia's they were too old to do over for Jerry.

Very simple and quite systematic when one considered it. Gaynor had considered it. Not that it really mattered. Not even when Alan Colford came into her life did it really matter. For there was always, of course, Patricia and Jerry.

Patricia saw him first. At least she said so, though Jerry claimed he had seen and looked after her on the Middlebury Road. However, Patricia's claim seemed to be the more



Gaynor said seriously: "Orphan col-lies are terribly sensitive. You'll have to be careful in raising them." The young man seemed not to hear her. Then he said: "Yes, very sensitive."

legitimately staked as she and Alan had met at the Langhornes' dance, which Jerry had scorned as too wet for expression, and Gaynor had ignored for reasons best known only to herself.

But as a matter of actual record, Gaynor had both seen and met him first, though of course she never had mentioned it. She had not wanted to mention it at the time and later—well, later, no one seemed at all interested.

She had been walking in the rain through the woods above the old Mill Falls when she first heard it—that low, whimpering whine. She stopped and listened. It came from her right—somewhere beyond the path in the green density of a thicket—a soft moaning, then suddenly a sharp, high cry. Gaynor, recognizing that cry, ran swiftly in its direction.

She found a collie bitch panting, whimpering, twitching, trying to make a bed for herself in the damp leaves beneath an alder.

Gaynor sank to the sodden earth beside her. "Poor darling, are you trying to make a lying-in kennel? Have I time to carry

Illustrations by  
W. D. Stevens



# CINDERELLA

in 1929

by

## Nevis Shane

He said, flushing: "I'm so sorry for you about this wretched business. I'll take the puppies."

She handed them, still wrapped in her sweater, to him.

She said gravely: "It doesn't matter—only her dying." Then, very seriously: "Orphan collies are terribly sensitive. You'll have to be very careful in raising them."

His eyes rested thoughtfully on her glistening face. He seemed not to hear her.

But a moment later he said: "Yes, very sensitive."

She stood up. He continued to kneel on the ground beside the collie.

She said: "Do you wish me to take them, or send anyone to look after Thistle?"

He rose quickly, as if suddenly conscious of his delinquency.

He said: "Oh, no. You've done quite enough. I can manage easily. And thank you."

He thrust out his hand. "My name's Alan Colford. I've just come to live at Arden Hall for the summer."

She put her wet, grimy hand in his. "And mine's Gaynor Darling. I live at the Oaks—just off the Middlebury Road." She was suddenly overcome by an enveloping shyness. She drew back her hand, flushing. "Don't forget to keep them wrapped in flannel . . . Good-by." And she was gone swiftly.

you home, I wonder." And she bent over and tried to lift the writhing collie while the rain splashed down on her bare head.

But the dog twisted from her grasp and lay gasping and whimpering, moving her head unhappily, her body twitching in agony. And Gaynor, born and reared in the atmosphere of the stables and kennels, knew that the animal in giving life would be denied it.

She knelt, stroking the whimpering dog, miserably conscious of her own impotence in the face of relentless Nature. Then the collie raised her head. Her body bent, then suddenly relaxed. She gave again that sharp, high cry.

A little later Gaynor gathered up the litter in her sweater. There were four of them, with little red noses and a persistent little snigger. Their mother lay, exhausted and quiet, upon the dark, sodden foliage; her eyes seemed to glaze even as Gaynor knelt above her.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear," wept Gaynor suddenly, aloud, "if you were so delicate, why didn't you stay at home and have your babies with proper canine obstetrics?" But the collie did not hear her.

AND sitting there, with the rain streaming over her, the dead dog and the sniggering puppies, Gaynor wept softly in unison with the day.

She was still crying when she saw him. He stood a few yards beyond the alder and he was as drenched as she was. But she did not see that at first. She saw only his face, miles, miles, miles above her. A thin, dark face with eyes that looked oddly tired and worn for so early in the morning.

He said: "Please don't cry. It had to happen. Thistle always ran away. I've always had to go hunting her. I've been hunting her all night."

Perhaps that was why his eyes looked so tired and haggard. She forgot to cry, wondering about his tiredness.

He knelt down across from her, Thistle's still, wet body between them.

Yes, she had seen and met him first. For it was the following day that Jerry announced that a handsome stranger—oh, a most magnificent fellow!—had cantered past her on the Middlebury Road and turned to look back even as she had turned in her own saddle. And it was the night following that day that Patricia had come home from the Langhorne party to tell Jerry and Gaynor the entire history, as she had learned it, of one Alan Pell Colford.

Son and heir of the "Steel" Colford. (That had come first.) But not just a rich man's son—no, a real worker. Lafayette Escadrille at the very beginning of the war and, of course, all sorts of decorations, not to mention wounds. Then, later, back to the engineering he was so mad about—in a way, the real reason for his presence in Virginia—they were Pittsburgh people. But something to do with mines had brought him here—some sort of engineering gadget to prevent those awful explosions. And he wasn't married or engaged. Looked like a god and drove his car like a devil. Oh, yes, he had brought her home; was, in fact, coming to tea tomorrow, no, today, in order to meet mother and the "family."

"I'll tell the world you handed him an uppercut that must have knocked him for a kayo," said Jerry, who at that time was a devotee of the literature of Mr. Witwer, though she did not at all times succeed in quoting him correctly.

Patricia managed a frown for Jerry's slang and a faint smile for her own powers of fascination at one and the same time.

Then she said suddenly, turning to Gay: "Why didn't you say that you and he had met?"

Gaynor flushed. "I—I never thought of it."

But Gaynor never had been a successful liar.

Patricia's narrow dark brows drew more sharply together. "Well, he did. The very first thing he asked me when we were introduced was, did I have a sister by the name of Gaynor."

"I'm sure," mocked Jerry, "that Mrs. Price would not approve of a young man with such blunt manners." She grinned maliciously. "Feature anyone asking Patricia if she even *had* a sister—Patricia the Perfect. No family could be expected to produce another such rarity."

"Neither expected, nor does," returned Patricia shortly. Then, to Gaynor again: "I can't imagine why you were so close-mouthed about it. It certainly put me in an awkward position."

Gaynor drew farther back into her pillows. "I never thought that he'd remember."

But she had! She had willed so hard that he would. Only at that time she hadn't known he was Alan Pell Colford, *et cetera*. At that time he was only a tired young man in shabby tweeds and muddy boots.

Patricia said, "As a matter of fact, he spoke of you quite a little."

There was a faintly patronizing note in her sulky voice. It rasped Gaynor's nerves intolerably.

She said suddenly, bitterly: "And quite a lot about himself, evidently. Decorations and wounds, of course. Oh, no, not married or engaged. Dear me, no, I can't abide living off the governor's money." Her imitation of masculine pomposity was perfect.

Jerry giggled. Patricia's nostrils flared slightly.

But she laughed softly, said softly: "Oh, no, he didn't tell me. I found out all about him from Jeff Langhorne. Mr. Colford, after speaking so nicely of *you*, devoted the rest of his conversation to—to impersonal topics."

"Such as 'Do you like to walk in gardens? Isn't the moon beautiful? What a lovely perfume—ah, yours, Miss Darling . . . Patricia Darling—such an intriguing name, but rather dangerous—for me, I mean; so tempting . . . Oh, no, this isn't a line. I haven't any line. Certainly not with you, Patricia Darling—'"

A pillow effectively stopped Jerry's bantering recital. But one—certainly Gay—could see that Patricia was secretly pleased.

But when Patricia spoke, it was with a peculiar, distinct emphasis: "Such being the case, Jerry dear—where Alan Colford's concerned, don't poach out of season."

And that is when the question of priority arose.

"Apple sauce!" said Jerry. "I saw him first."

"But he saw me *more*," said Patricia significantly, if ambiguously.

"More of you, perhaps," said Jerry, with a meaning glance at Patricia's frock. "But give me time, darling—just wait till I spring my new swimming-suit!"

Patricia smiled disagreeably. "Don't think that I'm asking you to keep out of the way on that account. I only meant, don't turn the drawing-room into a community-house parlor when he calls." And her eyes seemed to include Gaynor in that edict as well as Jerry.

Hands off—out of the way—no butting in where you're not wanted or expected, said those black-diamond eyes.

Well, if Alan Colford had given Patricia, in one evening, sufficient reason to issue that ultimatum—

Gaynor closed her eyes as if the shaded lamplight hurt them. She saw a tired young man in shabby tweeds. She opened her eyes and saw Patricia—Patricia, the exquisite, Patricia, the real beauty of the family—and poor, lovely little Jerry—

Gaynor turned her head to the wall. She said, "Please go—I want to sleep."

They went. But what Gay really wanted was to weep.

It was three months later.

Upstairs, in the cool, dim bedroom, Mrs. Darling said, "Gaynor, I really think—I really believe Patricia will bring it off."

Gay looked at her blindly. "Bring what off, Mother?" As if she didn't know!

"This marriage with Alan Colford, of course." Then suddenly, sharply: "Oh, if she shouldn't! If anything should happen—after all my hopes, my dreams, my plans!"

Gaynor closed her eyes. She saw her mother's hopes—a brilliant social career for the lovely Patricia, a brilliant launching of the fascinating Jerry. Her mother's dreams—a London season, an apartment in Paris, a villa at Cannes. Her plans—perhaps, with the Colford fortune behind her, even a title for the democratic, slangy little Jerry.

But Gaynor saw also the structure of her own hopes and dreams come crashing down about her—no, flutter down about her, a jerry-built house of flimsy paper cards. She said, opening



C. "The first thing Alan Colford asked

her eyes to the blue Virginia day that seemed suddenly dark, suddenly sinister: "What could possibly happen, Mother?"

What? Only a miracle. But Gaynor did not believe in miracles. Her mother looked at her without seeing her—it was a peculiar little habit Mrs. Darling reserved for Gaynor—and said, "Oh, anything; perhaps Jerry—"



Of course, after Patricia there would always be little Jerry. "It would be the—the same for you, wouldn't it, Mother?" Mrs. Darling stirred uneasily. "No. I don't think he loves

But Patricia didn't need it. She was, said the little complacent air about Patricia, quite able to take care of Patricia.

Jerry said, "Be a sport—give somebody else a chance once in a while. What are you trying to do—sandbag and hog-tie him?" "Don't be vulgar," advised her mother severely.

"Don't you be de Vere-ish," returned Jerry with cool impudence, then suddenly vicious: "I'd like to tell him a thing or two. Patricia's nobody's prize Christmas package!"

"I suppose you think you're the topmost angel on the tree," said Patricia, forgetting in her fury her languid air of the ice-princess. "You're burning up because he never looks at you."

"Oh, doesn't he!" mocked Jerry. "What a lot you know!"

"Girls!" cried Mrs. Darling. "How can you so utterly, so disgustingly forget yourselves? Gaynor, will you see if the drawing-room has been dusted?"

Gaynor went out. In the long drawing-room, surrounded on three sides by the white-columned, double-storied veranda which gave to the room a perpetual dim twilight, she stood rigid, her eyes moving slowly from side to side, their pupils dilated. This room, which she dusted every day for his coming; those Waterford glass jars kept filled with her Maréchal roses; those cushions, made by her hands, shaken by her hands to inviting plumpness, placed carefully against the sides and back of the Spanish mahogany sofa—they were always crushed and limp from his broad back, always faintly reminiscent of Patricia's favorite perfume, after his going . . .

The bronze knocker clattered sharply. Gaynor fled precipitately to the upper floor.

While he was in the house she seemed unable to remain still. She wandered restlessly about the halls and bedrooms, and though it was late afternoon, set to work again, rearranged dressing-tables, put away Patricia's flame-silk kimono, cleaned, for the second time, their community bathroom.

Jerry ran up to wash her hands and powder her nose.

She said, squinting at herself in the dim mirror: "I let him in and he gave me a long look—like this—" She looked hard, and what she considered passionately, at Gaynor. "Then he said, 'Jerry, dear child, if you get any prettier, the state will have to legislate against your appearing in public.' And there stood Patricia in the doorway of the drawing-room, with that Dark-Lady-of-the-Sonnets air of hers, thinking, I reckon, that she looked like Queen Guinevere or the blessed damsel—"

"Damsel," murmured Gaynor.

"Damsel," repeated Jerry—she could be very stubborn. "And drawing in that come-and-kiss-me-quick-before-I-die voice of hers, 'Jerry, darling'—can you feature that, Gay? Darling!—'Jerry, darling, would you mind asking Chloe to make some iced tea?'—to get rid of me, of course. But (Continued on page 98)



*me was, did I have a sister by the name of Gaynor."*

Jerry—that is, not seriously. She thinks she's crazy about him and he might amuse himself with her. But to marry her—"

Gaynor said, with sudden bitterness, "Then we'd better concentrate on Patricia."

Mrs. Darling said slowly, "Yes, I think we'd better concentrate on Patricia."

*Ring Lardner* who won his spurs in slapstick, here

# Absent-minded Beggar

**T**HIS is about John Knowles. When his sister Charlotte was nine years old, she heard her mother tell Mrs. Prendergast that John, then aged twelve, was a wool-gatherer, just like his father before him. Mr. Knowles had died when Charlotte was too young to know or care what business he was in, but it kind of surprised her to learn that he had gathered wool for a living; she didn't see how a man could make much money at that, yet her father had left his family fairly well off.

And it certainly puzzled her when her mother said John was in the same line, for John went to school every day, had a hard struggle keeping up and was obliged to study, with Mrs. Knowles' help, evenings; or when Mrs. Knowles had company or went out to dinner, John sat in his room and wrote endless lines of poetry. Charlotte decided that Mrs. Prendergast was being kidded.

John's teachers had nothing but words of praise for his efforts in English and English literature, and later for his English translations of Greek and Latin verse, but things like mathematics, history and physics interested him not at all and he was hardly ever able to answer a question in class. Sometimes he ignored the questions entirely, seeming not to have heard them. The women teachers were lenient with him because of his good looks and it was for this reason and the fact that he memorized whole pages of text-books just before examination time that he was able to get by.

His absent-mindedness seemed to grow worse and worse as the years passed and on his high-school commencement night he afforded his classmates much glee by appearing at the church in dinner shirt and trousers and a dark brown coat. A girl, Beth Beasley, who had loved him madly for four years, though he had never given her the slightest hope, grabbed him by the arm, led him away from the rest, explained the error in his costume and urged him to hurry home and get the right coat.

He went home and found Nora, the maid, who asked what on earth he was doing away from the church when it was just about time for the ceremonies to begin.

"There's something the matter with my clothes," he said.

"A hole in the trousers? I can patch it in a second."

"No. It's something about my coat. They told me it was the wrong color."

"Of course!" exclaimed Nora. "You've got on brown when it ought to be black. Well, let's hurry and find the black one. And you'll have to run all the way back there."

She found his black coat and left him in his room to make the change. He took off the brown coat, sat down on his bed a moment, mumbling what sounded like poetry; then rose and put the brown coat on again. Nora was not around to see him off.

He set out for the church once more, walking slowly. When



he came to the little city park, he sat on one of the benches and mumbled more verse, much more verse. The ceremonies had been long under way and his mother and Charlotte, to say nothing of Beth Beasley, were panicky at his non-appearance among his classmates.

At length he got up and walked on. He came to a big arc-light and noted that he had not made the proper change in coats.

"Well," he said to himself, "it's too late now. I'll just go home and wait for Mother and Charlotte. They can tell me what happened."

Mrs. Knowles and Charlotte appeared at half past ten and found him in the living-room, writing.

"Why, John! What was the matter with you? You've frightened us to death!"

"You oughtn't to have left home ahead of me," said John. "I was there on time, but that Beasley girl discovered I'd put on this coat with my black pants and white vest and insisted that I come home and change."

"But you could have hurried home and changed and still have been only a little late."

"I did hurry home and Nora hunted up the right coat for me, but she didn't stay to see me put it on and I happened to get into this one again. I found it out just the other side of Wilson Park. And of course there was nothing to do then but come here and wait for you."

"He's crazy, Mother!" said Charlotte.

"I honestly believe he is! John, John, what am I going to do?"

"Well, you might tell me what went on."

"Oh, there were prayers and singing and the baccalaureate address by Doctor Stetson. He was perfectly wonderful!"

"What did he say?"

"He told why this was called 'Commencement'; that while you



shows he can hear the heart-beats of Young People in Love



**C** "How long were you over in gay Paree?" asked Sam. "I don't know," said John. Irene suppressed a smile at Sam's discomfiture.

"It's a thing I've been working on for over eight months. It's part of a libretto."

"A libretto for what?"

"For an American grand opera."

"Who's going to write the music?"

"How can I tell? How can I know whether any of our great composers will like it? But when it is finished, which will be in three or four months more, I intend to take it to New York and try to get somebody interested."

"In three months you'll be going to college."

"Mother, I don't want to go to college."

"But I want you to, John. You must do this one thing for me. Your high-school diploma saves you the bother of an entrance examination and I understand that the university practically allows you your choice of subjects. You can take the literary course, which certainly won't hurt your writing talent, and you can find time to work slowly and carefully on this opera thing until you have it perfect. You've got to do this, John. Your father wanted you to. He didn't go himself and was always sorry. Please say you will."

So John said he would and in mid-September he started for the station to catch the train for his state university, Michigan. His mother was not feeling well and neither she nor Charlotte, who had a tennis date with her boy friend, Wallie Blair, came down to see him off. This proved unfortunate. There were two trains in the station and John, without questioning anyone, boarded the one west-bound.

The conductor, taking his ticket, informed him that he was going in the wrong direction for Ann Arbor and advised him to get off at Niles and catch the next train east. John took the advice, but left his hand-bag and suitcase on the Chicago train. As (Continued on page 186)

young men and women were ending your high-school careers, you were really just commencing life. And that's why it's called 'Commencement.' He was wonderful!"

"And they presented the diplomas," said Charlotte. "I suppose Beth Beasley got yours."

"Why?"

"Because she's wild about you and that will give her an excuse to see you again soon."

"Does she need an excuse?"

"Girls don't like——"

"Listen," interrupted John. "Does this sound any good?"

He read from the scrap paper on which he had been writing:

"But let no man who does not court quick death

So much as whisper, breathe the

softest breath

Of scandal in the presence of De

Setto

Against this sloe-eyed princess of

the Ghetto,

Whose infidelity has been no-

torious,

But who, to him, is pure, angelic,

glorious.

Not those who've given him for

years their loyalty

Dare hint that she is something

less than royalty."

"It sounds pretty," said Mrs. Knowles. "What is it?"



Illustrations by  
J. W. McGurk



# Son of the Gods

SAM'S valet, clad in a well-fitting suit of American clothes and carrying a derby hat, stick and gloves, paused inside the door of the living-room and bowed. When his employer looked up he bowed again and his broad face broke into a smile.

On duty Moy wore bright-colored silken house suits with tiny round caps to match and he spoke only Chinese, but he had been studying English of late and when he fared forth into the city on his own business he put on his newly acquired "white" language along with his "white" clothes. This being his evening off, he had stopped on the way out to ask if there was anything further his employer desired.

Sam assured him that he was quite comfortable, nevertheless Moy lingered. He smiled, he looked grave, he twisted and he cracked his knuckles; finally he blurted out:

"My work for you long time now."

"Yes. It's a good many years, Moy."

"My glad when you glad, my sad when you sad."

"Right."

"You honnable father all time good to Moy. Sure t'ing! My go to hell him an' go to hell you, Mr. Sam."

"I'm certain you would. Is there something you want to say?"

The little man nodded and puckered his face. "You very sad. My kill myself to make you happy."

"That's wholly unnecessary. Just go out and have a good time."

"You like good time? You like laugh?"

"Of course I do."

"You come 'long me an' you have good time. Very funny." Moy voiced this invitation hopefully.

"Where do you go every Thursday night?" Sam inquired curiously. "It's none of my business but—you always dress up; I never hear you come in."

"My don't come home until morning." The speaker sang these words lightly and chuckled. "That's funny song, honnable. Nother song say, 'Show my some way to go home.' In China is no song like those. You like dance? You like white arms full of love?"

"White arms?" Sam stirred; he shot an inquiring glance at his valet. "Do you know any white women?"

"Oh, plenty! Nice keeds. Hots mamas! My have practise American dancing carefullly; you come 'long an' have enjoyous evening with pretty ladies."

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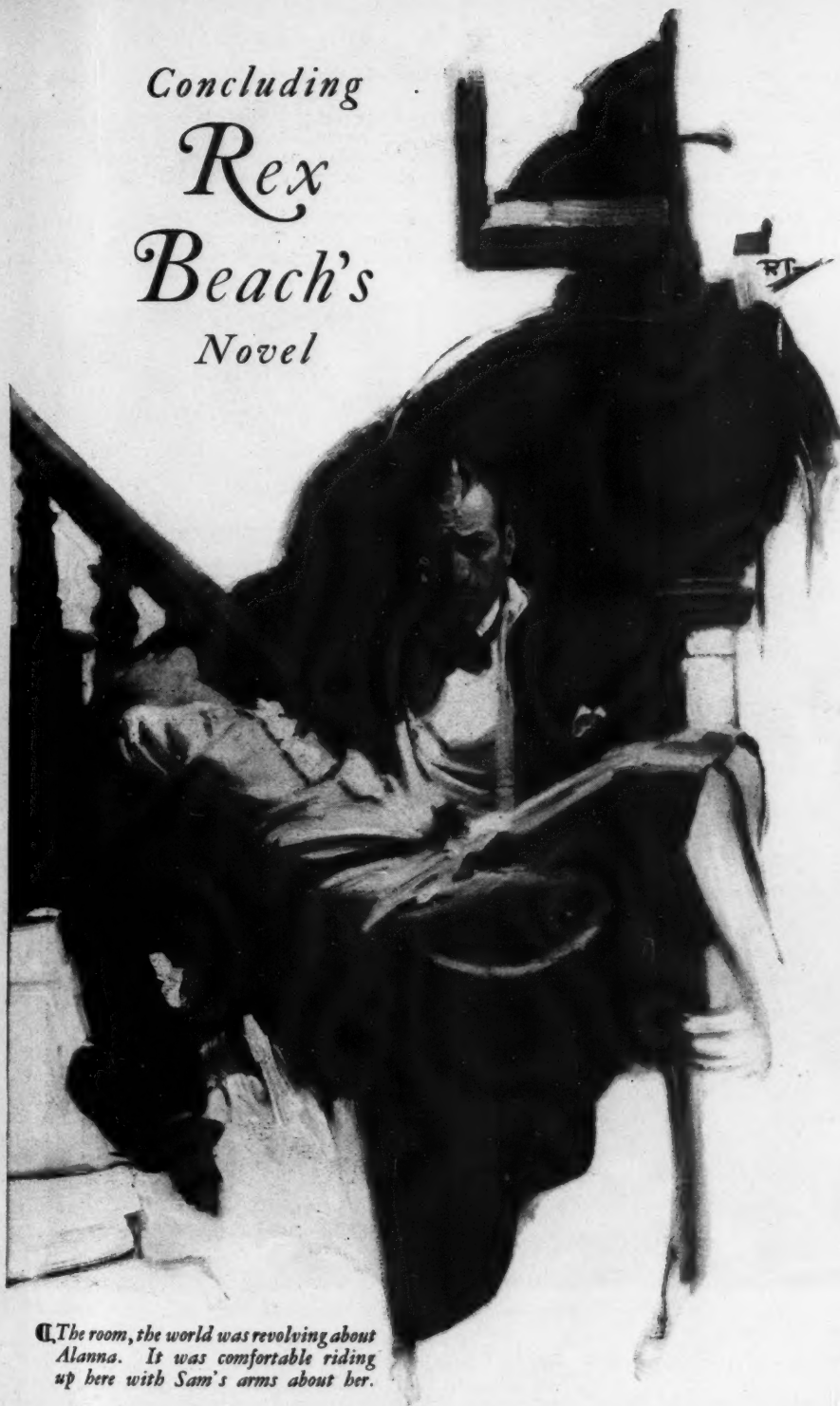
Illustrations by  
Rico Tomaso

Sam declined with a gesture, but he questioned Moy further and learned that the latter spent most of his spare time, and practically all of his money, in the Asiatic dance-halls. White girls were great dancers, according to Moy, and there was a peculiar excitement to the American dance due to the manner in which it was executed. All of his friends patronized the dancing-places and many had either married or were supporting girls whom they had met there.

Moy explained naively that the girls took more pleasure in dancing with Oriental men than with men of their own race because the former paid more liberally for the privilege. He confessed that he had been pretty lonely and more than a little dissatisfied with American life until he had learned to dance, but now he was far from discontented. Sam really should come and see the pretty ladies, hear the music, amuse himself; the spirit of his venerable father must be sorely grieved at the life his son led.

While it was the duty of the living to do obeisance to the

Concluding  
*Rex*  
*Beach's*  
 Novel



*The room, the world was revolving about Alanna. It was comfortable riding up here with Sam's arms about her.*

departed, to sob at their graves and to worship their scrolls, it was not a mark of respect to forego all pleasure. It was, in fact, a disrespect; it was positively unbecoming and undignified in a superior person like Sam. Custom decreed that a man in his position should avail himself of every expensive earthly enjoyment—a failure to do so bespoke lack of gratitude for Celestial benevolence, and ingratitude was a vice.

Women had been provided by Heaven for the entertainment of men and Sam's illustrious forefathers had profited by that wise provision: they had taken wives by the score, concubines by the hundreds. He owed it to them, as well as to himself, to maintain the high standard of deportment they had established.

As for these white girls, a person of Sam's importance could make them his slaves, he could steep his higher senses in the

perfume of their beauty. There were girls with azure eyes and tawny hair and pallid skins, dark girls with red lips and ebony brows! They would crawl at his shoe.

No white men patronized the places where Moy went, and there were other places, more expensive, where could be found the very flower of white loveliness: girls fit to grace the palace of a king. The insignificant speaker could not afford more than occasional visits to these exclusive dancing establishments, but Sam could afford it. His house was silent, cold, whereas it should be filled with laughter and warmed with love. Yearning arms were outstretched, snowy bosoms panted for a sign of his lordly condescension.

All this took time to tell and much of it was far beyond the range of Moy's limited command of English. Sam listened with a queer light in his eyes; he surprised his employee finally by rising and saying he would go. The little Korean was all but delirious with joy.

That proved to be a strange experience for Sam. He felt as if he were on an Arabian Nights adventure and he would have given much if he had been able to see it through the eyes of his valet. To the latter it was romantic and pleasurably exciting; to Sam it was hollow, incredibly sordid and shocking. The sight of white girls in the arms of Chinese, Japanese, Filipino men evoked astonishment at first and then resentment. It was an abnormality that he found deeply repugnant and yet he could not tell why. His white mind was working again, no doubt.

Moy took him first to a place on upper Broadway. It was about like any other public dance-hall except that all the men were Asiatics. The dancing floor was fenced in by a railing with turnstiles at which ticket takers were posted; between dances the girls rested on benches inside the enclosure. There were three men present for every woman and although Moy had said that nothing except soft drinks were served it seemed to Sam that the patrons were all drunk, for they laughed,

chattered, shouted, waved their arms and rushed about in an extraordinary way.

The meaning of this disorder was not at first apparent, then it dawned on Sam. The place was run in a manner to excite the animal emotions of these yellow men and to maintain them at fever-heat. The music was loud and spirited, the girls were receptive to attentions, and many were dressed in a manner to advertise their tantalizing charms. Their gowns were light, of necessity, but some were semitransparent.

Contact with the yielding bodies of these coryphées provoked their saffron partners so swiftly that the dances were cut short. They lasted only four or five minutes and the intermissions even less. As a matter of fact, the orchestra stopped playing barely long enough for the floor to be cleared and for more tickets to be

collected. These tickets were ten cents each and were sold in books. Moy explained that the girls received five cents a dance and that some of them made as much as ten dollars a night—just from dancing.

During the brief interruptions in the music the place was a riot of sound; outside the railing the patrons milled like restless cattle. Before the excitement could abate appreciably the perspiring musicians resumed work and the gates again were stormed.

Ten dollars a night. Two hundred dances.

Sam wondered how many miles these girls covered in an evening.

dance-hall. Curiously he put several questions which were answered frankly.

Yes, this went on every night. Police? Why should the police make trouble for a licensed dance-hall, open to the public and run in strict observance of local ordinances and the prohibition laws? It was an orderly place and white men were welcome, although, happily, they did not patronize it.

Investigators, police-women occasionally visited the place and a few young girls had been arrested on complaint of their parents, but most of the girls had their parents' consent to work here—



Q. "We Asiatics pay high for what we want and marriage is a cheap price to

Fortunately for them, the modern nautch dance is not exhausting.

But this was not a dance, it was a corybantic frenzy, an orgiastic revel cunningly held in check. It offended Sam to see these men—men of his very own race, some of them—tantalized and titillated by these avaricious foreigners. It was indescribably cheap and somewhat nauseating, but his respect for them did not suffer as did his respect for white womanhood.

Of course his presence became known. Soon there was a craning of necks, the girls stared at him in open curiosity and talked among themselves. The proprietor of the hall, a meticulous Japanese, presented himself with a bow and expressed his appreciation of the honor Sam had done him. He was servile and flattering, he offered his distinguished visitor the freedom of his miserable establishment and volunteered to procure for him any girl who suited his fancy.

Sam thanked him and explained that, for tonight at least, he was only sightseeing. This was his first visit to a public

some even brought their mothers along. And why not? The work was easy, the pay was good, they were treated with more courtesy here than in the average American dance-hall. Asiatics were free-handed with white women and what a girl did outside of this place was no concern of the proprietor.

Would not Mr. Lee accept and use a book of tickets? A dozen books? Some of the girls were pretty. Many were agreeably young . . . No? The speaker shrugged and nodded. He understood perfectly, a gentleman of Mr. Lee's consequence must exercise discretion in the pursuit of his amusements.

"To you I will present select address," he said, "where matters will be found more agreeable to your liking. Surroundings are more rich and satisfactory than of here and the management is correct. Polite young ladies of the non-shop-working classes can be met and the music is of excellent organization." On a card he wrote a Riverside Drive number and this he handed to Sam.

Curiosity prompted the latter to drive uptown to the address given: it was that of a handsome private house. He and Moy



were admitted readily; from the floor above came that same tempest of voices they had heard in the first place and upon mounting the stairs they beheld a similar scene. This was a "club," however, hence it was furnished and run on a more pretentious scale than the public hall. The revelers were better dressed and no attempt was made to separate them between dances, but otherwise the procedure was about the same. There was the same turmoil and the dances were equally short.

Here, again, Sam was recognized and a good deal was made over him. When, at a late hour, he drove back to Chinatown it

creaking, antiquated Juggernaut. It was a peculiar form of provincialism, this contempt for foreigners, especially inasmuch as these Americans were not pure-blooded. They were a mixture of many strains and without any definite racial tradition that compared with his. But what good did it do to harbor rebellious thoughts?

Always he would burn incense to Alanna as his divinity; it occurred to him now that he could ease the pain of his blistering want by embracing the shell of white womanhood if not the reality. These girls who had fawned upon him tonight were blood



pay for—Alice!" The girl had risen with a strangled cry, but Sam leaped forward.

was with a deeper feeling of disdain for the white people than he had ever experienced. Christians! His superiors! It made him laugh bitterly. They presumed to scorn him; a woman of that race had whipped him. What a cock-sure attitude!

Sam did not like to remember that it was Alanna Wagner who had humiliated him; since their last meeting he no longer thought of her as the one who had actually struck those blows. It pleased him to reason that her hand was merely the hand of her people and to realize that she had bled with him. Alanna, as he saw it now, had been only an instrument, a handle to that whip which Nordic prejudice had swung.

In his mind of late she had become a symbol, rather than an individual; she was more than a white woman, she was Woman herself. She was the very core of that womanhood which mothers every race. She was the essence of his desire, their souls were mated, but fate had shackled each to a body which the other was forbidden by some tabu to touch.

They had been caught and crushed into the dust by the same

sisters of hers and he could touch *their* bodies. He could take any one or all of them; it might numb his suffering to hurt them as he had been hurt. He could possess them, use them, deride them and cast them aside. There was comfort in the feeling of power which came over him at this thought.

His smoldering resentment was blown into a blaze a few days later when his lawyer called on what he announced to be an extraordinary errand. Mr. Carter was indignant and he explained his feelings by saying:

"You remember that fellow Himes who had a part in the Mona Stevens affair?"

"I'm not likely to forget him," Sam declared.

"Well, he has turned up again. He came to see me today on behalf of— You can't guess."

"I shan't try."

"That Hart girl! The girl your father sent to Paris."

Sam stared incredulously at the speaker. "On her 'behalf'? What has happened to her? Perhaps (Continued on page 192)

# The Stolen Fortnight

**M**Y LETTER to her was imperative. She steadfastly had refused to go away with me, or rather, to come to me, and yet she professed to care more for me than for anyone or anything else in the world.

I had been patient; patience, however, is not enduring in one who is fairly young and in love. I say fairly young, reluctantly. I am a bit over forty. There is no natural law against men over forty being in love. It is possible—indeed it is not to be denied—that the love interests of gentlemen beyond forty assume certain arbitrary aspects that are gratefully missing in the young of their species, the good and sufficient reason being that time has become a matter of consequence.

As I say, I had been patient with her. I was not asking her to give up her home and her children forever—indeed not! A fortnight of unbridled freedom, a rare adventure, a secret enterprise—oh, there are a thousand ways in which to put it!—something to remember with a guilty conscience, if you please, for many a humdrum week and month—and yet something that even the guiltiest would not wish to forget.

I put a great deal into my letters to her; I staked my 'ove against her apprehensions. Always she replied that she was afraid—mortally afraid! She was wretchedly unhappy. She longed for the comfort of my arms, for the sound of my voice and

and get me on the long-distance telephone.

"You know where to reach me at eight o'clock. I am only asking for two weeks.

Need I tell you again how much it will mean to have you all to myself for that length of time?

"Make any excuse you like. Say you are going to a sanitarium, if you like, for a rest. Why be finicky now? Times haven't changed so much, have they, since you made that reckless, unexpected trip to Chicago two years ago? I will admit you surprised me. But I suppose you loved me a little more violently then than you do now. It's only natural.

"You were willing to risk anything then. Did you give a thought then to your kids? You did not! You thought of me—and, of course, you very selfishly and charmingly thought a lot about yourself and your own pleasures. You can get away. You've done it before.

"That time in Atlantic City and again on that occasion when your sick husband decided that he ought to go to Bermuda for his health. I distinctly remember your saying at the time that you wished to heaven your husband had to go away oftener for his health, poor wretch! You weren't thinking about your children then, were you? Now, once and for all—this is the last time I'll ever ask you. You've got a governess to look after your kids, and servants as well.

"In your last letter to me you said you had not seen hide or hair of your husband in two months and that it would be at least another three weeks before said encumbrance could possibly get back to New York. What better chance do you want?

"Tell them you are going to Boston to consult a specialist but not to breathe a word of it to anyone. You might make a point of saying it is a dead secret you're keeping from hubby himself. But come you must. Leave the rest to me.

"We'll sneak off into the June wilderness and lose ourselves for a couple of weeks. And we will be happy—I'll see to that. Call

me at eight tomorrow night, without fail."

I am what you might call rather a good-looking chap. At any rate, I am not repulsive to women. As a matter of fact, I've been quite lucky with them. I did not marry until I was well beyond thirty-five, a fact which ought to speak for itself. I cannot, off-hand, recall how many times I was engaged to be married—but that is beside the point. It doesn't prove anything, I suppose.

However, I may be forgiven for stating that my wife is



the caress of my lips—and yet she was afraid—mortally afraid!

A hundred leagues lay between us when I sent her the final letter. I could almost see her wither and whiten as she read the callous words. It was an ultimatum; it was not lightly to be put aside, as my more considerate appeals had been, with faltering excuses. I said, brutally, I fear—my ego has an honest side to it:

"I shall not ask you again. After all is said and done, you owe something to me. I shall be in Boston tomorrow night. Step out

## An Adventure in Romance

AFTER 40

by George Barr  
McCutcheon



"Well, then, listen. I will go to that little hotel on M— Street. You know. I'll register for both of us. I'll explain that you are coming down from Maine by a later train to join me. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly. Sounds reasonable. I couldn't have thought of anything better myself."

"You are not known there, are you?" she inquired quickly.

"Never was in the place in my life. They say it isn't very respectable." I chuckled.

"Well," she said, drawing the word out as if in a sigh of resolution, "we'll only be there for one night, so what does it really matter? I shall use an assumed name, you goose."

"Naturally. So should I. But seeing that you have so cleverly invented Doctor Smith, would you mind also inventing a name for us to register under? It might be proper for me to know the lady's name as well as my own when I slip up to the desk at—say seven o'clock with my suitcase."

"Mr. and Mrs. Diggs, New York," said she promptly. "That will match the initials on my bags, you see."

"By glory, I'm—I'm so excited I can hardly—"

"I can't talk any longer; my time's up and there's a man waiting to get into this booth. Goodness, he's a hard-eyed man. He hasn't taken his eyes off this booth since— I wonder if he can

appallingly jealous—and that *does* prove something. I am, by profession, a consulting engineer. My business takes me from one end of the country to the other and frequently I am absent from my own fireside for two or three months at a time.

My headquarters are in the city of Boston; the firm I represent is one of the most influential in the land. Still I ramble. What has this to do with the case? The only thing that *does* matter, is that I am in love.

The woman I love has a husband and two children. She doesn't see much of him, however—poor devil!

I confess to a distinct feeling of uneasiness as I waited for her reply to my letter. I rather expected to find a telegram upon my arrival in Boston, begging me to forgive her for not doing as I wished and setting forth reasons which I ought to understand by this time. It was long past eight—I was on the point of starting off to a play in what, under all the circumstances, quite properly may be described as an unreasonable state of peevishness—when the call came through. Long-distance caught me just as I was leaving my room in the hotel. It would have served her right if I had gone out before she—but the sound of her dear, excited, even agitated voice over the wire made me ashamed of the thought.

She had deemed it best to go out of the house to telephone me. The children were up and were bound to ask questions. She was so excited that I confess to a very decided thrill myself, the way she put it in her haste, and—yes, apprehension; it was as if all the operators in New York listened in and were saying, "Ah-al naughty, naughty!"

Besides, it was raining in New York, so that made her late.

"Listen," she said, after using up half a minute of valuable time in wholly superfluous greetings, as women will: "I think I can manage it all right, Dick. I'll take the one-o'clock tomorrow. That is, if—if you are sure you still want me to come."

"Of course, I do. The one-o'clock. I'll meet you."

"No, don't meet me at the station. I told Miss Cornwall I simply had to go to Boston to consult—a—Doctor Smith about—about my nerves. Same old case. He treated me before, I told her. I couldn't for the life of me, Dick, *think* of leaving the children without a most imperative reason. I had to give her a good one. I had to make it strong. So I made up Doctor Smith, but, goodness knows, my nerves are shot to pieces. I have an idea she thought I was lying, at that."

"Just a minute, please. You haven't told me why I am not to meet you at the station."

"Are you crazy? Someone might see us."

"Well, suppose someone does!"

She seemed a bit stiff and impatient. "If you don't mind, I prefer to do it my own way. I am consenting to meet you and go off on a secret little trip with you up into the woods—oh, goodness!" I could hear her gasp.

"Never mind," I said. "No one knows who you are, so say what you please. It's all right."



Illustrations  
by  
James Montgomery  
Flagg



be the hotel detective!" She gave vent to a jerky little laugh, breaking off to say softly: "Good-by, sweetheart. Till tomorrow night. I know I'm doing a perfectly awful, foolish thing, *but*—"

"Nothing of the sort. You're being an angel!" I cried.

"Well, good-by!"

"Good night."

Well, I did not sleep much that night. I lay awake most of the time, picturing in my mind's eye the delights of the promised adventure. And when I wasn't doing that, my brain was busy with plans and the means to make this same adventure something to think about—if not to talk about—forever.

Early the next morning I set about making preparations. I had a pretty definite idea in mind. Something original and therefore delectable. First of all, I went to the offices and informed the "Chief" that I was going off that day for a fortnight in the lake region with a friend—fishing, hunting, swimming and all that. He said I looked a bit pale and nervous and was sure that a little holiday would do me a lot of good.

"I suppose your wife will know where to get in touch with you in case she wants to," he said.

I was prepared for the remark. Confound him, he was always thinking about that wife of mine.

"Oh, certainly," I replied readily. Perhaps a little too readily, a little too earnestly.

"Well, have a good time, old man," he said heartily.

"Thanks," said I. "I'll do my best."

I went straightway to a place where they dealt in second-hand automobiles. I dare say it would be better to say third-hand, for it was my idea to buy as cheaply as possible a car that could be depended upon to rattle safely along for a week or two, at the end of which time I could abandon it without conscience or reluctance, sell it for a couple of songs or even give it away if the mood and opportunity occurred at one and the same time.

A good-sized car, capable of carrying a tent, rolls of bedding, a collapsible stove and one of those baskets containing dishes, cups, knives, forks, spoons and so forth; some pots and pans and wash-basins; to say nothing of towels and—well, everything a camper needs.

I found just such a car without much trouble. The owner seemed rather glad to get rid of it at what I was pleased to call my price, but what I afterwards realized was indubitably more than he would have held out for if I had taken the time to dicker with him.

Once upon a time it had been a proud car. It had seen better days. The dealer and his mechanics had put it in fairly sound condition; if all went well it ought to surprise itself by rattling along for heaven knows how many miles. It's amazing how much life there is in a car that everybody has given up for dead.

By mid-afternoon I had everything I could think of in the way

of paraphernalia neatly stowed away in the tonneau and along the running-board of the car. I was enormously thrilled and excited. Up to date the outlay in cash was a little short of seven hundred dollars. The thought of what lay ahead of me made the amount look like the merest nothing at all. Why, a fortnight alone in the wilds and on the by-roads with her was worth more to me than all the—aye, even a *week*, which she swore was all she could possibly risk.

Promptly at seven-thirty o'clock—there was a train in from the north at seven-ten—I turned up at the hotel with my suitcase.

"Mrs. Diggs arrived yet?" I inquired.

"Diggs?" the clerk said doubtfully.

I had a horrible fear that she might have said "Driggs" over the telephone.

"From New York," I temporized guiltily.

"I just came on, sir; I'll look."

He looked on something behind a desk screen and then, to my relief, said: "Yes, sir. She's in Three-twenty. You're Mr. Diggs?"

"No other," said I crisply. "I'll go right up."

"Three-twenty," he said languidly to the bell-hop.

I had a feeling that not only he but also the young lady cashier followed me with their eyes until I disappeared into the elevator. Then I took off my hat and mopped my very moist brow.

Needless to say, I received a warm and rapturous greeting. We had dinner in our room. She had ordered it in advance of my coming. There were two vegetables that I detest. I hate carrots and I dislike plain spinach. But I ate them with relish. This was no time to hurt her feelings.

I would have jumped out of the window rather than put a cloud into her vivid, radiant eyes or— My Lord, what a lovely, graceful, sensitive, appealing creature she is! There is no other woman in all the world like her. I told her so.

We had cocktails and a bottle of champagne I had managed to wheedle out of a friend that afternoon. This was neither a sensible nor a cautious thing to do. The waiter was no fool. He must have done some thinking.

There was one thing that a respectable Mr. Diggs would *not* do for a respectable Mrs. Diggs on a warm night: he wouldn't be giving her cocktails and champagne quite so privately as all this. Indeed, it is very doubtful if he would have given her anything but water to drink in these expensive days.

But, as I have mentioned before, this wasn't an altogether respectable hotel, so we didn't give more than a passing, rather jolly thought to the matter.

Later on a cloud did come into her eyes.

"If anything should happen to—the children while I am off with you on this—why, I'd never, never forgive myself, never! And I'd never forgive you," she said almost fiercely.

I was very firm with her. "You don't think I'm going to let you back out now, do you? Not much! You are going through with this or—"

"Now please don't be angry!" she cried. "I'm not going to back out. I shall love it—I know I shall. It will be wonderful. Dick. But just the same," and here her pretty jaw set, "it could so easily be horrible."

Whereupon, realizing the futility of argument, I had the craven satisfaction of closing her lips with kisses—meant to be tender and comforting.

We were off at a reasonably early hour the next morning.

There were a number of things that I had overlooked in my purchasing tour. The oversight had to be remedied. In the first place, she wanted a veil—an unheard-of thing in these modern



### A Legacy of Laughter

FOR more than thirty years George Barr McCutcheon made this world a better place in which to live because he helped make people happy. His romances set in the mythical kingdom of Graustark took thousands out of the humdrum of everyday into the magic land of fancy—yet his fanciful stories were true because they told of the lives of the kind of heroic folk we all would like to be.

The passing of George Barr McCutcheon was a sad thing for those who loved him through his books. But he left behind him this, one of the most charming stories he ever wrote. As you read it you will chuckle with delight. And that is as George McCutcheon would have wished it—to leave you laughing.

gument, I had the craven satisfaction of closing her lips with

We were off at a reasonably early hour the next morning.

There were a number of things that I had overlooked in my purchasing tour. The oversight had to be remedied. In the first place, she wanted a veil—an unheard-of thing in these modern

days or motoring—and she refused to take to the highroads with me unless I wore large, dark goggles.

Then there was mosquito-netting—by the bolt—overshoes (it looked a bit like rain that morning); a couple of extra blankets (the nights were sure to be chilly); several culinary articles: soap, dish-cloths and a coffee-pot; two large boxes of candies (she wasn't afraid of getting fat, it seems); certain remedies, such as aspirin and cold-cream; a big electric lantern (to go to bed by, she said, and to get up by if necessary); a good-sized hatchet for me to chop wood with (I certainly hadn't thought of *that*); and if there was anything else she would jot it down on a pad of paper as we rattled along.

Our exit from Boston was over side streets. We finally got back on the main road to Newburyport and then she settled down in the seat beside me with a sigh of relief.

"No one is going to know us with all these disguises on," said I gaily. "So why worry?"

"You forget that I am supposed to be in a hospital for observation," said she. "If it got back to Miss Cornwall or Mother that I was gallivanting over the country in a car with you—well, I don't mind being called a lot of things, Dick, but I draw the line at being called a liar."

"I suppose I am expected to say something about conscience making cowards of us all."

"I don't think you have a right even to intimate that I am a coward."

"And I don't, sweetheart. You are a perfect heroine."

"Well," said she and that was all. That's usually a woman's conclusion and there is no way to meet it.

By late afternoon we were well up in the sparsely settled country beyond Saco and Biddeford. We loitered a bit to admire and covet the quaint, adorable home of the late Kate Douglas Wiggin—through veil and goggle—which we passed on our somewhat out-of-the-way journey to what was to be our first encampment.

I knew exactly where we were to pitch our tent; I had fished in this neck of the woods several times and I knew the lay of the land quite well. By this time she was forgetting everything she had left behind and was thinking only of the wonderful days to come; she was as eager and as excited as a child, exclaiming now and then as we scuttled through shady, leaf-sheltered woodland avenues or alongside the dancing, chortling stream.

"It's worth it, isn't it?" said I gently.

"Oh, it is, indeed!" she cried. "It will be heavenly, Dick."

Half an hour later I said: "Here's where we camp," and forthwith performed the ticklish—and what at one time seemed to be a most doubtful—feat of driving the car across a roadside gully and then up a



far-from-steep bank into as charming a woodland glade as you'd see in many a mile.

"Goodness!" she gasped, as the car stalled and snorted and backed and bellowed and finally, in what seemed a fit of exasperation, jerked its way fitfully to the grassy plateau which couldn't have been more than three feet above the level of the dirt-road.

We surveyed the somewhat sequestered site. A few rods back from the road rose a narrow strip of trees and beyond that lay the bank of the placid little stream that came chuckling down from the hills.

"Here's where we set up our portable hotel," said I enthusiastically. "It ought to be rather jolly, pitching our own hotel wherever we happen to like, with nothing but trees for neighbors. If we don't like it, we can pick up the whole establishment and move at an hour's notice."

"I rather like trees for neighbors," said she, wistfully gazing aloft.

"The only thing to be said against them," said I sententiously, "is that they whisper all night."

"Let them whisper," said she recklessly.

In due time I got the tent up. Some of my enthusiasm wore off as I toiled. She did her best to help me with the poles and pegs and ropes, but even love such as mine could not make much out of her efforts.

It is a nasty, brutal thing to say, but during the process of construction, such as it was, my lady was a beautiful, graceful, sometimes apprehensive, ornament.

When the tent was finally and securely up, I remarked that if the place suited her we would remain right where we were for several days. Nothing, I hastened to add—noting her expression—could be more lovely, more out-of-the-way, more adapted to at least a passing state of happiness, than this spot on the banks of the—I couldn't for the life of me remember the name of the stream.

"Where are we?" she inquired, looking up from the provender basket I had lifted out of the car.

"Paradise," said I.

"I think you'd better start a fire," said she.

I could see that she was thinking of something else. That's the way with women who know how to cook.

We were too busy for the next half-hour or so to do much of anything except to give orders and to obey them. For example, I carried two buckets of water up from the stream—almost tumbling in as I slid down the bank—chopped some fallen tree limbs and twigs into a very proper fuel, carried cushions and so forth in from the car, and by the time supper was ready my appetite had crowded sentiment (Continued on page 129)



# One Acrobat Too Many

By Montague Glass

"IT'S A weak picture," said Max Slotkin of the firm of Governor & Slotkin, proprietors of The Governor's Theater, New York, The Governor's Theater, Brooklyn, and The Governor's Theater, Philadelphia—"it's a weak picture and so therefore we've got to give it strong support."

"And you call a team of acrobats strong support?" Governor demanded.

"Conrady and Dolorettes aren't acrobats, Dad," Governor Junior protested. "They're no more acrobats than any other team of refined dancers."

George was the manager of the New York house, and for twenty-two years of age, even Slotkin had to admit that he was a good motion-picture theater manager.

"Say, listen, George," Governor said. "If what that team of Conrady and Who's-this do is refined dancing, then all I can say is that they should do refined dancing behind a net, because when Conrady catches ahold of this here Who's-this by her left foot and swings her around twenty times at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, y' understand, if he ever *Gott soll hüten* lets go, understand me, at least ten people in Row L is going to get killed at our expense."

"You're worrying over nothing, Dad," George said. "Conrady has been doing this act for three years, and it's a big hit everywhere. Besides, he's got a wife and two children and he isn't going to ruin his act by killing his dancing partner."

"What do you mean killing his dancing partner?" Governor asked. "Ain't his dancing partner also his wife?"

"Certainly not," Slotkin replied. "This is a new Dolorettes he's got this year."

"She's only eighteen years of age," George added, and then, for some unknown reason, he colored slightly and wiped away a little perspiration from his forehead.

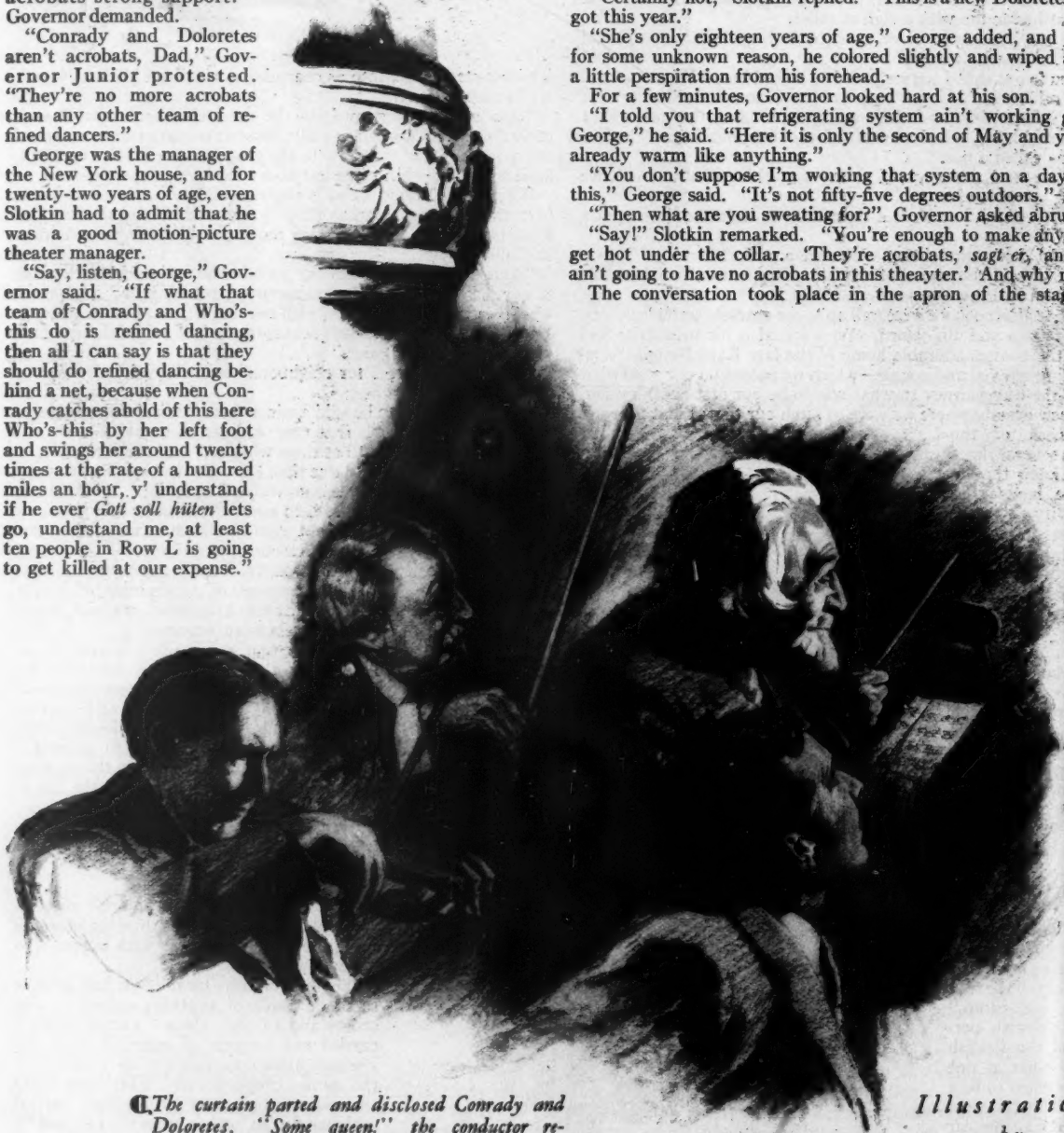
For a few minutes, Governor looked hard at his son. "I told you that refrigerating system ain't working good, George," he said. "Here it is only the second of May and you're already warm like anything."

"You don't suppose I'm working that system on a day like this," George said. "It's not fifty-five degrees outdoors."

"Then what are you sweating for?" Governor asked abruptly.

"Say!" Slotkin remarked. "You're enough to make anybody get hot under the collar. They're acrobats, *sagt er*, and we ain't going to have no acrobats in this theayter. And why not?"

The conversation took place in the apron of the stage in



The curtain parted and disclosed Conrady and Dolorettes. "Some queen!" the conductor remarked to George, who had hastened in to gaze on what to him was a picture of ravishing beauty.

Illustrations  
by  
J. Henry



Some of your Laughs  
as you read this story  
may be to *Loosen*  
a *Lump* in your throat

The Governor's Theater, New York, which had been named after the European fashion of calling a playhouse "The King's Theater" or "The Queen's Theater." It also honored its principal owner, Jacob Governor, whose enterprise as a purveyor of motion-picture entertainment to the public of three great communities had created three enormous theaters, seating six thousand people—or anyhow, if you stopped to count them, four thousand three hundred.

Each theater also possessed a symphony orchestra of one hundred players, reckoning the man in charge of the drums and drummers' accessories as thirty players and allowing the usual orchestral discount of fifty percent for the rest.

"You have the nerve to ask me why not?" Governor asked in reply to Slotkin's rhetorical question, and then, glaring at his partner, he rose heavily to his feet, with the aid of a strong ash stick, and stumped clumsily away, for Mr. Governor's right leg was several inches shorter than his left. In other respects, however, he was a well-built man of fifty-five and allowing for a face much changed by business worries, physical pain and

unremitting hard work, he must have been a handsome man in his youth.

In fact he might even have been as handsome as his son George, except that George was much taller than his father. He had, however, his father's crisp curling hair and broad shoulders, and he also had inherited a clear, pale complexion, a straight nose and a genial disposition, for Mr. Governor Senior was only fretful on cold, damp days, when his leg hurt him.

At the edge of the proscenium opening, he paused and looked up at the great chandelier of The Governor's Theater.

"I suppose if you had your way, Slotkin," he said, "just because acrobats are cheap, the house would be swarming with acrobats, ain't it?"

George had walked across the stage with his father, but without attempting to assist him, for Mr. Governor was a trifle touchy about being helped in his painful locomotion. He did, however, go so far as to pat his father's shoulder.

"Max isn't thinking of hiring acrobats, Dad, and neither am I," he said. "So forget it."

"Say, listen!" Jacob Governor cried. "Can't I say something in my own theayter or *can't* I?" He glared once more at Max Slotkin. "Which you know as well as I do, Slotkin, that if it wouldn't been for an acrobat, I could climb up that there column, swing myself into the gallery and take a chance on a flying jump into the chandelier. *That's* what I could do if it wasn't for an acrobat, Slotkin," he declared.

"And would this bring a penny more into the house, besides busting a ten-thousand-dollar chandelier?" Slotkin asked jocularly, by way of creating an atmosphere of good humor. But unfortunately, at that moment, Jacob Governor suffered another twinge in his right leg. He was in fact obliged to cling to his son's arm for support.

"Slotkin," he said, "not only you ain't got no *derech ehretz*, but you've a heart like a brick. Which all I can hope for you, Slotkin, is that you should have ten children and they should all be acrobats, because I suppose it's already too late to wish you such hard luck as being an acrobat yourself like I was."

He shook his son's hand from his shoulder.

"Leave go my arm. What am I? A cripple?" he said, and disappeared noisily into the darkness of back-stage.

"The old man isn't feeling good today," George remarked.

"He's got a right not to feel good," Slotkin said. "Not only the weather is bad for his leg, but you go and make that break about Conrady and Dolorettes. You had no right to suggest engaging them in the first place."

"Why not?" George demanded, almost fiercely, and Slotkin shrugged.

"Learn French in the regular way by a French teacher instead of from that little Dolorettes," he retorted.

"I don't know what you're talking about," George said, but his face was flaming, nevertheless. "You never saw me speak a dozen words to the girl."

"Not me, personally, I didn't; but my wife knows Mrs. Conrady, and you was up there to supper after the show last night and the night before," Slotkin said. "So as that little Dolorettes is living with them, I take it that you didn't go there to listen to Mr. and Mrs. Conrady eating exactly."

George lighted a cigaret in violation of the fire laws. He was giving himself time to frame a snappy comeback, but Slotkin spoke first.

"You'd better cut out going there before your father knows about it, George," he said.

"That guy's awful strict for an ex-acrobat. You'd think instead of an ex-acrobat he'd been an ex-rabbi or something."

"He isn't going to hear about it unless you tell him," George said, but even at that very moment, Jacob Governor sat at his desk in his private office, telephoning to the doorman.

"Is Conrady of that new acrobatic team in the theayter yet?" he asked.

"He's just arrived," the doorman said.

"Well, before he gets a chance to dress, tell him to come to me," Jacob told him.

He didn't mean that Conrady should appear in the managerial office unclothed, as if for a surgical diagnosis. He meant that he wanted him to come in his street clothes before he put

on the full-dress suit which fitted Conrady to such perfection that the head usher of The Governor's Theater had brought his own tailor there to see if he couldn't make one exactly like it for sixty-five dollars. Conrady's street clothes, however, were by no means as well-fitting.

He was, in fact, a tall, thin man approaching middle age and appeared to be much worried when he entered Governor's office. As a married man with two children, he felt that this visit presaged no good, and besides, both children had the mumps.

"Did you want to see me, Mr. Governor?" he asked.

"Sit down," Governor said, not unkindly. "You've got lots of time before you go on."

THIS didn't sound like a call-down, and Conrady felt somewhat relieved, especially as Governor immediately handed him a cigar.

"Smoke it after the show," he said, "and tell me a few things about your act."

"Well, you seen it, didn't you, Mr. Governor?" he answered, and Governor nodded.

"It went good," he said, "but ain't it a bit *gefährlich*?"

"I don't get you," Conrady replied. "My father was an Austrian, but I never learned to talk it."

"*Gefährlich* means dangerous," Governor explained, and Conrady laughed.

"If you think that's dangerous, Mr. Governor, you should ought to have seen what I was doing three years ago," he said. "I was an acrobat."

"You should ought to have seen what I was doing thirty years ago," Governor said. "I was also an acrobat." He leaned across the desk and pointed an accusatory finger at Conrady.

"But you're still an acrobat, and you don't know it," he said. "Me an acrobat!" Conrady exclaimed. "Why, my act is as safe for me like I'd be in my own bed already."

"But how about that young girl what performs with you?" Governor asked. "Is she safe if you ain't working right?"

He leaned back in his chair and blew a large cloud of smoke.

"You mean that swing-around we do?" Conrady said.

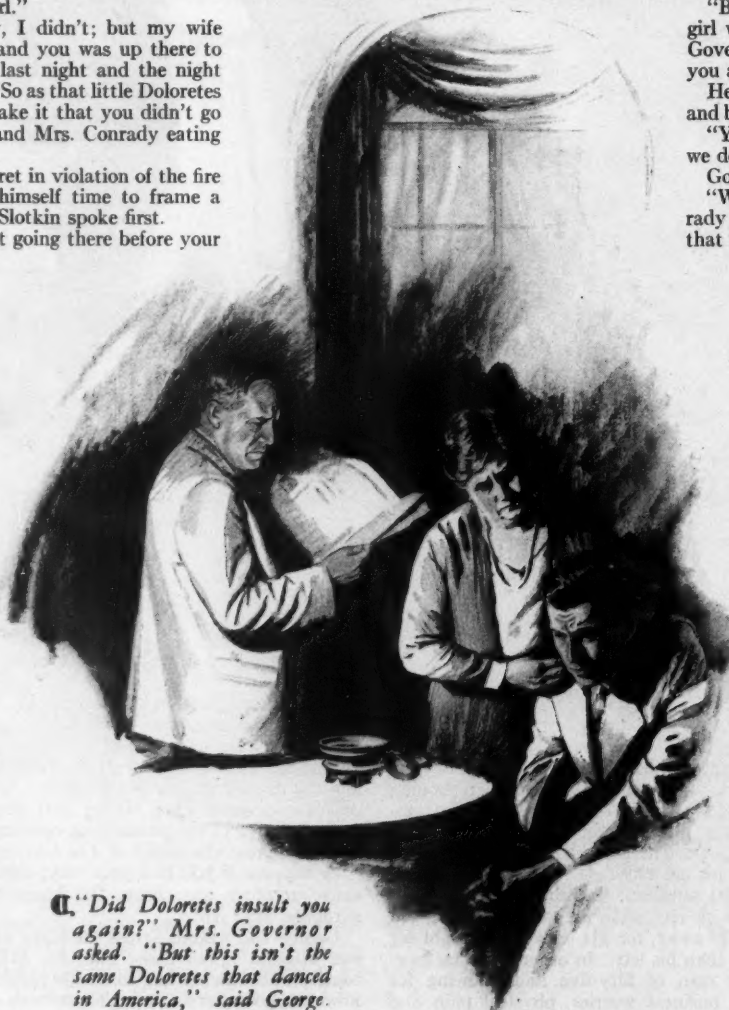
Governor nodded.

"Well, don't worry," Conrady declared. "I've been doing that for three years, and I ain't dropped one of them girls yet."

Governor tapped the plate-glass top of his desk. "Listen, Conrady," he said, "I suppose you never heard tell of the team called The Six Pastorellis?"

Conrady shook his head.

"Well, I didn't suppose you had," Jacob replied. "This was thirty-five years ago, before I came to this country. My name was Jaroslaw Gobroczyński and I didn't have to be no acrobat. My father done the biggest wholesale herring business in Gobroczyńsk, where I was born. It's about fifty miles from Krakow, but I wasn't content to stay that far from a big town like Krakow, so nothing must do but I must go to Krakow, and as I was a strong young feller, I teamed up (Cont. on page 114)



Q "Did Dolorettes insult you again?" Mrs. Governor asked. "But this isn't the same Dolorettes that danced in America," said George.

In an Unusual  
Talk with  
*Allan L. Benson*



# EDISON

tells WHY *FORD*  
*and COOLIDGE*  
*aren't HAPPY~*  
*WHY Colleges*  
*Fail to Educate~*  
*Offers a Sure Cure*  
*for WORRY*

I HAVE been interviewing Edison for twenty years and more, but here is to be set down a report of the most interesting and the most revealing interview with him that I ever had. It is out of the ordinary because I had not expected to see him and had no questions in my mind to ask him. One might say he interviewed himself.

He talked for an hour, went over to his desk for a few minutes, then came back and talked some more. He told funny stories. He told why neither Ford, Coolidge, nor anybody else can be very happy. He told how much happiness he had been able to get out of life and what had prevented him from getting more. He told—

The gods were simply with me—that was all! By the merest chance, I had happened to stumble across the great man's path when he felt like relaxing. He was no longer Edison, the greatest inventor ever produced by any age. He was Edison, the human being, glad to cast aside his problems for the moment and talk about whatever happened to enter his mind—to flit from one subject to another, pausing a moment here and remaining longer there.

We all do it, but here is how Edison did it:

"I have just been over to Kearny to see them begin assembling Ford's new car. What a reception that car has had throughout the world! One might think it would make Ford happy for the rest of his days, but it won't. Ford is the type of man who can't be happy very long. His mind is too active. He sees too many things to do. His successes bring him pleasure for the moment, but such pleasures are soon swallowed up in the concentration that is involved in the performance of the next task.

"Besides, no man's life—not even Ford's—is composed wholly of success. It must have been an awful blow to him when the sales of his old car began to fall off. He did not care anything about the money. The thing that must have hurt him was the thought that people were turning from him and going to somebody else. But that is all fixed now. Ford will regain his old place with a rush and be bigger than he ever was before.

"As human beings are now constituted," continued Edison, "it is impossible for them to be very happy. The only ones who are continuously happy are the ones who, having little ambition, do small things of little importance. A man whose business it is to catch butterflies is probably pretty happy all of the time. Negroes, too, are usually happy. Things that would knock the rest of us cold don't seem to distress negroes at all.

"Perhaps the best funny story that I have heard for years illustrates the boundless capacity of colored people to keep

smiling. A white woman happened to meet on the street a colored girl who had worked for her a year or so before. The colored girl was wheeling a baby. The white woman pulled back the cover and looked at the child who was as black as a hat. 'Does the baby look like its father?' asked the white woman. 'Har, har, har!' laughed the colored woman. 'I can't tell you dat. I met dat chile's father at a masquerade ball.'

"I told that story to Ford and John Burroughs once when we were camping, and Burroughs laughed so hard that he fell over backwards in his camp-chair. For days after Burroughs would occasionally break out laughing and when we would ask him what was the matter, he would say, 'That story.'

"Coolidge isn't happy. Years ago, when he was up in Massachusetts, he wanted to be President, but now that he's been in the White House, he's glad to get out of it. The responsibilities of the office are too great to permit anybody who bears them to be happy very long.

"The happiest time in my life was when I was twelve years old. I was just old enough to have a good time in the world, but not old enough to understand any of its troubles. Looking back now, across eighty-two years, I can see that relatively I have been happy. I have had a better chance to be happy than have most people. But I have had plenty of unhappiness, too.

"For a good many years I worried about my pay-roll; didn't always know how I was going to meet it. My trouble has been that I have always had too much ambition and tried to do things that were sometimes financially too big for me. If I had not had so much ambition and had not tried to do so many things I probably would have been happier, but less useful.

"But I have always found, when I was worrying, that the best thing to do was to put my mind upon something, work hard and forget what was troubling me. As a cure for worrying, work is better than whisky. Much better.

"Human beings, as they are now constituted, are unable to be very happy, because, no matter how much they have, they want more. I refer now to material things—to money and the luxuries of life.

"Dishonest people cannot be happy because, deep down in their hearts, they are always saying to themselves, 'I am a dirty, rotten crook.' Nor can people be happy who are small and mean, always trying to get the better of every bargain."

What Edison said about Ford's happiness particularly interested me because I once talked with Ford about it. I asked him if he was happier when he became a billionaire than he was when he was a machinist working for a few (Continued on page 167)



# Concluding UNKNOWN

FOUR days went by, and the envoys of the Admiral were back with the fleet. They had not found the Grand Khan, nor had they seen any king who was friend or enemy of that powerful monarch. They had penetrated some forty miles inland to reach a village of fifty houses inhabited by a population which they put at about a thousand—the huts seemed to be community dwellings, each sheltering a large number of natives.

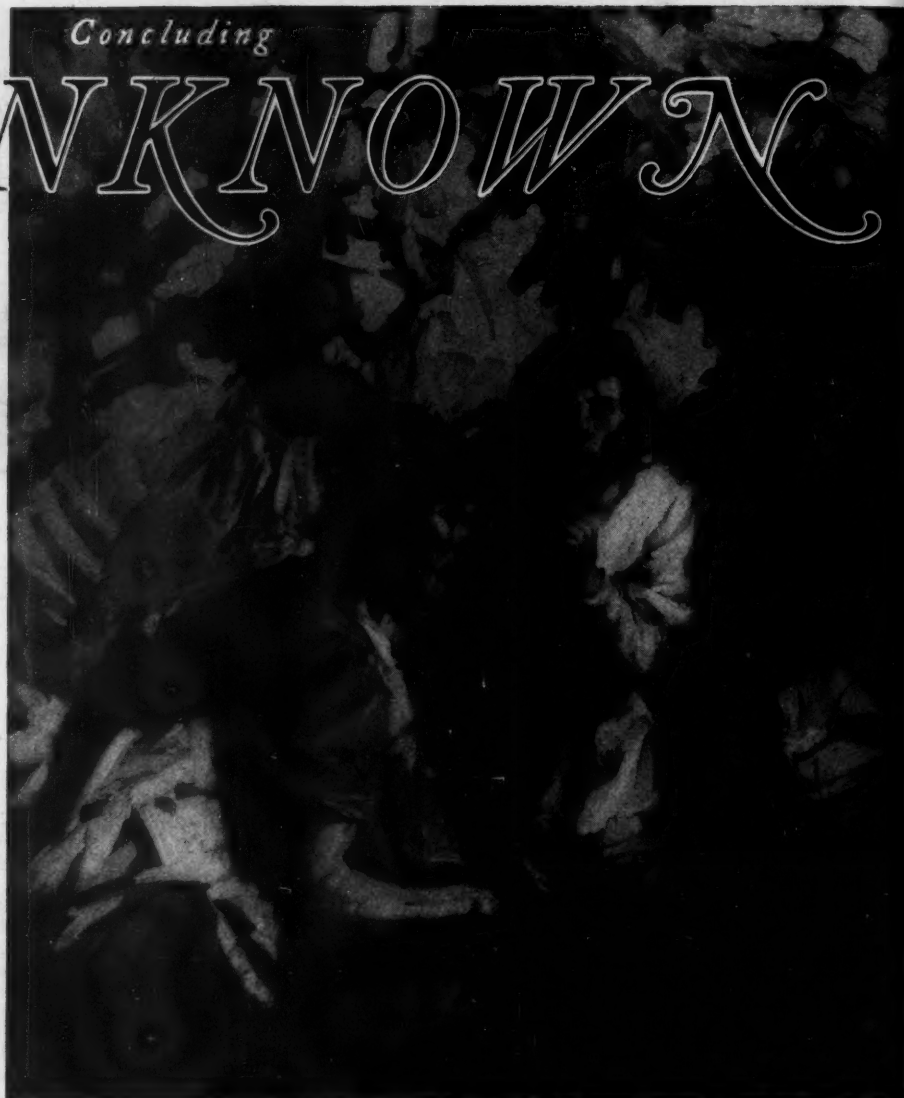
The envoys had been welcomed like gods by the savages, men and women running out to meet them, to touch them with their fingers admiringly as beings come from heaven, and to kiss their hands and feet.

The Spaniards inquired for the king of the country; but in spite of the good offices of an interpreter from the fleet, no one could satisfy their curiosity. A few individuals seemed to stand out among the natives as leaders, distinguished from the others especially by their greater fatness; but not one of these naked, painted and well-fed leading citizens bore the least resemblance to the omnipotent "King of Kings" who ruled the vast empire of the East. Then the samples of cinnamon, pepper, and other spices from Seville were exhibited. Yes, such things were abundant in the country, but not just there—off to the east, far off toward the east!

The disappointment could not have been more complete; and the Admiral could see no reason now for not hurrying on to those lands toward which the Indians kept pointing whenever they were asked about gold and pearls.

The vessels had been successfully floated, so on Thursday, the eleventh of November, the Admiral provided in general orders: "In the name of God, Southeast, to find gold, spices, and new lands." And the fleet set out, the *Pinta* as usual in the lead, the *Niña* and the flag-ship following abreast at a distance of some miles.

On the twenty-first of November, the fleet reached the eastern end of Cuba and struck its true course to the southeast. The vessels were still in the usual order, the *Pinta*, better-canvased and better-handled, far in the lead, and making the usual stabs to south and north, without delaying the slower boats behind her. But at nightfall, on the third day out, the head wind freshened, the sea grew heavier, and the Admiral suddenly decided to return to the sheltered haven in the estuary which he had named the Cape of Palms, postponing the sail to "Bohio" or Babeque till the elements should show themselves more favorable. Acting at once upon this design, he brought the flag-ship about, signaling his change of course by lights on his mastheads. The *Niña*, near by, also came about, following the Admiral in his retirement. The *Pinta* however, some miles



*Evidently Gonzalez intended to use the arrows as spears or lances. If*

in the lead, held on through the dark, without observing that the two ships astern had dropped out of sight.

The winds held unfavorable for some days and Don Cristobal lingered very willingly about the beautiful bays of Cuba; but when the *Santa Maria* and the *Niña* finally sailed with wind astern, the lofty mountains of Babeque were soon in view. The scenery of this new island, which the natives were now calling "Haiti" reminded the Admiral of certain regions of Spain, and he gave it the name of "Hispaniola"—"Little Spain," the "Spanish Isle."

Cuevas was hoping for another long stop in one of the numerous harbors the vessels kept entering, but the Admiral was now in a hurry to see more and contented himself with sending boats ashore either to fish and hunt or to barter with the natives. The "broom" Andujar did not find Lucero on any of these landings. The fleet, which had hitherto encountered Indians either living in a state of Edenlike innocence or in rudimentary democracies, now began to find native monarchies. Don Cristobal thought this indicated closer proximity to the Grand Khan's influence, and chose to treat the kings he encountered with all the formalities of royalty. He invited them aboard his ship and stripped his personal wardrobe bare to make them gifts. One day he even parted with the amber necklace which he had bought at Granada before setting out on the voyage.

One other person also was extremely happy to have entered at last into realms of Divine Right. This was Diego de Arana, high constable of the fleet. The Cordoban *hidalgo* strutted in all his glory whenever one of these litter-borne sovereigns, attended by a veritable, though half-naked "court," came aboard the *Santa Maria* to pay his respects to the Sons of Heaven.

# LANDS

By  
*Blasco  
Ibañez*

*Illustrations by  
Walt Louderback*

nevertheless a poetic thrill, a mystic stirring, a shudder of divine awe, when he thought himself on the threshold of a mine of gold comparable with King Solomon's.

If the Admiral, as he sat meditating of an evening in the great chair of his cabin, was filled with such thoughts and feelings, not so his valet and page, Lucero, who was controlled by different though not less insistent preoccupations.

Gonzalez was now seizing every pretext to approach her; and on one occasion, as she stood at the rail alone, looking out at a coast-line which lay before the fleet, he had stolen up softly behind her and slipped an arm about her waist. She had freed herself after a struggle and taken refuge on the top-deck of the aftcastle.

And then Gonzalez had called:

"I am going to tell the whole story to Don Cristobal!"

Lucero, however, was sure he would not do so. The Admiral had established stern measures of discipline aboard, since so many female Indians had been taken captive. The women were kept apart, under guard, and no one of the ship's company was allowed to approach them. If Lucero's own sex were made known, she would be secluded with the Indian prisoners and the former royal butler would have to abandon all hope of possessing her. It was more likely that, at least till the fleet set sail on its return voyage, he would keep silent in the hope sometime of finding a favorable opportunity to press his suit. This left Lucero in perpetual alarm, in fear lest at any moment she might be called upon to defend herself. She was passing the night completely dressed on her mattress at the Admiral's door, catching fitful periods of sleep and awakening at the slightest sound from the adjoining staterooms.

If worse came to worst she had still one desperate recourse—to tell everything to the Admiral herself. Don Cristobal probably would protect her, keeping her secret till the return to Spain, if not out of kindness to her—he always had been kind—then out of fear of the scandal that might ensue. Who would believe that he had been served by a woman for so many months without ever penetrating her disguise?

But what after the return to Spain? As Lucero confronted this seemingly inevitable dénouement to her adventure, she could see only one outcome: conversion, a convent, separation from her lover forever! To confess the truth was hardly less disastrous than to fall into Gonzalez' hands. It was better therefore to go on waiting. Who could say what the mystery of each new day might bring forth?

*Cuevas could be disposed of in these wilds, Lucero would be utterly at his mercy!*

Gold ornaments were much more frequent in Haiti than on the other islands, and the native dignitaries would exchange large sheets of thin gold for any bit of broken crockery or any trinket the white men had to offer.

When questioned as to the sources of their gold the natives pointed inland and pronounced the word "Cibao," a place where even the stones and earth were made of gold! This was one of the happiest moments in the Admiral's voyage! Cibao was, of course, Cipango!

COLUMBUS, brother in science to the astrologers and the alchemists, was one of the last celebrated men of the Middle Ages. Over the mysterious ocean and along the shores of the New-Found World he was to bear the same imaginative yearnings, the same poetic enthusiasms, which fired those who baked their faces and snuffed out their years over blasts and retorts, melting with magic incantations combinations of metal from which they hoped some day gold would spring. These dreamers loved gold as the symbol of supreme victory, the mightiest conceivable concentration of power, which would carry with it greater domination over men than any conqueror in history ever had wielded. The man who owned the secret of gold would be, regardless of birth or station, the lord of the whole earth!

The new Admiral Major of the Ocean Sea felt two forces stirring within him, the one which was later to be called the Middle Ages, in his day passing away; the other, the New Age, which we now see beginning in his time. He was a dreamer, but a dreamer with energy, like those hermits of ardent eloquence who kindled the Crusades. A merchant, hard-headed in gain, as were all the traders of the Renaissance, he felt

For some days after the arrival in Haiti the Admiral had been in contact with a king named Guahanacari, who was being royally entertained with his courtiers aboard the flag-ship, and who had extended warm hospitality to the Spanish officers and sailors in his dominions ashore. Discovering that the main desire of the Sons of Heaven was to have gold, gold, gold, Guahanacari had promised to find gold; and he had invited all the palefaces to come and live on his shores, promising to give them, in exchange for such high honor, all the gold the vessels could carry. The Admiral decided, after long conferences with the king and the latter's wise men, that the great gold-mines lay farther along the shores of Haiti; and on a Monday, the day before Christmas, the fleet lifted anchors and was sailing along the coast before a gentle and favorable wind.

With such a glorious prospect of near-by wealth and an end to the long voyage, the festivities of that Christmas Eve aboard the vessels were especially joyous and good-humored. The Admiral ordered the cooks to prepare the best dinner available for the sailors forward; and aft, among the people of the command, Diego de Arana produced bottles of old Cordoba which he had secretly embarked. Even the page, Salcedo, drank abundantly; though it was not till afterwards that Lucero remembered with what urgency Terreros had forced the wine upon her, doubtless at a suggestion of the once royal butler.

The banqueting was prolonged from the "Salve" to well beyond ten o'clock. The "brooms" and apprentices sang Christmas carols to the accompaniment of Andalusian guitars, and forward, on the prow, Garvey, the Irishman, played on his harp with unusual inspiration, mingling the silvery tinkles of his instrument with Irish folk-songs remembered from his childhood and hummed in a crooning melancholy tone.

The night was clear, the sea calm. The Admiral himself went to bed at eleven o'clock, as did most of the company aboard. Only one sailor and the "brooms" at the bottle were left awake to tend the helm. What danger could there be on such a holy night with such perfect weather? "The sea is like a cup of milk," the Admiral remarked on entering his cabin.

Eventually the sailor also tired of his solitary vigil. He entrusted the tiller to his "brooms" and, heavy with wine, lay down to sleep himself.

And yet not everyone aboard the Santa Maria was sunk in slumber. Lucero, in thinking dreamily of the evening's banquet and the drunkenness of many in the crew, had crept to a window in the living-room of the

aftercastle, and lay looking out at the lights of the Niña, which was following the course of the flag-ship, but a mile or two farther offshore.

Suddenly a pair of strong arms encircled her shoulders, her head was drawn back upon a man's breast and a kiss was laid upon her youthful neck. Lucero was not taken by surprise—it was the danger which she had been fearing and which was at last presenting itself! She knew it was Gonzalez without seeing him. He was the only person who could come upon her this way, kiss her roughly with half-drunken passion, and wrestle with her as though trying to throw her to the deck. A thought flashed through her mind: Fernando was off there, in the night, on the Niña—he could not help her! But there was the Irishman, her one trustworthy friend on the flag-ship! Since the departure from the





Cape of Palms Garvey had looked at her with even more interest than during the earlier part of the voyage.

With a violent spring she tore loose from the grasp of her assailant and ran through the door of the living-room, toward the ladder that led toward the prow.

Unsteady on his feet from too much wine, Gonzalez did not overtake her till she had reached the foremast on the deck below. There again he was able to encircle her with his arms, kissing her avidly about the face despite the blows with her doubled fists



and the scratching with her nails with which she did her best to hold him off.

"Garvey, Garvey!" she called desperately.

The Irishman came up, as silently as a cat. It was as though he had been wandering about in the night and had seen everything! Gonzalez felt two strong hands fall upon his shoulders, and they tore him loose from his victim and turned him around in his tracks. Free from the man's clutch, Lucero staggered to the rail of the ship and looked back at the two men, who were now facing each other.

Garvey was pointing to a black line which crossed the vessel from port to starboard. "You have crossed the chain!" he said with a fierce laugh. "I have been waiting for weeks to catch you here! This is my world and we are equals. Are you ready?"

And he struck Gonzalez a blow full in the face, which sent the former royal butler solidly back on his heels. But Gonzalez was not a coward; even had he been, pride of station and his instinctive contempt for the lowly would have held him to the spot. He returned the blow, and under the starlight the terrified Lucero could see the two men struggling with each other, the thuds of bare knuckles on hard bones sounding in the dark.

But the Spaniard was no match for Garvey in this kind of combat without weapons. A terrific blow from the Irishman's fist suddenly stretched him full-length on the deck, where he lay, groaning with pain, but cursing, untamed, between his gasps. Garvey leaped up to him and put a foot on his breast as though he intended to fasten him in that manner to the deck.

Lucero gave a cry of alarm: "Look out, Garvey!"

Gonzalez had slyly put a hand to his belt and drawn his dagger. He was now aiming a blow at the leg which was holding him down.

Garvey twisted at the first sense of the cold steel—the thrust gave him only a scratch. Looking down at his still-prostrate foe for an instant, as though to measure his own contempt, he said ominously:

"I can see I've got to kill you! I've got to rid the world of you, pastry-maker of the Devil!"

And he was off!

But it was not in flight. Garvey was running to the stack of harpoons (Continued on page 135)

**C** "My mother," Lucero began, "told me to obey you as though you were my father." Was there an allusion in her words? thought Doctor Acosta.

By *AMELIA EARHART*



# Shall Your Daughter FLY? You Let

**A** COACHMAN? What's a coachman, Mummy?" A friend of mine and her husband had been talking about their chauffeur, who in the dark ages of transportation had driven the family team of bays. And their little girl, reared in this swift age of automobiles and planes, didn't know what the word "coachman" meant.

So they explained to little Alice that only a few years ago almost everyone who could afford the luxury drove horses. Also, they explained to me that John, the ex-coachman-chauffeur, whose hair was sprinkled with gray, had broached the desirability of learning to fly.

The world does move!

But the point of the matter, of course, is eight-year-old Alice's startling unfamiliarity with coachmen. She'd probably never seen one; and the one who drove the pumpkin coach of the fairy princess wasn't related to real life. The only horse-drawn vehicles she recollected were drays in the business district of her western city, and a junk wagon!

There are hundreds of thousands of children in America like Alice. Their parents hardly realize the minds of the youngsters don't reach back even into the so-near yesterdays of horses. What's more important, they do not comprehend how familiar is aviation to the boys and girls of today, who continually read and talk and think about it. Modern heroes are apt to be fliers. The

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children, or their friends, have made or played with airplane models as their parents did with "Noah's arks."

In a kindergarten I know the children "play airplane." One of the tots came home and danced past her mother, with her arms extended, the left pointing upwards, the right toward the ground.

"What's this, Mommie?"

"A bird," the mother guessed.

"No, I'm banking."

The child was imitating the tipping of a plane as it turns. As a matter of fact, the mother had not the slightest idea what the word meant, and to make sure little daughter was not drawing on her imagination she telephoned the teacher, who reassured her.

Air patter already is surprisingly commonplace with the youngsters of the land. The vocabularies of tomorrow will be studded with "ai'erons," "tail skids," "slips," "stalls," "dead sticks," and the like.

Some children have been aloft; many of them periodically see something of flying-fields and fliers; most of them are more genuinely familiar with affairs of the air than are their elders. Watch them at the air-ports on Saturdays. Often they come in a body as an aviation club on a tour of inspection. What criticism of the pilot who fails to make a "three-point landing"!

In short, the year 1929 is ushering in the Flying Generation. And the stratagem of it all is that the elders must not let



Dear Miss Earhart:

I am a junior in high school and am sixteen years old. The year after next I will be out of school, and as I don't intend to go to college, will have nothing to do. My one, and only ambition is to learn to run a plane, and only think Mother would like the idea, because she is rather nervous and excitable. As a result, I will probably have to learn on the sly. How did you persuade your mother to let you become an aviator?

Now comes what I really wrote this letter to find out. During the remainder of the time I am in school, isn't there any ground-work I could learn, anything I could study or do, short of going up (I can't do that as I am at boarding-school) that would help me when I actually start trying to fly? I am so anxious to begin that it seems a waste of time to wait almost two years before doing anything toward becoming an aviator. Hoping that you will have time to answer this letter,

Yours, very sincerely,  
B. K.

My dear Miss Earhart:

Having been interested in aviation since last January, I recently became a student pilot. My first airplane ride brought me down to earth terribly air-sick, but encouraged by my instructor I did not give up. My folks still are old-fashioned enough to believe that flying is unsafe. Whenever a newspaper prints an airplane crash, my folks do not help me very much because they think that it proves their point. All of this does not help me until I make them see that flying is safe. I always manage to give my dad the Cosmopolitan to read and I hope that by reading a few more of your interesting articles I can make him a bit "air-minded". From one who has "tried flying herself" and knows some of its joys,

If you don't believe the younger generation is interested in flying, read these letters.

L. S.

themselves be left behind—for their own peace of mind and, especially, for the safety of the boys and girls.

Go back to Alice and the would-be flying coachman. It's conceivable, isn't it, that in a few decades the word "chauffeur" may mean as little to a child of that moment as did the word "coachman" to the little girl of today? Of course I don't know what would supplant motor-cars and chauffeurs—but something might. Perhaps it will be planes, although to me it seems improbable that transportation in the air ever can do more than supplement transportation on the earth.

In this problem of flying, which is adding to modern complexity, parents—especially mothers—face a great opportunity. May I urge that they hasten to grasp it first, rather than wait for it to overwhelm them?

The letters on this page are characteristic of many that come to me from youngsters all over the country. "L.S." (in fairness to the writers I have changed the initials) is "bootlegging" her flying—doing it secretly because her parents object. Which is so unnecessary, and can be so needlessly dangerous. "B.K." is typical of the "flying generation" emerging from our schools.

Don't say "Don't!"

The King Canute motif won't work—you can't stem the tide with negatives. Instead of trying to hold back these youngsters of yours, I do wish you mothers and fathers would step out in front and lead them—because in flying, as in so many other activities, they need your help. Aviation

has a serious side. You can't afford to make mistakes—twice. So it's really important that the beginners are started right in the right sort of aviation.

But you can't even talk flying with your children unless you know something of it yourself. Peremptory instructions regarding aviation lack conviction if they come from one who has never flown.

My prescription, then, is to repeat what I've written before, and said to audiences galore: "Try flying yourself."

Probably you'll like it. At least you'll find it neither terrifying nor uncomfortable. And just by the mere act of going aloft—the open-mindedness of experimentation—you'll find yourself so much closer, I believe, to your boys and girls to whom flying, consciously or instinctively, is such an every-day matter.

Modern youth regards flying as an every-day affair. Air travel is accepted by the youngsters as such a routine matter, there is little about it worthy of curiosity, far less anxiety. And therein lies, perhaps, a real danger. For they are likely to step into a plane as casually as they'd try out a friend's roadster. But automobiling is a grown-up standardized industry—and aviation isn't yet.

Some of the difficulties of early automobiling prevail in aviation today. There is some confusion in conflicting laws. The poor roads of 1908 are matched by the lack of landing-fields for airplanes now. Inspectors from the Department of Commerce have more than they can handle in solving air-traffic problems and they have only a background of two years of service.

But at that the highway has something to learn from the airway. Even in its infancy flying is better regulated than was automobiling at a corresponding period of development. In flying, for instance, physical fitness must be proved (Continued on page 142)



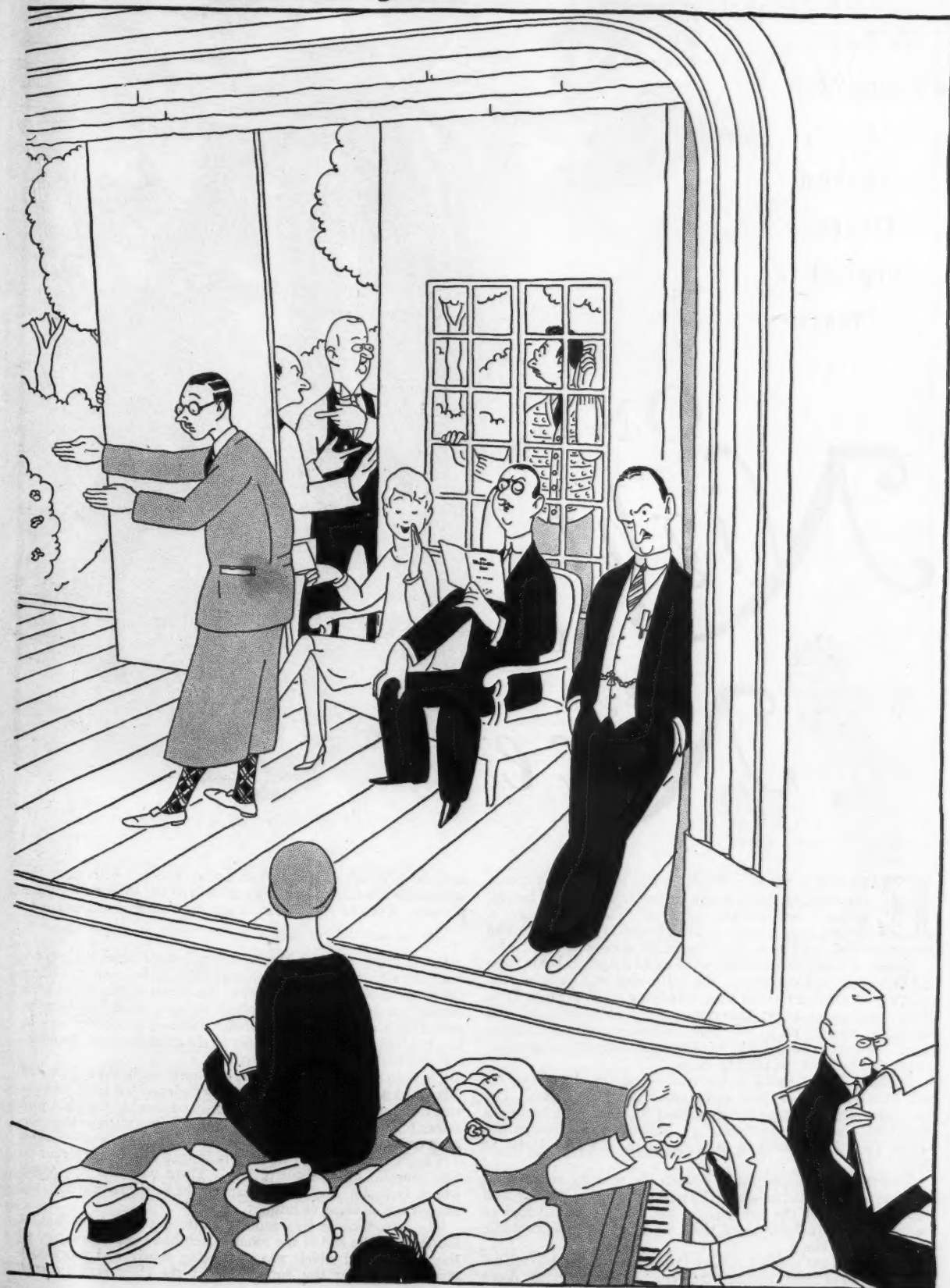
# The Amateur Rehearsal

GWYAS  
WILLIAMS



al

# By Gluyas Williams



A Spy,  
a Young Man  
in Love,  
a Stolen  
Diary,  
a Signal in  
the Dark~

# ONE Night in Nice



**E**ARLIER in the day, Tresholm had brought his car to a standstill and had joined a curious little crowd of people, gazing down into the harbor of Villefranche where a sinister gray monster of a battle-ship lay anchored. The reason for their mild excitement was easily apparent.

Instead of being surrounded by the usual stream of boats coming and going, the sea around the battle-ship was deserted, the gangway was drawn up, and a flag was flying which perhaps Tresholm alone amongst that little company rightly understood—the navy flag, warning off all visitors or tradespeople of any description. The only craft visible was the battle-ship's own pinnace, which had just left the landing-stage.

Tresholm leaned round to the back of his car, discovered his field-glasses, adjusted them and studied the scene below. The two passengers who were being escorted on board were Monsieur Desrolles, the Chef de Sûreté at Monaco, and a companion whom Tresholm chanced to recognize as the Chef de Sûreté at Nice.

Something had happened to disturb the serenity of life upon the sullen-looking battle-ship. His understanding of the flag, and his recognition of the two men in the pinnace helped him to realize perhaps a little more than his neighbors the probable nature of the event.

He watched the pinnace cutting through the water, leaving behind its trail of foam, watched the gangway let grudgingly down

and the two visitors received on board, watched afterwards the immediate drawing up of the gangway and the sheering off of the pinnace. Then he sat back in his car once more, and drove on to Nice.

It was a gay night at Maxim's, Nice's most fashionable bohemian restaurant. The tables on both sides of the room were filled; the popping of corks was incessant; the clouds of blue smoke grew denser and denser. The exhibition dancers never had been received with more favor. Tresholm, inclined to wonder why he had lingered on after a late dinner to the small hours of the morning, still felt no impulse to depart.

There were two people and one circumstance in the room which interested him—the girl with the misty eyes at the table opposite and the small man who was his left-hand neighbor, a man with rather high color, a wizened face, hair as stiffly upright as porcupine quills. He was correctly dressed for the evening—which Tresholm was not—and he ate his supper with an *Éclaireur du Soir* propped up in front of him. These were the two people whom Tresholm, always observant of the world around him, had singled out as being of interest.

The circumstance was another matter—a long table laid for fourteen, at the end of the room, which had been unoccupied all the evening and which was now being slowly and unwillingly dismantled under the supervision of the chief *maitre d'hôtel*.



# By E. Phillips Oppenheim

*Master of Mystery*

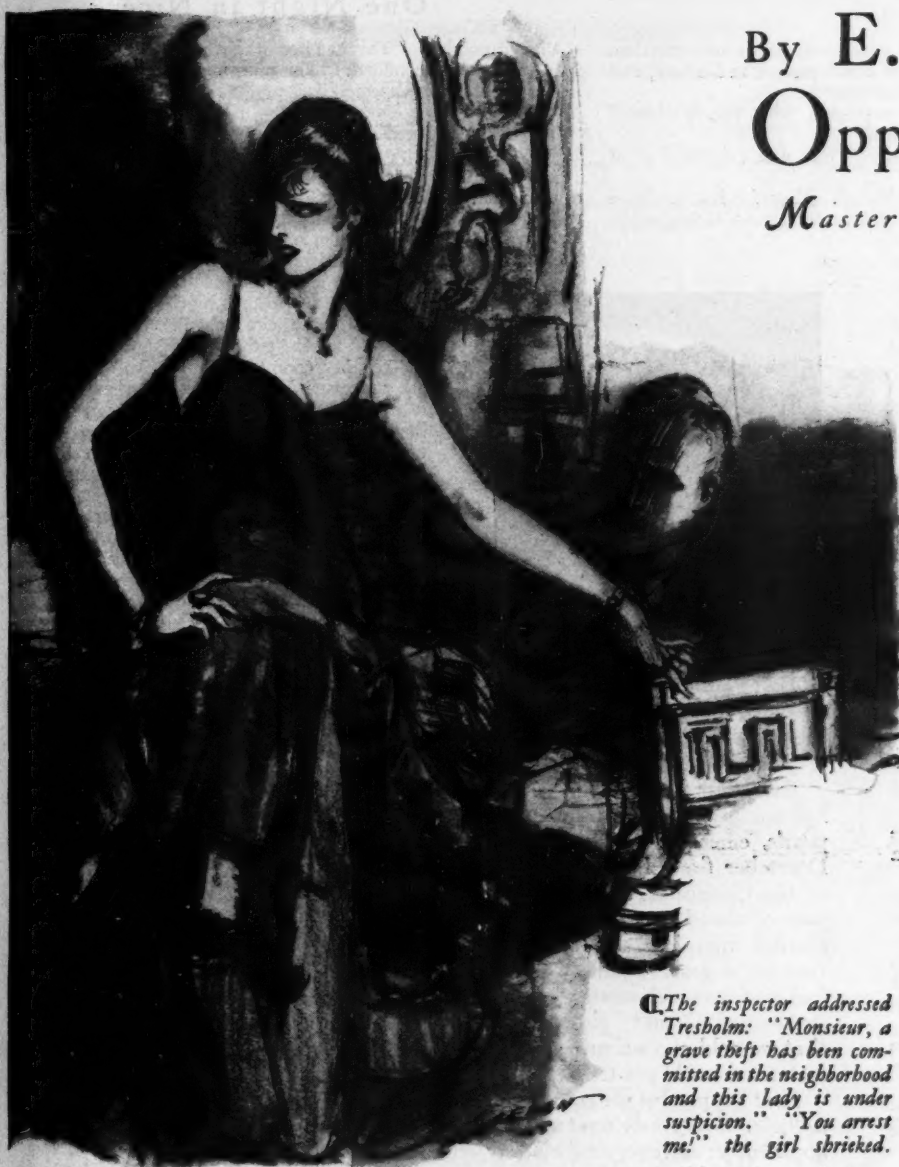


Illustration by Henry Raleigh

he said. "Leave from the battle-ship has been stopped. It is a pity, for the supper has been cooked. They will come another day."

The man bowed himself away, and Tresholm, aware of the cause of his sudden reticence, continued his meal without remark. Presently he looked across at the opposite table. The girl with the smoothly brushed dark hair and the misty eyes smiled at him slightly. With nothing in his mind save the gratification of his almost impersonal interest, he rose to his feet and crossed the floor.

"Mademoiselle will dance?" he invited.

Mademoiselle distinctly hesitated, and it seemed to Tresholm that she looked over his shoulder at his neighbor. Then she rose slowly from her place.

"If Monsieur wishes," she assented.

Mademoiselle was slim and light, and although a little languid in her movements, graceful and correct in her steps. The dance was a success, and as Tresholm led her back to her seat he was somehow confident that his curiosity concerning her was justified.

"Mademoiselle would

*The inspector addressed Tresholm: "Monsieur, a grave theft has been committed in the neighborhood and this lady is under suspicion." "You arrest me!" the girl shrieked.*

Tresholm leaned forward as the latter passed, and addressed him. "You are disappointed of some guests tonight, Louis?" he remarked.

The man assented disconsolately. "A party of officers from the battle-ship in Villefranche Harbor, sir," he confided. "Some of them visit here most nights, but this was to be a very special affair. The wine and the supper were ordered a week ago. It was the fête-day of the one who has been our best patron here."

"The celebration has been postponed then?" Tresholm asked.

THE *maitre d'hôtel* approached a step nearer. "Monsieur has not heard then of what has arrived?"

"I have heard nothing at all," Tresholm replied. "I have been over to Mougins for the day, playing golf. Met some friends at the Casino at Cannes afterwards, and stayed here to dine on my way back to Monte Carlo. What is this happening?"

The man leaned forward. The music was banging out a jazz tune. A creole *chanteuse* was careering up and down the room, emitting wild shrieks of corresponding melody. The moment was propitious for confidences. The *maitre d'hôtel*, however, apparently thought otherwise. The words seemed to stick in his throat. He took the bottle of wine from the pail by Tresholm's side and filled his glass.

"One knows nothing, though one hears sometimes wild stories,"

care to share my table for a time?" he suggested. "We both seem to be alone."

She demurred. "Sit with me for a few minutes," she begged. "I like this side of the room better."

Tresholm accepted her invitation and ordered wine. "Why do you prefer your table to mine?" he asked.

"It is your neighbor," she confided. "I do not like him. He looks at me all the time. I know very well that if we talked together he would listen."

"Why shouldn't he, if it amuses him?" Tresholm rejoined, smiling. "We are not going to discuss secrets of state, are we?"

The girl took out her vanity-case and dabbed at her lips. "I suppose you have something to say to me," she ventured. "I do not know what it is, but I can guess. I would prefer that Monsieur did not hear; so, I should think, would you."

Tresholm showed no signs of surprise at her unexpected speech. There had certainly been no thought of adventure in his mind when he had decided to stay here for dinner. Yet old habits were strong. At this first breath of it, he felt himself back in the old life. He was playing a part, even before he knew it.

"What do you expect to hear from me?" he asked.

She finished with her vanity-case and put it deliberately away. "You will probably ask me first where Arthur is," she said, with a faint smile. "After that, you will talk business."

"Then where is Arthur?" Tresholm demanded.

"In the Casino." She paused, expectant, for his next question. Then she caught the slight air of bewilderment in his face, and her own expression changed. "*Eh bien?*"

"It seems to me," Tresholm confessed, "that this is where I break down. Shall we dance again?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. She was evidently ill at ease.

"Tonight I am tired," she pleaded. "I prefer not to dance any more. Perhaps Monsieur had better return to his table. I am expecting—a friend."

He rose to his feet. "I trust that I have not offended in any way."

She looked at him keenly. "Only by seeming to be what you are not."

She suddenly rose, and Tresholm became aware of one of the professional dancers standing at the table. She accepted his invitation to dance, and Tresholm returned to his place. His neighbor glanced up from the newspaper as he sat down, and addressed him in English, which showed only the slightest trace of a foreign accent.

"Scarcely a success, eh?"

"I am afraid," Tresholm admitted, concealing his surprise, "that I was not exactly popular with the young lady."

The little man dropped his eyeglass, folded up his newspaper and leaned towards his companion.

"Am I right in believing that your name is Tresholm," he asked, "and that when you registered at your hotel in Monte Carlo, you described yourself as a professional gambler?"

"Quite right," Tresholm admitted. "An effort at humor which has led to several misunderstandings. The hotel clerk was persistent that I should fill in the space, and I could think of nothing else for the moment."

"Not being anxious to disclose your real profession," the other suggested.

"Having retired from it, whatever it may have been," was the swift rejoinder.

"Retired?"

"Formally and actually."

"Then what are you doing here tonight?"

"I am here entirely by accident. I had been playing golf at Mougins, met some friends at the Casino—"

"Yes, I heard you telling the *maitre d'hôtel* all that," was the somewhat impatient interruption. "With me it is unnecessary."

"May I ask who you are?"

"I will tell you," the other replied, "although I expect you know already. My name is Vigaud—Charles Vigaud—not unknown to the headquarters of the police here. Now, Mr. Tresholm, we know one another. Presently I may have a suggestion to make to you. But wait. Things are about to happen."

There was a disturbance at the door, a hurrying forward of the *vestiaire*, a vision of bowing waiters, a *maitre d'hôtel* hastening towards the place where the long table had been dismantled. Ten or twelve new arrivals were divesting themselves of hats and coats.

Vigaud turned to Tresholm with a queer little smile.

"Our friends, the naval officers," he remarked. "The commander must be in a gracious mood."

"Do they belong to the ship that was flying the warning-off flag?" Tresholm inquired.

Vigaud nodded. "This has been their usual meeting-place for many nights," he confided. "This morning all leave was stopped, and they were not expected."

"Why?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "A robbery on board, one hears."

They came presently down the room—ten very presentable young men, the majority of them sunburnt and of excellent physique. They were popular, evidently, for shouts of welcome greeted them. The girl with the misty eyes alone looked down at her plate and never once glanced up as the long file trooped past her.

Tresholm, happening by chance to notice the face, watched the young men curiously. The first half-dozen, either by design or accident, ignored her completely. Towards the end of the procession, however, one of the youngest-looking of the officers—scarcely more than a boy, in fact—glanced anxiously across at her table. He made no attempt to stop, but he scarcely removed his eyes from her bent head.

Tresholm's gaze followed the lad curiously. He fancied there was a certain tenseness in his expression, shared by none of his companions. They took their places noisily. The youth was the first to shout for cocktails. Vigaud chuckled.

"An idea," he commented—"without a doubt an idea!"

"What's it all about?" Tresholm inquired good-humoredly.

His companion appeared to have become less communicative. His little shrug of the shoulders was more expressive than his words were illuminating.

"One asks oneself," he murmured.

The arrival of the unexpected guests seemed to have given a new lease of gaiety to the room. The creole lady, in brilliant scarlet, alternately sang sentimental ditties and danced with the abandon of the savage. Waiters hurried up the room with traysful of cocktails, and the *sommelier* followed with magnums of champagne.

The young men from the battle-ship in particular settled down to enjoy themselves, and no one was more swiftly uproarious than the youth whose entrance had attracted Tresholm's attention. Ladies with inclinations towards dancing seemed to arrive as though by magic from all directions.

Every one of the party danced, including the boy. His partner, however, was a little fair-haired Frenchwoman, from whose eyes he scarcely once looked away.

Tresholm, who was beginning to be intrigued by a situation which he utterly failed to understand, ordered another bottle of wine and postponed his intention of leaving. The girl with the misty eyes suddenly smiled across at him, with a little gesture of invitation. Tresholm hastened to her side, and she slipped eagerly into his arms.

"But your hands are cold!" he exclaimed, as they swung down the room.

"As cold as my heart, Monsieur—cold with fear," she answered.

He looked at her, puzzled. There was little doubt but that she was speaking the truth. Such natural color as she may have possessed

had left her cheeks so completely that the rouge remained like an ugly daub upon her livid skin. Her body was quivering.

"Come to the bar," she begged. "I am not fit to dance. I thought at first that you brought me a message from George. We had a little code arranged—that is of no consequence—you must help me. Indeed, you must help me."

They sat on stools, and she swallowed eagerly the brandy which he had ordered. Then, with a whispered word of mingled excuse and injunction, she left him for a few moments. Tresholm sipped his own brandy meditatively. The barman, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, leaned across the counter.

"Monsieur knows the young lady well?" he asked.

"I never saw her before this evening," Tresholm replied.

"If Monsieur is ignorant of certain things," the man advised,



JUST before Christmas I talked with the manager of the most exclusive—and most expensive—jewelry shop in New York.

"Heretofore," he said, "we've had our largest stock of diamonds, pearls, emeralds on hand about December first, in anticipation of the Christmas buying. This year at that time our stock was smaller than at any previous time in the year. So many people had made so much money—in the stock-market and elsewhere—that we sold expensive jewels as fast as we could get them."

That's typical of the country as a whole. Everybody's got money, apparently; and everybody is getting more of it.

What will be the effect on all of us? Will it bring happiness, broadened interests—that intangible thing called "culture"?

I've read what wealth did to one family in "Five and Ten," a novel by Fannie Hurst. We begin it in next month's *Cosmopolitan*. It's a fine story. R. L.



"if he is not concerned, he would do well to be careful. It is a night, this, when disaster might come."

"I wish I knew what the devil you were talking about!" Tresholm exclaimed.

The man leaned a little farther over the counter. He looked furtively to the right and to the left. Then suddenly he stiffened. He examined the label on a bottle which he had been holding and replaced it upon the shelf.

"The Cognac Hennessy is always good," he remarked.

Mademoiselle stood once more by Tresholm's side. She had washed the rouge from her face, and although she was terribly pale, she looked once more herself.

"I have engaged a *salon privé*," she whispered. "Monsieur will come. I have something to say to him."

Tresholm frowned. He was sufficiently interested in the mystery with which he seemed to be surrounded, but the idea of the private room was unsavory to him. Then he realized that the mistiness in her eyes was not altogether an unreal thing. There were tears gathering there. This was no ordinary invitation.

HE FOLLOWED her down the passage, and the young barman looked after them anxiously. With a little sigh, the latter drew his account book from his pocket, scribbled a few lines upon one of the pages torn from it and handed it to a gray-haired *maitre d'hôtel*.

The man nodded and made his way up the crowded room to where Tresholm's neighbor was still seated. He handed the note across to him without a word, and slipped away. Vigaud adjusted his eye-glass and read the few lines carefully. Then he glanced across at the empty place opposite and shrugged.

His bill was already paid as though in expectation of some such emergency. He made his way through the throng, received his cloak and hat from the *vestiaire* and strolled out into the night.

Tresholm was a man rarely ill at ease, but a certain fineness of sensibility inspired in him a swift revulsion to his tawdry and meretricious environment—the too-ample couch which took up half the room, the bottle of champagne already opened upon the table, the locked door, the room itself, with its brazen adornments, were all alike hideous to him.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you must forgive me, but I find these surroundings distasteful. Unless you can offer me an immediate explanation of the service which you require from me I must leave you."

"I shall explain," she assured him quickly. "Have patience for a few moments, I beg."

"At least let me unlock the door," he begged.

"Not yet," she insisted. "There must always be that delay. Now I explain."

He stood icily upon the other side of the table. She poured out two glasses of champagne, drank one and threw the other upon the floor.

"You know my nationality," she began. "For the last few years there has been unrest in this part of the world. I speak both languages. I have many acquaintances. In the war I was in a government bureau. Since then, the men who were my chiefs have continued to make use of me."

She paused to listen for a moment.

"Go on," he invited, a little less coldly.

"My instructions came to me a month ago, but first I had to wait for three weeks. Since then I have been working. There is a battleship in the harbor. My task was to make friends with one of the officers. The battleship is fitted with some secret device for resisting torpedoes. Half-way across the Atlantic she was submitted to tests—you understand, Monsieur?"

"Quite well," Tresholm assented. "Go on."

"The result of those tests," she continued, "was entered in the Admiral's private diary. My task was to obtain the page upon which the results were written, whilst he was away in Toulon. I succeeded."

"Are you sure you haven't been hoaxed?" he asked her.

She shook her head. "A great deal was done for me," she confided. "On the first visitors' day someone whom I have never seen in my life took a wax impression of the key of the small cupboard where the diary is kept. The key was given to me four days ago. I gave it to my friend. Yesterday, he brought me the page, cut out."

"Have you parted with it yet?"

"They won't let me," she cried, almost hysterically. "I have been driven crazy. The French police are suspicious. They have not ventured to search my rooms, but there is an agent of the police outside my door who pretends to be a fireman, and they follow me in the street so that I dare not post a letter or approach any of my intimates here. My telephone, I know, is guarded."

"I have been nearly crazy with anxiety. The man into whose hands I was to pass the page of the diary has been in the restaurant tonight, but I had to signal to him to go away. Opposite me sits Vigaud, an agent of the French police. I am terrified."

"Where is this page of the diary at the present moment?" Tresholm asked.

"I have it with me," she confided. "I throw myself upon your generosity, Monsieur. My heart has ached ever since I did this thing. I repent. I sob at night with terror. That poor boy! I saw his face this evening."

"You mean the tall youth at the end of the procession?"

"Yes. They tell me if it is discovered, he will be shot. I want the page restored to him."

"What would be the good of that?" Tresholm pointed out. "You can't cut a page out of a diary and replace it."

"This is different," she told him eagerly.

"The book is of a different fabrication. Each day of the week is on a separate page, with holes at the top through which two clips pass. The poor boy still has the key. He could at least take his chance of replacing it."

"How are you going to communicate with him?"

"I can't," she cried, "but you could."

"Even if I did," Tresholm deliberated, "it seems to me long odds about his being able to replace it. Has anyone discovered it is missing?"

"I will tell you, Monsieur, what has happened," she declared eagerly. "The Admiral's secretary, with whom he left his keys, had occasion to go to the safe. He found things disturbed. The alarm was given. The ship was isolated. Afterwards a search was made."

"This one page from the diary?"

"It was not noticed. The secretary—he decided that he had been mistaken in the disturbance of the papers. People were allowed once more to come and go from the ship as they wished, but tomorrow, Monsieur—tomorrow, the Admiral returns. He will be told of the scare, and he will search for himself. It must be returned before midday tomorrow."

She listened for a moment with the old terror in her eyes, poured out more champagne, and moving over to the couch, disarranged the cushions.

"Écoutez," she said, returning. "I had a letter from him this morning—a pathetic letter. If only he knew how I longed to give him back the page! No harm has been done. Not a soul has seen it. Nevertheless, when the Admiral returns, a report of the scare will be made to him and the theft will be discovered. George—he is my little friend—he will be suspected first of all because he is the Admiral's nephew and is allowed access to his cabin. Poor boy, he is not of the nature of those who conspire. He will break down. He will confess. He will be shot."

Tresholm stood considering the problem.

"You are my hope!" she cried. "Directly you came in, my heart gave a leap. You were pointed out to me at Monte Carlo. They told me that you were a great gambler. Take the risk, Monsieur. You will save this boy's life. You are English. So little can happen to you. Ah!"

She sprang away. Down the passage came footsteps which in their very tread seemed grim and official. To Tresholm she behaved like a madwoman. She flung herself upon the couch, pulled off her stockings and concealed them beneath the cushions, tore down a part of her dress, rumpled her hair and burst into a senseless fit of gay but hysterical laughter.

Then there came the knocking at the door—a brief, imperative knocking. She answered. Her voice was stifled—angry, but not terrified.

"Qui est là?"

"Open the door in the name of the police," was the stern reply.

"Ridicule!" she exclaimed. "Il y a quelqu'un. Allez-vous-en."

She beckoned Tresholm towards the couch, and he found himself for once obeying meekly. She leaned over and poured out more champagne. Then she began to talk to herself.

"Chérie!" she cried. "Ne vous dérangez pas. C'est une blague. Voyez!"

She unlocked the door and stepped back with a little cry, spilling wine from her glass in the movement. A very official-looking inspector of police had entered, followed by two *gendarmes*. They closed the door behind them. The inspector addressed himself to Tresholm.

"Monsieur," he said politely, "I demand pardon for this unusual intrusion, but a grave theft has been committed in the neighborhood, and this lady is under suspicion."

"You arrest me?" she shrieked.

"Pas forcément!" the inspector replied. "If this gentleman and you will submit yourselves to a search, and the missing property is not discovered upon either of you, our disagreeable duty will be completed."

"But how impossible!" she exclaimed. "Search me—a woman? It is incredible!"

"We have a female attendant outside," was the civil response, "and an empty room."

She scowled at him, and then turned to Tresholm.

"I ask you a thousand pardons, *chéri*," she said. "Shall we humor this man, and then perhaps we shall be left alone?"

"I am at your disposition," he conceded.

The *gendarme* unlocked the door, and Mademoiselle passed out into the care of a woman who was waiting in the passage. Tresholm divested himself of his outer garments, handed over his belongings and saw every pocket of his clothes turned inside out. After an even closer search of his person, the official saluted.

"A thousand pardons, Monsieur," he apologized courteously. "Permit me to play the part of valet. I trust we are more fortunate with the lady."

"What is this missing property?" Tresholm inquired.

"A packet of a hundred mille," the man answered glibly.

TRESHOLM smiled. "A great deal of money," he remarked, helping himself to some of the wine and passing the bottle towards the inspector.

In due course the door opened, and the woman searcher returned with her charge. A glance between the former and the inspector was sufficient.

"Perhaps," Mademoiselle demanded angrily, "we may now be allowed to finish our wine."

"There is nothing to prevent it, Mademoiselle," was the inspector's regretful reply, as he saluted and took his leave.

The door was closed and locked. Mademoiselle listened to the retreating footsteps, her hand still upon the key. Her face was drawn, and dark rims were forming under her eyes.

"But this is terrible," she murmured.

"Hadden't you better put your stockings on?" Tresholm suggested.

She continued to listen for a moment. Then she stole back to the couch and drew out the stockings from beneath the pillows and pulled them on. Tresholm watched her with surprise.

"But you already have stockings!"

She laughed at him. "It is the safest of all hiding-places," she murmured. "Monsieur may feel."



She held up her leg. He leaned forward and felt the sole of her foot. There was something stiff there.

"They are beautifully made by a friend at Lyons," she confided. "No one would ever believe that there is a double sole. And you—you consent now to help me?"

"I'll do my best," Tresholm promised.

The two cars full of noisy sailor boys were brought to an unexpected halt at the commencement of the dark descent to the Villefranche Harbor. A long-bonneted two-seater was slowed across the road, completely barring progress. They began with one accord to shout alcoholically inspired remarks.

Tresholm advanced out of the shadows. With his hat pulled over his forehead and his coat collar turned up, he was quite unrecognizable.

"Sorry," he apologized. "I didn't see the

bend, put on my brakes too soon, skidded round and stalled my engine. If you fellows wouldn't mind giving me a push onto the other road, I'll get her going somehow or other."

They all tumbled out good-naturedly enough. In the darkness Tresholm easily managed to slip a pocketbook into the young man's hand. "No more of this confounded foolery, mind," he whispered.

The boy looked around. They were well behind the others.

"I swear there won't be, sir," he groaned.

"Think you'll get it back all right?"

"Certain," was the confident reply. "Tell you what, sir. You really want to know?"

"Well, you've given me a lot of trouble tonight," Tresholm acknowledged. "I'd like to feel that it wasn't for nothing."

"Stop on the hill, sir, just before the bend. My pal's on signaling duty tonight. I'll send you three white flashes as soon as the job's

done. He'll think it's for a little girl we know at Cap Ferrat."

With a final push, the car was on the right road once more, its bonnet turned. Tresholm jammed on the brakes.

They trooped back to their cars, and Tresholm, starting his engine, curiously enough without trouble, mounted the hill. At the top he swung into the side of the road, lighted a cigaret and gazed downward.

The shapes of the great battle-ship and the three attendant gunboats were defined with curious accuracy by their brilliant line of lights. Everywhere was deep silence.

Suddenly the signal came, somehow eloquently dramatic, significant of a catastrophe averted. Three times the brilliant white rays pierced the darkness. Tresholm slipped in the clutch and started off to complete his journey. Behind Mont Agel, the dawn, colorless as yet, was lightening the sky.

## Tattie Marsh by Zona Gale (Continued from page 61)

"is the day Marya Bradley is going to be married. How grand. Why that," said Tattie, "will be like a double wedding, sort of."

"Sure it will," said Magnus, laughing.

So when he left that night, he said to her: "June first. That's the day. I'll be here, if I'm alive. If I ain't here, you'll know I'm dead. See?"

Through the month Tattie scrubbed and cleaned at the Bradleys'. She saved enough money for a cheap gown, a cheap hat, some shoes. It troubled her that she would not have means to make her home beautiful for her wedding. But she polished the extension table, and thought that they could be married beside it, all laid for the wedding-feast of cake and ice-cream.

On the afternoon of May thirty-first, Tattie March slipped into the room where Marya Bradley sat watching her mother and sisters and her bridesmaids make net rice-bags. The sun, the flowers, the exciting disorders, held the old look of doors opening on golden clouds.

Mrs. Bradley looked up kindly and said, "What was it, and Tattie said baldly:

"Please. I'm going to be married tomorrow too. Is that all right with you?"

"Going to be married too!" they all cried, and said pleasant things to her. Tattie blushed.

"I wondered, Mis' Bradley," she said, "whether you'd telephone down for them to send me up a white dress—I want it white; and a white straw hat. If you telephone, they'd pay some attention."

"You mean, for your wedding-gown, Tattie?" Mrs. Bradley asked, her hands arrested in their motion, her face in its complacency.

"Yes'm," Tattie said, and shook a little box in her hand, so that the silver pieces jingled. "I got the money," she said.

It was Marya Bradley who herself bought dress and hat, taking the box of silver, which paid for a part of the purchase.

When that delivery boy came to Tattie's house, she opened the boxes, whispering: "I'm regular happy now—seems like there's nothing else to be."

She put on dress and hat and stood by the dining-room window. Breck Lardner galloped by like a wild man, headed for the open roads.

On the morning of June first, Tattie was up early, put on her white gown, her white hat, her new shoes, and went out on the sidewalk. She walked up and down, and waited.

Magnus had arrived in the early morning that first time—he might be early now. From eight until twelve o'clock she walked up and down before her door. Then she went inside and sat by her dining-room table. It was laid with a white cloth, candles and wild flowers dotted it, and flat in the center lay a cardboard picture of the Virgin Mary.

Marya Bradley and Breck Lardner were to be married now, at noon. Tattie wanted to taste the moment, taste her own expectation. She sat waiting, staring at the street.

She saw the crowd of men and boys passing, heard them shouting, wondered, and went out. They were following a car that went slowly. They told her: Breck Lardner, thrown over his horse's head as he went for an early gallop. They had found him in the ditch of a lonely road at just the hour when he was to have been married. Just the hour.

In her wedding-gown and hat, Tattie ran through the streets to the Bradleys'. The guests were all there, she entered and saw Marya Bradley's terrible white face.

"I'd stay," Tattie said, "only I'm expecting my husband-to-be—"

She ran back, inquired minutely of her neighbors. No, no one had seen such a man. Through the afternoon she walked up and down before her door.

Toward six o'clock she began to feel doubt. Oh, but he had waited for the sunset—that was what Magnus would do; he noticed nice things, he would want to come in the sunset. With the flame of the sunset, she first seriously considered that Magnus, like Breck Lardner, might be dead. For had he not told her . . .

The dark fell, and her white-gown moved up and down the walk. Midnight came, and she was standing outside her door. After the strokes she went in and sat down by that dining-table altar. She and Marya Bradley . . .

Through the night she dozed and woke, sat, fully dressed, beside the table. With the dawn she heard running feet. She opened her door and stepped outside. From habit her feet moved toward the Bradleys' house.

She wondered at all the people on the lawn. Then she saw a servant of the house who said: "Come and mop up the porch—where they first put her down."

It was Marya. She had gone early to the little lake and there had lain down . . .

In her wedding-dress, Tattie mopped up the porch. Then, with the gown's freshness all flawed, she went back to her own house. She questioned the neighbors minutely. No—no one had seen such a man.

She went into the house, took off her wedding-gown and hat that she had worn for twenty-four hours, dressed in her cleaning clothes and started back towards the Bradleys'.

"Marya and me," thought Tattie. "Breck Lardner and Magnus. Three gone. But me—I'll have to keep on. Seems like there's nothing else to do."

## The 3 Darlings by Nevis Shane (Continued from page 69)

at that, I reckon you'd better make the tea, Gay. She meant you, of course; she knows old Chloe is napping this time of day."

Jerry, satisfied with her beauty labors, turned toward the door. She said, "I'll take it in for you, Gay. You'd better hurry."

Gaynor gave a bitter little laugh. "Why? He won't go for ages yet."

Jerry paused, her mouth rebellious. "You bet he won't. She'll spin his visit out for all it's worth—the sneaky 'fraid-cat! Gay, what do you suppose they talk about all that time in there alone? Do you think he kisses her?"

"I don't know—or care." Gay scrubbed the basin with fevered energy. "And you can make the tea—I'm busy."

Jerry ran down the curved stairs, singing.

Gay sat suddenly down on the bathroom floor and leaned her head against the tub.

Didn't care! she had said. Oh, liar, liar. When she suffered agonies during these visits

of Alan. When it was only by a frenzied activity that she could tranquilize herself.

Sometimes she saw him, but not often. Sometimes Patricia would call her to mix him a special mint julep as only Gay could mix it. Or he would come out of the drawing-room just as she was passing through the hall on her way upstairs. Or they would pass each other in the garden. On the garden-meeting occasions, he always stopped her: "Where have you been, Gay? What have you been doing?"

Where? Anywhere that was away from him and Patricia. Doing? Anything that would keep her from thinking of him and Patricia. "Oh, just for a walk—picking huckleberries for dinner."

She heard Jerry coming up the stairs and rose.

"Oh, Gay, Alan wants to see you a minute."

Jerry looked in at the doorway. Her eyes glinted maliciously. She said: "When I went

in with the tea, he gave me another look—so I stayed. Pat was furious. As if I care!" Then, remembering her mission: "He wants to ask you something about a dog."

Gay went down to the hall. Her eyelids drooped over the hot flames of her eyes. Something about a dog! She did not seem to see that he had intended to shake hands.

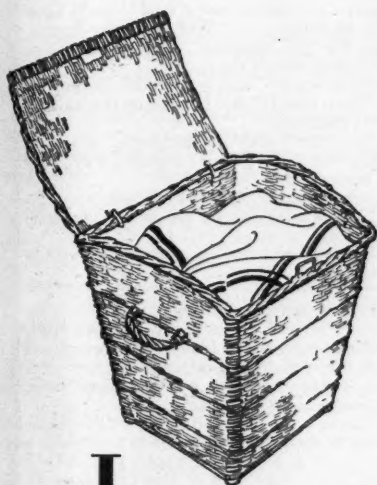
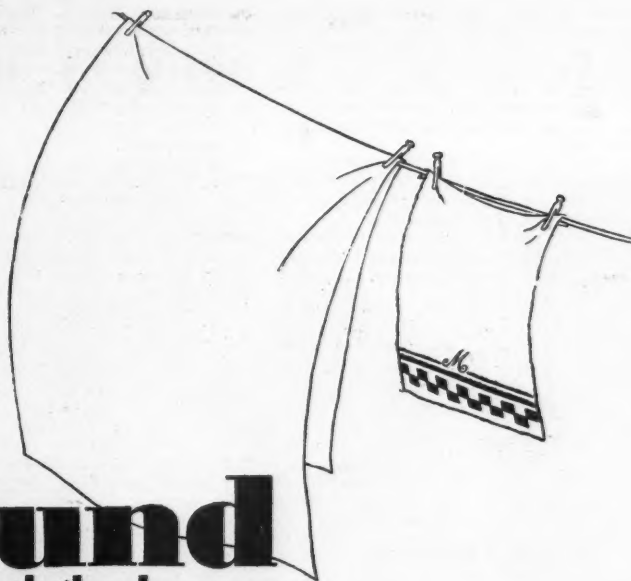
Patricia, in her graceful Queen Guinevere attitude by the door, said, "Alan's collic—"

Her words died away upon Gaynor's consciousness. Alan's collic—the cause, the helpless *deus ex machina* of their first meeting . . .

She heard Alan's voice explaining something. "I took one of 'em to the vet in town, but I'm going for her in the morning and I thought—"

She nodded without actually knowing what he thought. What did it matter?

Gaynor was scrubbing the front veranda



# found

between clothes-hamper  
and clothesline —

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**I**T'S LIKE finding a new and willing assistant to help you with your washing, when you use Fels-Naptha Soap! For Fels-Naptha brings you *extra* help that does the hard rubbing. Your clothes are clean, white, fresh through and through, with less work and effort on your part.

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# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR





the next morning. She wore a checked gingham dress, its sleeves rolled up above her elbows, a pair of almost shapeless golf brogues—Jerry's, as Gaynor didn't play golf and had, therefore, no use for such accouterments—and upon her small head a weird-looking turban. Her face was unpowdered and more than a little shiny.

So she wasn't, one may see, exactly prepared for Alan. She heard a sharp scrunching in the driveway and before she could make a dignified retreat, there he was.

He drove the huge shining dragon he erroneously called a car, and on the seat beside him was one of Mrs. Thistle's progeny. It yapped at Gaynor ungratefully.

"Good morning," said Alan, smiling. "I've brought Mary, Queen of Scots, to call on our way home from the veterinarian's."

Gaynor sat back on her heels and stared at him. She said, "Neither Patricia nor Jerry are up yet." Then, accusingly: "It's not nine o'clock."

He was still smiling. "Well, I only just stopped to show you how splendidly our orphans are doing. This little fraud didn't have a thing wrong with her—just tried to digest a few tacks, didn't you, old lady?"

Gaynor let him talk to her profile. She went on scrubbing—what did it matter what she did? how she looked? She went on scrubbing...

Then suddenly, impatiently, he said: "Gaynor, for heaven's sake stop that swishing a minute! I want to ask you something."

"Well?" Her tone was not encouraging.

He said: "I want you to take that—that contraption off your head and drive over to the Hall with me to give your opinion on a new filly I've just purchased."

She looked at him bitterly. She said in a swift, bitter voice: "Thanks, but I happen to be busy; and this—this contraption on my head happens to be a dust-cap."

Alan said cruelly: "Well, whatever it is, it is perfectly hideous. And there's no earthly reason why you can't get up from that ridiculous position and come with me for a drive."

Her face was drained of every vestige of color. She said slowly, "No earthly reason, except that I don't care to."

"Oh," he said, and looked out at the garden.

Gaynor stared blindly down at the wet scrubbing-brush. There! she thought. Perhaps that took a little of the conceit out of him—trying to patronize me, condescending to notice me when there's no one else about to feed the flame of his vanity... But her throat hurt her intolerably.

Alan brought his gaze back to her. He said quietly: "I'm sorry, Gay, I was so beastly rude. Won't you show I'm forgiven by driving over to the Hall with me after all?"

At his tone, the citadel of her pride and resentment crumbled hopelessly.

She said, in a swift, choked voice: "Alan, I'd love to. But I can't—I really can't. I must finish this veranda. Patricia's giving a bridge-party and Aunt Chloe is too busy."

"Perhaps later?"

But she shook her head. "No, it isn't possible. I've the sandwiches to do later."

Then Alan said deliberately, distinctly: "Gaynor, when is your afternoon off?"

"My afternoon off?" And she stared at him in blank amazement.

"That's what I said: When is your afternoon off? Perhaps on that day you might care to take a drive."

**H**is intent, his meaning, was unmistakable. She put her hand to her mouth to hide its sudden quivering.

He had deliberately, cruelly, shown her what she was—a dull drab, an unattractive and uninteresting household drudge, spineless, resistless, futile, good only for the drab things of life, such as—as— And in that swift, bitter moment, the whole panorama of her twenty-one years went flying past her:

"Gay, dear, give Jerry your dolly—don't make her cry."

"Gay, dear, I'm sorry, but you can't go to

the party with Patricia. Mother has a headache and needs her little nurse."

"Gay, dear, would you mind pressing Jerry's pink organdy for the church supper?"

"Gay, dear, have you time to mend the lace on Patricia's slip while she's dressing?"

Patricia, Jerry—Jerry, Patricia—always, always, always...

She looked at Alan with blind, swimming eyes. She said, "I don't have afternoons off. But perhaps tomorrow—"

He said, tickling Mary of Scots absently: "Well, then, I want you to spend it with me, if you don't mind. As a matter of fact, I want to talk with you—discuss something with you. What time shall I come and fetch you?"

She still looked at him blindly.

"What time?" he said again, a trifle sharply.

She said faintly: "About four o'clock. Only please don't come to the house. I—I'd rather meet you at the fork in the road."

He said, that sharp note still dominant in his voice, "Why?"

Her eyelids fluttered. "Oh, nothing—only Patricia and Jerry would expect to come too. And you said you wanted to—to discuss something with me."

He laughed. "So I do. And I certainly don't want Patricia or Jerry—especially Patricia—to hear it. At least, not just yet." He flicked his cigaret to the sunny lawn. "Well, tomorrow at four—the fork in the road. Cheerio till then."

And with a sort of Fascist salute, he was gone, roaring down the driveway.

Gaynor, on her mat, suddenly buried her face in her damp, reddened hands.

She heard Patricia's soft drawl at the upstairs window: "Gay, who was that?"

Gay said through her fingers, "Alan Colford."

She heard the sudden sharp rattle of blinds above her. She looked up and saw Patricia's dark, miraculously smooth head and flame-silk-covered shoulders thrust out of the window.

"Alan? What on earth did he want at this time of morning?"

Gay gathered up her scrubbing paraphernalia. "Nothing. Only stopped in on his way back to the Hall with the collie puppy."

Patricia was frowning. Something seemed to annoy her. She said sharply, as if realizing Gaynor's position and attire for the first time: "Don't tell me he caught you in that—that awful make-up!"

Gaynor's pointed little chin went forward. "He did. What about it? What do you care? It wasn't you, was it?"

Patricia laughed softly down at her. "Rather not! But after all, Alan is a gentleman, and gentlemen are inclined to be fastidious about—the appearance and habits of their fiancée's family."

Gay said, not looking up at Patricia: "Fiancée? You mean—"

But what a silly, what a ridiculous question! What could Patricia mean except just what she had said? Patricia never exerted herself to say things to Gaynor that she didn't mean.

Patricia now said: "You know exactly what I mean. Not that we've actually come to any definite understanding. Alan is absurdly shy for so dominant a personality. But a girl always knows when a man is in love with her, and heaven only knows Alan has demonstrated his interest in this house. Every afternoon and practically every evening. I sometimes say, 'Alan, surely the place'—meaning myself, naturally—'must bore you.' But he always smiles in that swift, fascinating way of his, and says: 'Oh, no, Patricia. This place could never bore me.' Only his eyes are on me, and they say, 'you,' instead of 'this place.'"

Gaynor interrupted with a sudden deep weariness. "Patricia, I can't listen any longer. There's too much to be done."

She went down the steps and around the house, carrying the pail and soap and scrubbing-brush with her.

Of course, that was what he wanted to discuss—Patricia. Patricia, with that aloof, intriguing little pose of the untouchable

ice-princess, made him uncertain, unsure of himself and his suit. He thought, no doubt, Gaynor could help him; would, no doubt, say: "Now listen, Gay, do you, or don't you, think I've got a chance? I'm mad about Patricia, but she's so much the unapproachable Queen Guinevere—"

But even Queen Guinevere had succumbed to Sir Lancelot.

**A**LAN, contrary to habit, did not drive or ride over that afternoon.

"On account of my bridge," Patricia explained. "He loathes a lot of silly women."

"Hot apple sauce," said Jerry.

Gay said nothing.

But at six o'clock the telephone shrilled peremptorily.

"For me," said Jerry from the hammock.

"For me," said Patricia from the piano.

"Fo' Miss Gay," said Aunt Chloe from the dim hallway.

Gaynor came out of the pantry.

She said into the mouthpiece: "Hello? Yes, this is Gaynor... Oh, no—no, of course I've not forgotten... What?... Before three?... Before two?... Why, I don't know if I can make it... Well, if it's that important, I'll try. Good-by." She hung up and went back toward the pantry.

"Who was it?" said Jerry in the doorway.

"What was it?" said Patricia on the drawing-room threshold.

"Someone," said Gay decisively, "and something for just me." And the pantry door swung to behind her.

Jerry went back to her hammock.

Patricia went over to the mirror to powder her nose.

But Alan did not drive over to the Oaks that evening.

It was ten minutes past the hour when Gaynor arrived at the fork. He was there, waiting for her in the blue shining dragon, and they drove off in the direction of town. But directly they had gone a few hundred yards, he reached into his pocket.

"Look," he said exultantly. "I've something to show you." And he brought forth a section of a New York paper. "Wonderful luck, Gay. Here, look at this." And he laid the paper on her knees and pointed with his finger.

It was an article, illustrated with sketches of gigantic steel structures and a blurred photograph of Alan. It announced, in discreet headlines, that the plans of one Alan Pell Colford, son of the famous "Steel" Colford, had been accepted for the construction of a stupendous bridge to be swung across some terrific, unpronounceable chasm in Peru, and that said Alan Pell Colford would himself superintend that construction. It said a lot more. But Gaynor saw only the last words she had read. "Operations will start immediately and Mr. Colford expects to sail next Saturday."

The paper was a week old. Why, Saturday was—was day after tomorrow!

She sat back, aghast at the wave of desolation that swept over her. Day after tomorrow!

He said: "What is it, Gay? Aren't you pleased? You know I once told you that this was my life's ambition; a man's work—no, more than that—a work for the gods."

She said, her eyes fixed unseeingly on the white ribbon of the highway: "Of course I'm pleased. Only—only it came so suddenly—the thought, I mean, of your going."

He accelerated the speed of the dragon. It roared along the road.

He said at last, "That's why I had to see you today, alone, without Jerry or Patricia."

Patricia! The thought of her leaped suddenly into Gaynor's numbed consciousness. What about Patricia? No wonder Alan felt he needed aid in that direction. Only the evening in which to get properly engaged, plans formed and future dates set.

They were roaring through a small hamlet where a few stately old mansions still stood, unchanged, behind the high pickets of their



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BY

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

JOHN BARRYMORE

SHE IS ALLIED with some of the oldest families of New York and Boston, but her grandfather and grandmother were Spaniards of Spain, and "Spanish blood" speaks from her beautiful great eyes, her clear olive skin with its flash of pomegranate red; it is in her warm, impulsive, glancing speech, in the instinctive grace of all her movements.

She is quick, frank, eager, intensely alive, with the naiveté of a child occasionally breaking through the utter sophistication of a debutante of the season 1928-'29.

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Nothing could be more beautiful than her clear, smooth, brilliant skin. "A debutante has to have a good skin," she says. "I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face."



Miss Natica de Acosta of New York City, chosen from Woodbury beauties in forty-eight States as the prettiest of debutantes

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fences. But several of them carried discreet boards attached to their gate-posts. Antiques. Ye Olde Booke Shoppe. The Lindens—luncheon, tea, dinner. Before its green-painted gates Alan stopped the car.

He said: "Gay, I want to talk to you and I can't—driving this noisy blunderbuss. Let's have tea here."

She said idiotically, "But it's too early." Oh, to put off, to put off forever that which he had to say to her!

But he got out and held open the door for her. "Well, we can have an ice, then. It doesn't really matter."

No escape. She followed him up the walk to an awninged veranda where one old lady sat sipping lemon-water and reading a paper.

They sat down at one of the little green tables. They waited. Finally an old darky wandered out, smiled at them toothlessly, repeated their order, "Yassuh—two iced teas," and wandered off, to return a few minutes later with a pitcher of lemonade.

"We said iced tea—" began Alan. "Yassuh—but Ah reckon you-all 'll like dis hyar lemonade bettah." He wandered off.

Alan began to talk about South America. Gaynor merely listened and suffered, waiting for that time when he had finished.

"It will be far from an easy life, Gay," he said. "Nothing—certainly not money—can make it an easy life. I should need all the help I could get."

"I know, I know," said Gaynor swiftly. "And your wife—" She broke off, aghast at her hideous blunder.

"And my wife?" he prompted her. "Go on. What were you going to say about my wife?" She tried to dissemble. "I—I hear you may be married." Oh, worse and worse. Was there ever a more humiliating situation?

"Well, I may. But where did you hear about it?"

"Oh, nowhere particularly—just rumor." "Really? Well, rumor is usually wrong, but in this case, it is—or, rather, I hope it is true."

She said, with difficulty, "Why shouldn't it be true?"

"Because," said Alan, "it all depends on the lady. She may say no. You see, I haven't asked her yet."

She nodded. "Yes, I know."

He smiled suddenly. "Oh, you do, do you?" She bit her lips. Another ghastly blunder!

What was wrong with her, anyway?

"I meant—evidently, since you didn't know her answer, you hadn't asked her." Oh, so stupid, so banal!

He had stopped smiling. He said, "But only because I've never had the courage."

Ah, that was it after all! "Or the opportunity."

But those long, secluded afternoon sessions! Those languorous, silver-summer nights.

"Or the slightest encouragement."

What on earth had been wrong with Patricia's famous technique?

"But I've got the courage and the opportunity now, and—and all I need is just the least bit of encouragement—the very least bit." He was reaching out his arms and glancing over his shoulder at the same time. "Gaynor! You sweet! Do it—quick!—do it before that old lady looks up."

And Gaynor did—quick enough at the start, but so slow at the end that when the old lady looked up, they were still at it. The old lady was scandalized. Kissing in a public place! In full view of everybody! What next?

Alan was saying: "Oh, Gay, Gay—if you knew what I've been through these past months! Desperately in love and never an opportunity of seeing you. All those days and nights I spent hanging around on the off-chance of a glimpse of you. And you treating me as if I were a public nuisance! Yes, you did! And the way they treated you! Like some darned slavey. You—with your intelligence, your beauty—"

Gaynor said swiftly, brokenly, "Oh, Alan, but I'm not pretty."

He looked at her with a vast dark astonishment. "Pretty! Of course you're not pretty in the moving-picture way that Patricia is with her absurd little poses, or the magazine-cover way that Jerry is with her impudent nose and silly audacity. You—you are lovely, Gay. Your hair is like the copper beech in autumn, and your eyes are like far-off stars just at dusk, and your mouth—it was your mouth I noticed first that morning in the woods—so very, very sweet and sensitive, Gay. A man need look no further than your mouth to know all about you, Gaynor."

"Alan, all this—you, me, what you're saying—it's not a dream, is it?"

He said in a low passionate voice: "So that is what they have succeeded in doing to you." She saw his eyes harden, his mouth tighten cruelly. "It's been all I could do to keep silent. I think yesterday I wanted to strike—to hurt Patricia or Jerry, had they been handy. And your mother. That's why I didn't turn up last evening. After my thoughts of the day, I could never again enter her house until—until, at least, you and I—" He broke off and the hardness went out of his expression.

He said softly, irrelevantly, "They made a slave of you, Gaynor, but from now on you shall be a queen and I, your slave."

"Would you-all like tea now?" asked the dusky ambassador of the kitchen. "It's nearly fo' o'clock."

"My sainted aunt!" cried Alan and jumped up. "Here you are, old fellow. Now come along, Gay. We've got to hurry."

"Yes, Alan."

"Don't bother with your hair—just get your gloves and bag."

"Yes, Alan."

"I can't imagine what I was thinking of—to have forgotten. Look out for that step!"

"Yes, Alan."

"We've just about time to make it."

"Make what, Alan?"

"Why, the municipal office before it closes."

She stopped, aghast. "Municipal office! Oh, Alan, I can't!"

They had reached the car. He caught her arm and almost threw her into it.

"Not only can, but are!" he said firmly.

"You're not going back to that house even to say good-by. You can telephone from a drug store and buy a tooth-brush at the same time."

"Alan, I can't—I simply can't!"

"Shut up and kiss me. There! Now fix your hat—it's all over one eye."

Said Gaynor trillingly: "Oh, Alan—for my slave, how you do order me about!"

He forgot to take the gear out of neutral. "Oh, Gaynor, my sweet—do I really? And after all I've said about Patricia and Jerry! Dearest, you must break me of the habit."

"Oh, no," said Gay softly; "I—I rather like it." She smiled tremulously at him. "I reckon, Alan, it—it all depends on who does it."

## The Extraordinary Sex by W. Somerset Maugham (Continued from page 43)

only to put a commonplace in French for him to mistake it for an epigram, and he had thought well enough of the gibe to use it as his own in one of his essays. Such praise as he was willing to accord his contemporaries he reserved for those who wrote in a foreign tongue.

For my part, I did not find him a very agreeable companion. It never ceased to puzzle me that this dull and mannered little man should acquire so much grace, wit and gaiety when he took a pen in his hand.

It puzzled me even more that a gallant and vivacious creature like Mary Warton should have cherished for him so long such undying passion. These things are inexplicable and there was evidently something in that odd, crabbed little man that appealed to women, for his wife adored him. She had led him a dog's life, but had always refused to give him his freedom. She swore to kill herself if he left her, and since she was unbalanced and hysterical Gerrard was never quite certain that she would not carry out her threat.

One day, calling on Mary, I saw that she was distraught and nervous and when I asked her what was the matter she burst into tears. She had been lunching with Mawson and had found him shattered after a scene with his wife.

"We can't go on like this!" Mary cried. "It's ruining all our lives."

"Why don't you take the plunge?"

"What do you mean?"

"You've been lovers so long, you know the best and worst of one another by now; you're getting old, you can't count on many more

years of life; it seems a pity to waste a love that has endured so long. Why don't you chuck everything and just go off together and let come what may?"

Mary shook her head. "We've talked that over endlessly. It's impossible. For years Gerrard couldn't on account of his daughters. Mrs. Mawson may have been a very fond mother, but she was a very bad one, and there was no one to see the girls were properly brought up but Gerrard. And now that they're married he's set in his habits."

"What should we do? Go to France or Italy. I couldn't tear Gerrard away from his friends, his club, his surroundings. And besides, though Thomas nags me and makes me scenes, he loves me, you know, and when it came to the point I simply shouldn't have the heart to leave him. He'd be lost without me."

"It's a situation without an issue. I'm dreadfully sorry for you."

"You need not be. I was rather wretched a little while ago, but now I've had a good cry I feel better. Notwithstanding all the pain, all the unhappiness this affair has caused me, I wouldn't have missed it for the world. For the few moments of ecstasy my love has brought me I would be willing to live all my life over again."

I could not help but be moved. "There's no doubt about it," I said. "That's love."

"Yes, it's love and we've just got to go through with it. There's no way out."

And now with this tragic suddenness the way out had come. I turned a little to look

at Mary and she, feeling my eyes upon her, turned too. There was a smile on her lips.

"Why did you come here tonight? It must be awful for you."

She shrugged her shoulders. "What could I do? I read the news in the evening paper while I was dressing. He'd asked me not to ring up the nursing-home on account of his wife. It's death to me. I had to come. What excuse could I give Tom? I'm not supposed to have seen Gerrard for two years."

"Do you know that for twenty years we'd written to one another every day?" Her lower lip trembled a little, but she bit it and for a moment her face was twisted to a strange grimace; then with a smile she pulled herself together. "He was everything I had in the world, but I can't let a party down, can I? He always said I had a social sense."

"Happily we shall break up early and you can go home."

"I don't want to go home. I don't want to be alone. I daren't cry because my eyes will get red and swollen, and we've got a lot of people lunching with us tomorrow, and I must be in good form. Tom expects to get a commission for a portrait out of it."

"By George, you've got courage."

"D'you think so? I'm heart-broken, you know. I suppose that's what makes it easier for me. Gerrard would have liked me to put a good face on it. He would have appreciated the irony of the situation. It's the sort of thing he always thought the French novelists described so well."

# Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

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**ENTRANCINGLY BEAUTIFUL** as this romantic world would wish her to be is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. Slim as a nymph, with glorious Titian hair and a skin as fair as hawthorn blossoms, this young bride is winning all hearts with her charm.

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Always she shares his work, his constant comrade and chum. The carefree life of the Western desert country delights them both. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a crack shot with rifle, shotgun or revolver, and she can rope a steer as cleverly as any cowboy.

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## Roaming Cowboy (Continued from page 53)

very kind. She radiated kindness. There was never in all the world a woman so harmless, so soft, so small, so still. She sat there beside Nick until the rest, man by man, even Ernie himself, had stood up and moved away.

A small smooth moon was setting, a feathery moon. When it had floated down the roof-top, Jessica stood up and went in.

When he was alone, Nick passed his hands across his eyes. The time he had passed beside her had been a hundred peaceful lives. He had been saturated as by centuries of tranquillity. But now he felt exhausted, barren.

He could not find Tiptoes for good night, and in the bunk-house, lonely and unconsoled, on his hard mattress, he did not sleep at all till dawn.

"The mi-mi-missus—"

Yes, the missus. There had been an afternoon, meanwhile . . .

Nick had been sent out in search of a stray team and he found himself standing beneath a great flat-topped boulder in the sun. Before him lay the tall mountains in their snows.

"Ah!" said a breath.

He jumped back into his body, staring, and flung up his head. There, on the boulder's top, sat the small mistress of the land.

The young man drew his suppleness up beside her and sat on the boulder's edge.

"Ghost-mountains," said Jessica, looking at them somberly. "I love them. I hate them. They scare me. They keep me always wanting the things I can't get. Nick Lynne, away off yonder up in the dry country where I used to live, I could see those mountains, taller, farther away, more ghostly, more beckoning. I've moved down closer to them, but they don't seem any nearer than they used to be. They're ghost-mountains still."

She was silent and so was Nick.

"The first time I came down to Bates' ranch I was just ten years old and it seemed to me the finest place, and he the finest man, in all the world. We were so awful poor, the kind of 'poor' that hungers.

"My father, he was stung by a land-shark, his homestead was worth nothing, not even the money to get away with. And my poor mother after she'd borne a dozen children just seemed to turn empty and noisy like something made out of tin. No sense. Rattle. Rattle. And sometimes—cry. It was misery.

"Out behind our cabin—and such a cabin! A bear would scorn it—there stood a rock, something like this one. I'd go off, sunsets, and sit there staring at those mountain-heads. They made me think of one of David's psalms, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory?'"

"That's all Ma knew to tell us. I never did get to hear the answer to that question: 'Who is this King of Glory?' So I used to answer it my own way. He is—love."

Such a soft, yearning word, a summer secret, "lo-ove."

Jessica caught in her breath sharply.

"Then one day, years later, I was driving down again to Bates' ranch. This time, I was to stay. I'd come down often enough between those visits. Bates had a son." She closed her eyes in a white, patient face. "You know, when I came to the ford there, the day you lay drinking on the bank, I thought you were—his ghost. I found him, that day, lying there just thataway with his red hair in the water. His horse had thrown him. He was dead. We was to have been married—"

Nick put out his hand to rest it upon hers but, as she moved a trifle, his fingers fell and closed lightly on her wrist. It was the embodiment of that soft wooing word of hers, round, smooth, with a strong hurried pulse within it—"lo-ove."

"So then, after that, I didn't try to answer King David's question ever again. I closed my ears. I closed my heart. The King of Glory was never to come into my life, to me. After several years I married Frank's father.

I wanted to be done with poverty, with hungering." She laughed a little. "I've liked being Mrs. Ernie Bates." She stopped laughing.

Nick let go her wrist and slid down from the rock, a soft beating, as of her pulse, in his head. "I've been contented," she said. "Frank has never haunted me, until—"

"Until?" Nick had not meant to speak, the word whispered itself from him.

"Until now."

Nick went away presently about his business.

"The mi-mi-missus, she w-won't le-le-let a m-m-man m-m-make up to C-C-Candace, Nick. She'll th-th-throw you ou-ou-ou-out."

So came an end at last to Garger's warning, but before he'd wrung it off his tongue, Nick Lynne had learned the lesson for himself.

From the ranch-house, one noon, Candace came down to the spring. The program of her work had changed. She was no longer on her tractor. Jessica had needed her inside the house.

She caught up a bucket and went to get the cold clear water that she liked best to drink and she went down to it, singing and swinging, a jill without her Jack. Nick was swimming in that stream and, scared and modest, hid himself from her as she approached.

As she bent over the water, singing and swinging, to dip her pail, a Jack entered the scene, one of the ranch-hands, Seedy, they called him, a lanky and good-humored youth, blue-eyed. He had seen Candace from where he lay enjoying his noon rest under a meadow-aspen, and had come gangling over.

Jessica stood like a small sentry in the kitchen door, shading her green eyes while they followed Candace down the path to the water.

"Hullo, Seedy," said Candace pleasantly.

"Hullo, yourself," said Seedy. "Give me your pail across here. I'll dip it in for you. It's deeper here and the bottom's cleaner."

Candace leaned far across to give him her pail and he, guffawing, caught her arm and pulled her so that she lost her balance and would have fallen into the water if he, moving into it himself, had not caught her in his arms. He carried her to his own bank and kissed her clumsily before he set her down.

"Quit fightin'. Don't be mad," he said. "I didn't get you one mite wet, Can-dace."

All that then happened, happened rather fast, so that Nick, dressing hastily in order to rescue the girl if rescue should be needed, which seemed unlikely, found himself still necessarily in ambush at the drama's climax.

Jessica, seeing Seedy's practical joke, which looked more violent from a distance, had run out two or three startled steps, then, composing herself, had raised two fingers to her mouth and blown a piercing whistle. To its call came running that great oxlike Berber, Bates' foreman and the henchman of his wife.

Nick could see their brief descriptive colloquy, the big man's comprehending nod.

He came down the path on a lumbering run; came, head down, across the deepish pool as though it had not been there and fell upon the unsuspecting comedian like an Assyrian bull. The poor astounded "Jack" had barely time to put up his arms, his fists.

There and then, while Candace protested in vain, Seedy received a pounding so fierce that at last Nick rushed out, swearing, to give him aid. By that time Jessica stood like a witch beyond the spring. She lifted her hand.

"Quit it now, Ben. He's had enough. Fetch him here. Cold water will be good for him."

Seedy was jerked bodily through the pool like a log and thrown, wet, gasping and liberally bleeding, at Jessica's small feet. She stooped and put into his torn and saturated shirt a slip of paper.

"That's your time," said Jessica. "When you can stand up, get out of here."

She rose from him and spoke the rest of her mind to the world at large.

"I will not permit any man on this ranch to



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make up to Candace. She's only sixteen and next fall I'm sending her to a town boarding-school. She is not going to be for the likes of any ranch hand or drifting cowboy. I want she should be a lady. And I want she should go to school with a free mind and a light heart."

Her eyes, enormous, vividly green, balefully opened once upon Nick.

Then she beckoned to Candace who was in tears and took her hand and led her as though she had been three years old up the slope and in at the kitchen door.

From the day of Seedy's thrashing Nick's imagination of a truant and a rebel drifted irresistibly towards clear-eyed Candace.

An adventurer, male or female, is always of two minds, of the mind that wants to wander and of the mind that wants to rest, of the marrying mind and of the passionate mind. While Nick, with one eye on Berber and one ear cocked like a terrier's for Jessica's fierce intervention, gently, boldly, excitedly wooed young Candace to be his wife, his heart was sometimes in a moody torment for the enchantments of that other woman.

Her hungry gray-green eyes rested upon him so often and so dangerously. He knew that she had power. His heart tightened for her coming and relaxed for her going since these comings and these goings seemed to be some sort of speech addressed to him. Whereas Candace, why, Candace cared more for Tiptoes than she did for Nick, went about her business, not seeming aware of him at all.

In fact, Tiptoes did Nick both service and disservice in his suit. She provided an excellent screen for his intention, since Candace wooed Tiptoes by dawn and noon and dusk.

Therefore, always in Tiptoes' company, he murmured hour by hour into Candace's half-attentive ear. Their talk ran in this fashion:

"So you see, Candace, I'm not such a no-account young feller as you think. I've drifted a plenty, sure, but I've put some earnin's by. I've even bought me a little property in Colorado."

"Oh, Nick, do look at her! She's huntin' for the apple up my sleeve."

"Ain't that the truth? And it's a right nice property, Candace, where I could build me a cabin 'most as good as this one if I had a girl to build it for."

"Haven't you got a girl, Nick? That's funny. Well, no, I guess it isn't. Tiptoes would be enough."

To win her full attention, Nick was forced to change his theme, to give the leading rôle in his saga to Tiptoes. And as the first boyish defiance of his courtship deepened into something tenderer and warmer, it began to hurt.

All at once, one evening the hurt stung him into violence. He gripped her wrist, he shook it, his mica eyes flickered with cold sparks.

"You listen to me, girl. You look at me. What's a hoss, when a man's at your elbow? Ain't I been tellin' you I love you?"

Candace scared; Candace so white that her freckles stood out across her lovely skin; Candace wrenching free from him in tears—and, as she wrenched, that other horse behind them, jealous for the last hour of Tiptoes' nibblings, wheeled with his ears flat and Nick, flinging the girl aside, took that vicious heel against his own leg-bone just below the knee.

Because of pain and fright and shock neither of them was surprised that Jessica was near enough to the field corral to come like a little running ghost from among the aspen trees, to kneel beside Nick where he crouched in agony, to summon Berber with her whistle and to help the injured man's painful journey down to the bunk-house. He lay there on his mattress, biting his lips and digging his nails into his palms, while one of the boys galloped down the country for "doc" and Jessica held a tin cup of whisky to his writhing lips.

His eyes begged for Candace, but Candace had been sent away. It was Jessica who put hot wet cloths on his leg, Jessica who felt the bone with cool and careful fingers, Jessica who spoke softly to console his pain. She had him moved up to the living-room where he lay,





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vivid again and smiling, on a big couch, a very clean, sleek and courteous invalid.

He wanted for nothing, for no attention, amusement, care, or nourishment. But Candace he did not see, or hear.

He grew vaguely frightened, lying there.

Ernie Bates came in to read the paper to him.

"Mr. Bates," he broke out passionately, "where is Candace? Where is your niece?"

"Why, Jess, she sent her off day after your accident when she fired Berber."

"Sent her—fired Berber?"

Bates wore his driest old-man smile. "I never took no stock in Berber," said he. "These women! But Jess, she always swore by him. Then, just because he come to her with some talk as to how you was courtin' Candace behind our backs—and I don't see myself why in thunder you shouldn't do it afore our faces, seein' as Jess will never make a fine lady out of Candy, she's a ranch gal first and last, loves hosses and hay a hull lot more'n she'll ever love fine clothes or books."

"Well, sir, anyways, Jess, she got red-hot for some of her woman's reasons and she says, 'Fire him.' So I fired him. I wasn't unwilling, though I did hev some use for his team which, of course, he took out with him."

"But that was a good chanc to send out Candace, get her away from you boys, I guess. So off she was packed with Berber."

"Where—where to?" Nick stammered.

Ernie grunted amusedly. "Women! Why, Jess, she won't tell me. I ain't a-goin' to be told—that's all there is to that. And I guess it's all right, if Jess says so."

"But—but—what do you mean, Mr. Bates? Aren't you really goin' to find out where she is?" Nick was pulling himself up by anxious wining inches, his face white.

"Jest exactly *that*. I ain't. Jess, she promises she'll let me know when she has got everything all fixed up."

"When she's got everything all fixed up," Nick repeated slowly and let himself down against his pillows. He pretended to be sleepy, tired, and closed his eyes.

Against their lids two faces set themselves as though for battle. But the face of one was vague, childish, half-conscious, while the other woman's eyes were narrowed, scheming.

"What's bothering you, Nick?"

Not Ernie's voice. He looked up sharply. Jessica alone stood there beside him.

"I want that you should tell me, Jessica, where to you've sent Candace?"

"Why?" said she, soft as a dove, and seated herself upon the couch beside him, resting her hand upon the tightening muscles of his arm.

"I reckon you know the reason."

"You really think you want to make love to that little girl who cares so much more for Tiptoes than she does for you?"

"Just the same, I want that 'little girl's' address. Tiptoes," Nick said, smiling a queer teasing smile, "might want to write to her."

Jessica, her eyes resting kindly upon him, slowly shook her head and slowly rose.

"No, Nick," she said. "No, Nick."

She was going, but he caught her wrist. "You are a-goin' to give me that address."

She stood perfectly still just looking down at her manacle with her eyebrows a trifle lifted.

"I am not going to give you her address. I tell you, Candace is not for any of you drifting cowboys. You hurt me."

He let her go. Her wrist was marked and he muttered instinctively a shamed apology. "You'll forget her in a fortnight, Lynne, as you've forgotten all the others. You're not the man to make a home for any woman."

"You mean you want her to marry an old man for his money?" said Nick.

She raised her hand to strike him, dropped it and went out, as white as her dress.

Before he was fit to mount a horse, before anyone could have suspected him of trying to mount one, Nick got himself across Tiptoes and went down the river eight miles to the postoffice and asked for the Bateses' mail.

Sitting down on the steps outside the

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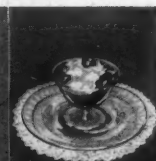
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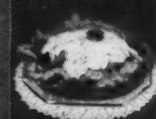
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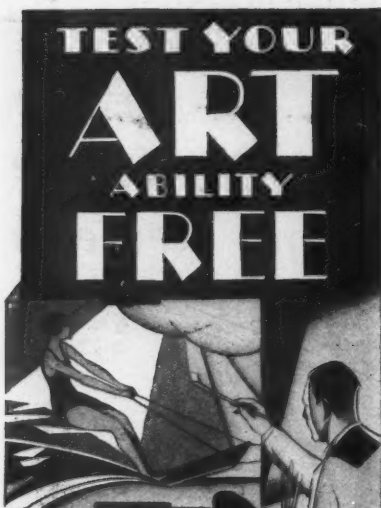
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building, he looked the bundle over eagerly. No letters at all for Jessica. Guiltily brazen, he came again before the ancient postmaster.

"No mail for Mrs. Bates?"

"She got her'n yesterday evenin', rode down herself."

"Did she hear from Miss Candace?"

"I dunno, boy. I dunno. And, anyways," he grinned, "I be'n told by the missus not to give in-for-ma-tion as to Candace to any of you boys and I sure get her point. She's got the cor-rect idee for Candace's eddication."

Body and face of Nick were consumed by the color of rage and mortification. He stood there picturesquely swearing until the old man gave way to mirth, haw-hawed and slapped his thighs. Then Nick pulled himself away.

In his brain desperate and violent plans were bubbling. Unseen, he followed Jessica when, that afternoon, she went off alone into her woods.

There was a storm gathering above them in the canyon and the air was darkly restless amongst the anxious trees. Nick carried a rope across his arm. He still limped a little. His face was cruel. He looked dangerous as he hurried along the trail where Jessica's slight footprint showed here and there.

She was climbin' up, was she, to her boulder where she looked at her ghost-mountains and wove her schemes? She'd see 'em, yes, this evenin' she'd see 'em, the little starin', winkin' witch; she'd see 'em in a new light, through tears—scared tears.

In a wide circle he made his way about, crouching and concealed, until he was close to the great boulder upon which she stood. Back of her was a whirling cloud the like of which Nick never had seen, and it hung over her with two purplish arms outstretched so that she seemed threatened by darker powers even than his own.

Incredibly small she looked, standing against that titanic blackness before which the trees were trembling. Her face—his eyes had reached its tiny oval—wore a piteous strained look. She was gazing at those "ghosts" of hers, and he saw her twist together her two hands. Something pricked at his throat, his heart...

Away off yonder she had lived with her crazy mother, staring at the hills, praying for a King of Glory, hungering with poverty, with lonesomeness—a small girl-thing with the will of a queen in her thwarted brain. And she had ridden down, like a queen, to meet her bridegroom—and he had lain there by the ford with his red hair in the water... dead.

So, tired of hunger and lonesomeness, and scared, perhaps—for it would not be nice to turn empty and to rattle, rattle like a piece of tin—she married the old, comfortable man.

"The poor kid," Nick muttered, "the poor, lonely, disappointed little kid!"

He dropped his rope and came swiftly toward her across the open space. At sight of him she stepped back.

"Oh, Nick, you—you scared me."

He swung himself up beside her, captured her hands and bent down above her.

"Look-a-here, gal," said Nick, using the lingo of his ignorance but with the rhythms of a poet, "I was a-comin' out here to scare the heart out of you. I'd brung a rope to tie you up with. I was aimin' to show you what it means to snatch away his possessions from a growed man. I don't know—I might hev done you harm, real harm. I sure was intendin' it. I ain't so gentle a chap; times I'm bad, an outlaw, through and through."

"But I seen you up here so little, so kind of helpless-lookin' ag'in' them awful clouds, and I reckon I seen you for the first time for jest the thing you are—like me—hoist up atween what-I-want and what-I-will, tormented like the rest of us, a roamin', restless, prairie-eatin' crew, want-the-whole-earth and mean-to-get-it sort of folks. Ain't no surrender in us, a King-of-Glory-and-Damnation sort of people and no mistake."

"But Jessica, you got to give me up. Same's I got to give you up. There's a man in me that wants you, wants you bad, but he ain't

by no means any King of Glory. Jessica, you are a-goin' to give me Candy's address and you're a-goin' to let me go, afore we either of us do a mischief. And you are a-goin' to do it because of them ghost-hills of yours, so that some day, when you're least lookin' for it, their heads is goin' to be lift' up."

Jessica stared into his face. It was splendidly transfigured with its flying copper hair and its keen pallor. He looked, against the blackness above him, like a spirit of the wind. She spoke like an automaton.

"She's out at Silver City, Nick, with a Mrs. Curtiss that runs the school." She collapsed suddenly against him.

Great ice-drops smote his neck and head, clapped against the rock in smashing crystal. He caught her up into his arms, leaped down from the height and ran.

That same evening the hungry lover, in the midst of all the streaming storm, saddled his Tiptoes and rode blindly out of the ranch enclosure towards the river road. There had been a little cloudburst up the canyon and Crystal was a yellow torrent roaring past. No chance that he would be able to ford. He must ride farther to the bridge.

Nick had left the corral, had dismounted to put up bars behind him when, through the raving of wind and trees, of rain and running river, he heard his name called in a woman's voice. "Nick, o-oh, Ni-ick!"

Nick's wet face lifted and grew tight. So, he thought, she couldn't put it through, couldn't be generous, she was already repentant, already on his tracks, that small enchantress. She would hold him, then, at the last, would follow him, perhaps.

On the young man's wild, unrooted heart temptation set its grip. To catch the little saturated body up in his arms, to lift it into the saddle and to ride away... A sweet revenge—to yield to her—an interval of passion; then she might go back, if Ernie would take her, and he could go on, free, to Candace.

"Ni-ick, oh, Nick!" She must have seen him, for she was coming faster. In the wav-ing medium between them, she looked now tall, now small, unlike herself, long-armed, reminding him of Candace.

He gritted his teeth, shut his eyes and flung himself towards Tiptoes, catching at her rein. That pursuing wail rose high, a desperate craving sound, stopped short.

A whip cracked—no, it was a shot—and as he threw himself into the saddle, Tiptoes gave a great plunging leap. The rain lashed Nick's bent, blind face. He had forgotten any danger, any temptation, behind, before, was conscious only of the madness of his course.

They had passed the ford already—almost instantly, it seemed, the bridge must be ahead there, just ahead.

He spoke to Tiptoes, bent close to her ear: "Steady, darling. Easy, my girl." He forced his cold wet lips to whistle a dancing tune, and felt, grateful to God, sanity flow back into her scared body, soothe her running muscles and check the madness of her hoofs.

She was slipping down the steep trail to the bridge and suddenly—Nick laughed aloud—she began walking her tight-rope walk across the bridge!

"Good girl. Pretty girl," Nick chuckled, keeping up his whistle. But wasn't it a quaintly urchin prank for her to play—said he to himself, astonished—to dance with tiny steps across a bridge when, a scant minute earlier, she had been a scared truant, heedless of his safety or her own?

On the opposite bank, she stopped her nonsense and went soberly.

At Marshall's, the postman's, some hours later, Nick stopped for shelter. He stood streaming before the stove while the old fellow, in his nightshirt, fussed over him, bringing hot drinks and dry clothes.

"You've chose a real night for yer getaway, young feller. Who you after? Or who's after you? I figured when you fust come in that Missus Bates, she must be worse, or

## What a cigarette meant there

*It took a lot of courage,* for he was no "ladies' man," and she was the belle of the town.

That awkward, stammering proposal... interrupted... And now... would she never come back? The zero hour, for a fact... the longest minutes of a lifetime.

Like most men, he lived through it, sustained by that little friend in need... his cigarette... the most important cigarette he ever smoked.

## What a cigarette means here

*It took a lot of courage,* likewise, to propose and go through with the idea behind Chesterfield.

It took courage, for it meant less profit per package than is made on most other cigarettes. Into Chesterfield we blended the finest qualities of tobacco ever offered in a cigarette at popular prices—tobacco selected regardless of cost, from all the leaf markets of the world.

And when Chesterfield jumped to big volume and continued steadily to grow... we knew that this cigarette which so surely bespeaks tobacco quality to us had come equally to mean it to you.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*



Xanthi and Kavala, Smyrna and Samsoun— from here come the fragile tender Turkish tobaccos for Chesterfield's famous blend.



and from Virginia and Carolina come the famous "bright" or "yellow" tobaccos; from Kentucky the rich mellow Burley which completes this mild yet satisfying blend.

# field

.... and yet THEY SATISFY



something'. Doc, he come past here pretty late, himself."

Nick felt confused. "Mrs. Bates—was she as sick as all that?"

"Doc said she was real sick but that she'd do, if she took it real easy." He says she was so glad—laughin' and cryin' together—that she would sure pull out of it."

"So—glad?"

"Sure. Doc says her condition was natural under the circumstances even so soon as this. I reckon she always has wanted a baby and likely thought the Lord wouldn't be givin' her any. And now if she's careful, doc says, she has only a few months to wait."

Nick felt a clean high wind, saw a vision of snow-peaks against the west. The King of Glory. Little had either of them guessed in what simple and immediate guise those gates would open to admit their visitor.

Marshall was talking. "So I kinder thought she must be worse and you was after doc ag'in."

"I'm after Candace," said Nick.

"Missus give her ad-dress, eh?"

"Yes, sir, she did."

"Humph!"

"What do you mean *humph-ing* thataway?"

"Well, sir, now, I dunno, but it seems right strange to me—when Candy she's jest went past here this afternoon, makin' for the ranch."

"What—what are you tellin' me? Candace?"

"Yes, sir. Mis' Bates, she was took ill and doc was sent for. He come by round five o'clock or thereabouts, I reckon, in the wust of that rain, and Miss Candace she was with him. I believe she asked about you, too. 'Have you seen Nick Lynne, lately?' Marshall began his maddening "Haw-haw."

"The missus," he gurgled, "she sure knowed what she was doin' when she give you that address. Though come to think of it, I doubt she knowed Candace was on her way."

Nick was at the door.

Marshall ran after the youth.

"No you don't, young feller. You can't get back acrost Crystal tonight. Crystal bridge is gone plum' out. It must 'a' went jest after you—"

He checked himself, laughter shocked completely out of his old face. "But look-a-here, Lynne, that bridge went out long afore you c'd of crossed it."

"Candy and doc, they must 'a' been at the ranch afore you left it. They couldn't cross the river there; they had to go the other way round. Candy she telled me that herself. Says she, 'I hope the folks at the ranch know about that bridge. Hadn't it been for doc's buggy-lamps, we'd hev gone in, I guess. He was whippin' up his horses in a hurry, when we seen what was wrong. There was just one big beam that was left of it, not more'n eight inches wide.' What's the matter?"

Nick had leaned back against the door suddenly, his hand across his eyes. Step by mincing step, impossible tiny steps, along an eight-inch beam between a raging torrent and a streaming sky . . . Tiptoes . . . while he whistled, like a clown, into her attentive ear.

"'Twas Candace callin' to me," muttered Nick. "'Twas Candace fired. She knowed about the bridge. She called. I wouldn't stop, so she tried to kill Tiptoes before I could get into the saddle. Tried to kill Tiptoes—to save me." The color tumbled back into his face, the joy into his voice.

Marshall thought the boy crazy to ride off singing into the night.

## One Acrobat Too Many by Montague Glass (Continued from page 82)

with a couple of brothers called Kohn, and we done an act for a week in a *Trinkhalle* there. It was a rotten act, too. But it was my tough luck that a feller called Bela Pastor seen us work and he engaged us for his act, The Six Pastorellis. There was the two Kohn brothers, another young feller called Wilczek, myself, the boss, Bela Pastor, and the understander, a big *békémér* by the name Solomon Weiss, only of course he called himself for the billing, Samson Agonistes."

"I never heard tell of them," Conrady said.

"Well, I'm telling you of them now," Jacob continued. "I'm telling you that like your act our act played in safety not three years but *five* years, in every country of Europe, and for seven days a week, two performances a day, that feller Weiss, the understander, held us up, drunk or sober, but mostly drunk."

"You mean to say that you worked three up with a soused understander?"

"He was the boss' brother-in-law and some people will risk anything for a brother-in-law, even their necks," Jacob continued. "But it was Bordeaux what finished us. Bordeaux is where all them wines come from. They turn out a million bottles a day and we were there half a day before we gave our first performance with Pinder's Cirque Royal."

"I'm telling you that when we got dressed that afternoon, Solomon Weiss had finished up half a day's output of the entire Bordeaux neighborhood, at the lowest estimate. One up with the understander was the boss Bela Pastor and this here Wilczek. The Brothers Kohn was two up, and I was three up. The last thing I remember was that Pastor says the audience was a bunch of tough people to work to, and when I woke up, Mr. Conrady, I was in the charity hospital ten days later in Bordeaux with a fractured skull and a broken thigh, and if ever I see that understander Solomon Weiss again, I'll strangle him with my hands so sure as my name used to be Jaroslaw Gobroczyński."

"It was a devil of a name to sign checks with, Mr. Governor, if you'll excuse my saying so," Conrady said.

"I changed it long before I had a nickel to sign a check for, Conrady," Governor replied. "But I sign it now to all sorts of things. I signed this here contract for a two weeks' engagement of Conrady and Dolorettes."

He called it *Dollar-eats*, but he emphasized it so viciously that when he paused, Conrady asked what was the matter with her work.

"Her work is o. k.," Governor said, "but there's a cancellation clause in the contract for any reason I see fit, and there's also an option clause that I should give you time in all my theayters, ain't it?"

Conrady nodded.

"Then all I've got to say to you, Conrady, is that if you let this here Dollar-eats so much as speak one word to my son George, I'll cancel the contract, and you'll never do another day's work for me as long as I'm in the business, nor for none of my friends, neither, if I can help it."

Again Conrady nodded. "I see what you mean," he said. "The idea is that I should get another Dolorettes. There's lots of them as good dancers as she is, laying around idle right now."

"I don't mean nothing of the kind," Governor declared. "You've got a good act and the girl is anyhow fifty percent of it."

"The girl's a good girl," Conrady said.

"Did I say she wasn't?" Governor demanded.

"But you don't know what a good girl she is, Mr. Governor," Conrady insisted, and it was a brave thing to do, for perhaps it was at the expense of his job. "I've got two kids both sick with the mumps and as that girl has had the mumps, she helps my wife out like she was a relation instead of a dancing partner."

Governor frowned fiercely at this.

"I told you before, Conrady, that this here Who's-this ain't a dancing partner. She's an acrobat," he declared; "and I ain't going to have no acrobats in my family. My wife and I have got other plans for the boy, so don't forget what I told you, and also be careful of that girl."

He scrambled awkwardly to his feet.

"This is what that understander Solomon Weiss did to me, Conrady," he said by way of ending the interview; "and if ever you drop that girl, I'll have you indicted for manslaughter, if it's the last thing I do."

Now, while the feature picture that week was not all that it ought to have been, neither was the weather, and nothing drives a motion-picture audience into the shelter of a warm theater so much as a cold, windy day. Moreover, the programs of The Governor's Theater enjoyed a reputation for variety of entertainment, just as its modern leather seats did for comfort, and the combination served to counteract the weakness of the feature film, so that by the time Conrady and Dolorettes appeared on the apron of the big Governor's Theater stage, there was a burst of genuine applause from a well-filled house.

In theaters devoted to the legitimate drama, the apron of the stage is that part of it which lies between the line where the curtain ordinarily falls and the edge of the stage in which are placed the footlights, but in The Governor's Theater, the apron was much larger and jutted out into the orchestra pit much farther than in a legitimate theater. Moreover, an additional curtain was draped over the apron so that it

fell in the form of an arc immediately behind the footlights, and it was this curtain which had parted and disclosed the graceful figure of Conrady clad in his immaculate dress suit and the slender, charming form of Dolorettes.

Her oval head with a somewhat longish nose, like an early Italian portrait, was crowned by a mass of dark hair drawn back loosely into a knot at the nape of her slender white neck, and at her appearance, George had delegated his duties to the house treasurer and had hastened into the orchestral pit, to gaze his fill on what to him was a picture of ravishing beauty—and he was not altogether a poor judge at that.

"Some queen!" Arnaldo Di Candia, the conductor, remarked to George as he tapped with his baton by way of signaling the beginning of the "Valse des Fleurs" from "The Nutcracker Suite" of Tchaikovsky.

For the first few moments Conrady and his partner waltzed conventionally, but by degrees they introduced new steps and postures which were punctuated by frequent applause from the audience. At last they reached the *dou* of their performance, the swing-around to which Mr. Governor had so persistently objected. It consisted in Conrady grasping the ankle of Dolorettes' right leg while she at first balanced herself by holding onto Conrady's elbow with her right hand. Gradually she released her hold on his elbow until she was whizzing around almost horizontally, with only the grasp of her partner on her right ankle to prevent her flying out into the audience or against the sides of the proscenium opening.

It was truly a dangerous feat—one which appealed most strongly to the subconscious and unconscious thirst for blood which in Spain is satisfied by bull-fights and in Harlem by prize-fights.

Not once in Conrady's career as a dancer had this thirst been assuaged, and he always had landed his partner on her feet to receive in a somewhat disheveled condition the plaudits of the unconsciously disappointed audience. But then, on other occasions, he had not been worried by two children at home with the mumps, an employer momentarily threatening his discharge and a dancing partner who before the act began had snapped her fingers in his face and had poured on him a flood of French idiom of which he understood nothing except that it was intended to be insulting.

Moreover, Conrady was accustomed to apply powdered rosin to his own hand and his partner's ankle, which made the acrobatic grip by which he held her almost unbreakable, but in the excitement attending the quarrel between them, he had forgotten to do this, and when at about the tenth hair-raising whirl, he remembered this omission, he began to perspire, and



his grip shifted slightly. Too late he slowed down, and a shriek from the audience proclaimed to Mr. Governor in his private office the mishap which he had stubbornly predicted.

Mr. Governor's theaters were so modern in their appointment that he had even supplied the audience with a small hospital room finished in white enamel and furnished with the most recent first-aid devices, including an extremely recent doctor of medicine. That is to say, if a member of the audience fell ill, he was guaranteed the services, gratis, of Doctor Hyman J. Slotkin, whose private practise had been such that a steady job with practically nothing to do and forty-five dollars a week for doing it, seemed most attractive. He was a nephew of Max Slotkin and was really much more of a nephew than a physician, but while the audience was still shrieking, Doctor Slotkin hurried toward the stage with his little black bag, prepared for anything.

BY THE time he reached there, however, Dolorettes had been, so to speak, retrieved from the orchestra pit and was lying on the apron of the stage, her head resting on George's lap. In his leap over the footlights from the orchestra, with Dolorettes in his arms, George had utterly ruined what a second violinist afterward claimed was a genuine Guarnerius and had also stepped on the face of a cellist who later valued his face at nearly as much as the Guarnerius.

In spite of these disasters to his players—practically ten percent of his orchestra—the conductor, Arnaldo di Candia, had immediately begun a loud composition to drown out conversation back-stage, especially as those taking part in the conversation were hidden by the outer curtain which had fallen as soon as Dolorettes had been lifted to the apron.

The audience was thus unable to hear Mr. Jacob Governor roar: "If anybody who ain't got no business on this stage ain't off of it in one minute, he can consider he's got two weeks' notice from me personally in writing."

He had stumbled from his office to the stage as fast as his deformity permitted, and therefore by the time he arrived, Doctor Slotkin had done practically everything he could to restore Dolorettes to consciousness.

"What are you fooling around there for?" Jacob Governor inquired. "Ain't you got a hospital room fitted up for cases like these?"

He then turned to his son.

"Go back to your office and stay in it," he said, "otherwise what I said to them other loafers goes to you too."

He signaled to the house carpenter.

"Six stage-hands carry her to that hospital room," he said. "Call 'em in here and I'll show them how to do it."

Under his direction, Dolorettes was carefully laid on the small bed in the emergency hospital room of the theater, with Conrady following, and when at last he was left alone with Governor and Slotkin and the medical nephew, he broke into great sobs.

"Give that *schlimmich!* some medicinal brandy, doctor," Jacob said, "and if you ain't got any your uncle has."

"I have not," Slotkin exclaimed, "not in this theater anyway. Those were your orders."

Governor raised his eyebrows surprisedly.

"Since when was you such a spittler for orders?" he said and then he addressed the doctor: "Give him anyhow some mathematic spirits of ammonia, and let me talk to this girl. She seems to be conscious now."

"I don't think she'd better talk," Doctor Slotkin ventured to say in his quality of medical man, but in his capacity of theater employee, he immediately subsided when Governor gave him a terrifying look, which melted into pity and kindness when he bent over Dolorettes. He addressed her in French, for as a member of The Six Pastorellis, the ex-Jaroslav Gboczynski spoke all the European languages and even a couple that were only half European.

"Mademoiselle," he began, "*est-ce que vos parents habitent en Amérique?*"

Dolorettes shook her head and tears rolled down her cheeks. "*Ma mère est morte,*" she replied, "*et mon père habite à Nice. Il est le concierge de l'Hôtel Probasco.*"

"Nebich!" he exclaimed. "Her mother's dead and her father lives in Nice. He's the janitor of a hotel there."

"Then I guess I'd better ring up an ambulance from Longvue Hospital," Doctor Slotkin said.

"Longvue Hospital!" Jacob Governor exclaimed. "Do you think I would let her go to a public hospital? Ring up *geschwind* Doctor Eichendorfer, the crook what charged me two thousand dollars for telling me he couldn't straighten out my leg. It was anyhow the truth, even it was high-priced!"

Once more he bent over Dolorettes. "*Restez tranquille, mademoiselle. Tout est à mes frais.*"

"I know them people, Slotkin," he said to his partner, "they can stand pain but expense kills 'em. I just told her that all her expenses would be paid."

"They will, hey?" Slotkin exclaimed. "Supposing I have only a one-eighth interest in The Governor Theaters, one-eighth of Eichendorfer's bills ain't to be sneezed at neither."

"Say, listen," Governor cried. "Was you ever an acrobat? Was you ever even a rope-walker? No! You was in the pants business and afterwards you owned a penny arcade, so where do you come in to pay her expenses? Holler when you're hurt, Slotkin, not before."

He nodded at Conrady. "Come into my office," he said, "I want to talk to you."

Conrady tottered after his employer and sank into a chair, where once more he covered his face with his hands and broke into sobs.

"Say! Say!" Governor cried. "You're an acrobat—ain't it?—and accidents like this is liable to happen to any acrobat."

"Furthermore, you've got a heart, whereas this here Solomon Weiss what let me down, he never even come near the hospital to see what they was doing to me there, and believe me, they did a-plenty," he continued. "Doctor Eichendorfer says it wasn't Solomon Weiss I should kill but the doctors in that charity hospital. They let my bones knit so that my thigh is pretty near attached to my knee."

"But that ain't going to happen to this girl," he declared. "She's going to have the best up-to-date treatment and she's coming out of this in A-number-one condition no matter what it costs me."

"And I'll pay you back, Mr. Governor, if I've got to save for the rest of my life," Conrady said brokenly.

"You wouldn't positively do nothing of the kind," Governor declared. "What do you think I am, anyway? I should stand by and let a girl become a cripple—which she's already an acrobat and an orphan?"

"She ain't an orphan," Conrady said. "She's got anyhow a father."

"Is that so?" Governor retorted. "Well, if you think a girl which has got left only a father and him a janitor, Conrady, ain't an orphan, you don't know no more about orphans than you do about janitors."

He searched in a file for Conrady's contract.

"I see you've got another twelve days to go on this engagement, Conrady," he said, "which I understand you told me there was plenty of these here acrobats like Dollar-eats laying around, so go ahead and hire one, and finish out here, and if your acts goes over with the new Dollar-eats like it did with the old one, I'll take up the option, too. But remember, no more of them swing-arounds in my houses."

Conrady stood up unsteadily. "Mr. Governor," he began, "what can I say?"

Governor bent on him another fierce scowl. "Don't say nothing," he declared. "Keep it to yourself, otherwise every usher which has got a stomachache will expect to go to a hospital at my expense."

A moment later, Slotkin presented himself at Governor's office. "She's resting comfortable," Slotkin said. "Hyman just gave her a shot of morphin. He says her thigh's broken, and she was suffering like anything."

Governor groaned aloud. "Did I ask you how she was resting or how she wasn't resting?" he demanded. "Attend to business, Slotkin, and forget about that girl."

"Say! Did I send for Eichendorfer or did you?" Slotkin retorted.

"Who is talking about Eichendorfer?" Governor roared. "Which I naturally must get to make allowances for a pants-maker because the most he ever seen in the way of an accident was a needle runs through a greenhorn's finger, but when we get three rotten feature pictures, one after the other, Slotkin, that ain't an accident."

"Well, I wrote six times already to Goldenweiser, of the Superior Pictures that we would cancel the contract if they don't improve," Slotkin protested.

"What good is writing?" Governor said. "Letters slip off them people like water from a duck's neck. The thing to do is to send George out there. Let him talk turkey to them."

"A kid twenty-two talking turkey?" Slotkin exclaimed.

"Say!" Governor began. "You know as well as I do that he could be fifty-two even, but there ain't no better judge of entertainment values than that boy in the whole motion-picture business. He called the turn on 'Flaming Flames' when everybody said it was a rotten picture, and it grossed a couple of million; and it's due to him that I took a half-interest in it, and it was your foolishness that because my son said for you to go in it with me, you wouldn't touch it."

Slotkin at once grew furious.

"How many times are you going to tell me this?" he demanded. "Over and over again you repeat yourself. A thousand times you've told me about your accident. A thousand times you've told me about the Pastorellis. I know their whole route which they played it for five years. You don't know what a nuisance you make of yourself to your family and your friends. It's time someone told you, and I'm going to do it, too. I bet I've heard you say once a day for ten years how you're going to kill that underlander Solomon Weiss, and yet you owe everything you've got to him."

"What!" Governor shouted.

"Sure you do," Slotkin continued. "You should ought to advertise for him and pay him a commission, because if he hadn't let you down, what would you be today yet? An acrobat, and instead, you're a millionaire, and you don't appreciate it. I guess you'd sooner be a top-mounter with a team of bums in a circus."

Governor's pale face grew paler.

"In the pants business you'll find bums a-plenty, Slotkin," he said, "but it's only once in a hundred years where you find by acrobats a bum like Solomon Weiss, and if you *must* know, Slotkin, I'd a whole lot sooner associate with acrobats than with pants-manufacturers, so if you don't mind, Slotkin, please close the door behind you and tell George he should be prepared to leave for Los Angeles tonight."

FOR a brief interval, Slotkin contemplated a retort, but he noticed in time that Governor was reaching for the ink-well, and he made a hurried exit.

Ten minutes later George burst into the room. "What's all this about me going to Los Angeles?" he asked breathlessly.

"Sit down, George, and don't get excited," Governor said. "The train don't start till tomorrow afternoon."

"But you don't want me to go to Los Angeles now?" George exclaimed.

"Why not?" Governor asked. "Should I wait till them Superior Pictures people has unloaded every bust they've got? Ain't it enough that they've put over on us, one after the other, the three worst pictures of the year?"

"Why don't you tell me the real reason?" George said bitterly. "Why don't you tell me you want me to get away from that girl, now—when she's sick and even dying!"

"You ain't been behaving like a loafer to a young girl like that, have you?" Governor said hoarsely.

"You know darned well I haven't."

"Then what's to keep you from going to Los Angeles?" Jacob asked and relighted his cigar in order to hide from his eyes but not from his heart that George's underlip quivered slightly.

After this he gave George further time for controlling his feelings by searching for the Superior Pictures contract.

"Now here's where we've got them dead to rights," he began, and for the next quarter of an hour, he talked business so earnestly that George was obliged to listen.

They were interrupted at last by the entrance of a tall person who early in his medical career had compensated an extremely bald head with a most impressive black beard. It was Doctor Eichendorfer who had come straight from his patient with hardly the slightest delay. That is to say he had only lingered in the hospital room long enough to assure Doctor Hyman Slotkin that he never split fees for any reason whatever.

"She's in excellent condition," he assured Governor, "although it will probably be three months before she's able to stand on that leg."

"What did I tell you?" Governor said to George. "You'll be back in three weeks at the latest, ain't it?"

Eichendorfer looked from father to son as though he expected to see some sign of a romance, but Governor puffed steadily at his cigar while George maintained more than a poker face.

"I was saying to my father that you'd probably keep that girl in your sanitarium as long as it'd take me to make my trip to Los Angeles," he said, "and that it would probably bankrupt her."

"Is that girl paying her own medical expenses?" Eichendorfer asked.

"Certainly she is," Governor replied. "She ain't no relation of ours, Eichendorfer, and while we may advance her some of your fees, sooner or later she'll have to pay them back."

"And I was certainly an optimist when I thought she'd be in your sanitarium for only three weeks, doctor," George added. "I guess when you once get a good attraction into the house, you keep it there for a long run."

"I don't keep patients longer than I have to," Doctor Eichendorfer replied sourly. "Especially when they can't afford it."

"Well, you've got one of the specially kind right here," Governor told him. "Her father's a janitor in France, so if you was going to charge her like her father was a janitor in New York, cut it in half and you'll be just about right."

"How do you know her father's a janitor?" George asked sharply.

She told me so herself," Governor replied—"in French. It's the truth, George, so I guess, Doctor Eichendorfer, we wouldn't keep you from your patient. Do all you can for her, and we'll stand back of her, considering she's an acrobat and a janitor's daughter."

HE HOBbled to his feet and practically thrust the doctor out of the room. Then he turned and bent over his son.

"George," he said, "heaven knows I don't put myself above any janitor's daughter. Everybody's got to make a living somehow, but you're our only child, George, and if you was to go to work and marry an acrobat which was a janitor's daughter and not one of our own people, neither, George, is this fair to your mommer and me?"

George made no answer.

"Besides, George, somebody's got to go to Los Angeles, and you know what a *schliemiel* Slotkin is," Governor added.

George nodded sadly. "I suppose you wouldn't mind if I stopped in at the sanitarium tonight just to say good-by to her," he said.

"Why, certainly," Governor answered heartily. "Go tonight and take her some flowers."

He patted his son's shoulder quite jovially, because he knew from his own painful experience that following so severe an accident, not only would Doctor Eichendorfer refuse to let George see the patient, but that even if he did see her, she would be unable to recognize him.

"But don't be surprised if she looks worse

than she is," he said. "She might even be unconscious even."

That evening at dinner in his apartment, Governor ate with poor appetite.

"Yes, Mommer," he said to his wife, "when I run away from Gobrezynsk and become an acrobat, I was one from eleven children, and still my mother didn't forgive me."

"She was harder-hearted than I would be," Mrs. Governor said. "I guess that boy could do anything and I'd forgive him *anyway*."

"Well, don't tell him so—not just now anyway," Governor advised her. "Because maybe you'll have to later."

Mrs. Governor had been courted by her husband in the days when he was particularly afflicted with acrobato-phobia. That is to say, he had chosen a mate who even before their marriage had looked as unlike a trapeze performer as possible, and after twenty-five years of married life, and with a stature of five feet four inches, she had been obliged to cut out all starchy foods in order to keep below a hundred and eighty pounds.

"That boy is never going to do anything to make us ashamed of him, Jake," she declared.

"Not if I can help it," Governor answered, and then he related to Mrs. Governor all the moving incidents of his business day, not excluding the inferior moving picture which had been at the root of all his trouble.

"So when the boy comes home, Mommer," he said, "don't let on you know nothing, because he's going to feel awful sick about the way that girl is suffering."

"I wouldn't breathe a word," Mrs. Governor said.

"No matter how bad he looks, just say you think he's been working too hard and the trip to Los Angeles would do him good," Governor told her.

"You could rely upon me absolutely," Mrs. Governor said, and she meant it, but when at half past eleven George entered the apartment, all Mr. Governor's advice went for nothing.

"George," she cried, "what's the matter? Are you sick?"

George made no answer but sank into the nearest chair. His face was the color of chalk, and even his father grew alarmed.

"Nu, George," he said, "I told you she'd be unconscious."

"She wasn't unconscious," George said. "She knew what she was doing. She said that you thought I was too good to associate with her, and she told me that I was never to speak to her, never to come to see her again. Mrs. Conrady was there. She speaks French and she translated the names Dolorettes called you and me. She also called us a few on her own account."

Governor shrugged. "Well, I didn't expect no better," he said, "but she'll stay there just the same, till she's better."

"She's going to Longvue tomorrow," George declared. "She won't take a cent of our money. She hasn't a broken leg. It's just a dislocation, and she'll be all right soon."

Mrs. Governor leaned over and kissed her son's forehead. "Next week you and me will go to Atlantic City," she said. "You need a rest."

"Atlantic City nothing," he said. "I'm going to Los Angeles. I'm going to start something with those Superior Pictures people which will bust open their entire organization."

"You've got my permission," Governor said. "If it hadn't been for that last picture of theirs, we never would have been obliged to hire an act like Conrady's," George continued; "and why we should be tagging along with an outfit like the Superior is a mystery to me."

"That's been my opinion for a long time," Governor remarked.

"Then if something don't break by the time I've been in Los Angeles a week, wire me to come home," he announced, but something did break. By the end of a week, George had started negotiations with the Superior Pictures people for the sale of The Governor Theaters at a figure hitherto unheard of in the history of motion-pictures and by the end of a month, Mr. and Mrs. Governor sat in the living-room

of their apartment with George and Slotkin discussing their entire absence of future plans.

"Well, there's one thing I ain't going to do," Slotkin announced. "I ain't going back into the motion-picture business, which my nephew Hyman Slotkin says there's a lot of money in the private sanitarium business if you've got a good clever doctor at the head of it."

"Then that cuts out Hyman, because he went to work and give that girl a shot of morphin on the grounds that she had a broken leg, when today yet she's doing four of them performances a day at the Lungarno Theatre," Governor remarked, and Mrs. Governor nudged him so ostentatiously that George smiled, although it was a sad enough smile.

"I know all about it," George said, "but I've not tried to see her and I'm not going to—not after the last time. I guess, in her French way, she must have thought that what you told Conrady that afternoon was mighty insulting."

"Why should I insult her?" Jacob said. "I simply told Conrady I didn't want my boy to marry no acrobat, especially as she ain't from our people; but as a matter of fact it ain't the acrobat I cared about so much. I ain't got nothing against no acrobats except one."

"I heard tell of him before," Slotkin interrupted, "but Europe's already a big place, Mr. Governor, and as you don't stand no chance of meeting him there after thirty years, why don't you take Mrs. Governor and George for a trip? I should think you would want to show them all them places you've been talking about for ten years, day in and day out."

"I'd love to see them," Mrs. Governor said, as she clasped her husband's hand.

"And there's no reason why you shouldn't," Governor said. "Bela Pastor may have got us weak spots on the bill once in a while, but he always insisted we should behave like gentlemen, which heaven knows he done his best to keep Weiss from *schickering*. I don't know how many times he knocked him senseless with a stage brace, so therefore, Mommer, if you and George would like to go to Europe, I'm agreeable. What do you say, George?"

GEORGE had picked up a copy of a motion-picture weekly and was immersed in the latest releases, especially the first showing of a picture at the Lungarno Theater. The news item mentioned that the picture received strong support from a vaudeville bill headed by Conrady and Dolorettes and said further that this popular dance team was engaged to appear at various music-halls in Europe.

"How about it, George?" Jacob said again. "How about what?" George asked.

"A trip to Europe for you, your mommer and me," Jacob said, and George folded the motion-picture weekly and put it in his pocket.

"I'll go, if you want me to," he said as nonchalantly as he could, and thus it followed that in late September, George, Jacob and Mrs. Governor secured passage on board one of the largest and most overdecorated steamships in the North Atlantic service. It had taken nearly four months to settle up the affairs of The Governor's Theaters, including the passing of title to the Superior Pictures people and the settlement of two claims, one for damages to what was represented to be a Guarnerius violin belonging to a second violinist, the other for injuries to what in early youth had been considered a face, belonging to the first cellist.

These were the only reminders of the accident which had resulted in the sale of the theaters, except that in George's cabin on the day of sailing there was an envelop, accompanying a basket of fruit, principally oranges.

The ship was two days out before George opened the envelop. The handwriting was quite unformed and childish and it contained no signature, but had it been written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning in collaboration with Christina Rossetti it could not have appealed so vividly to George's imagination, nor have set his heart to beating so quickly. It read:

Bon voyage . . . I am sorry I insult you.

They spent the months of October and





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*Soft foods harm the gums but  
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them back to health*

JUST steal a glance, to the left or right, next time you sit down to dinner! Delicious this modern food may be . . . but how much chewing does it need?

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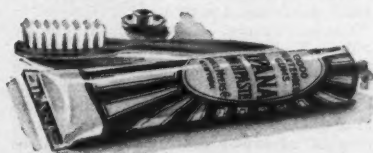
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November in Paris, where George visited all the music-halls with the diligence of a big-time vaudeville operator looking for new material. But what George sought was a vaudeville team of established reputation called Conrady and Dolorettes, and he had not succeeded in finding them when Mrs. Governor was seized with an attack of flu.

Now when a tourist succumbs to flu in Paris during the month of November, as soon as the patient is able to travel, he or she is immediately recommended to exchange the rain and dampness of Paris for the rain and dampness of Cannes, because there exists a medical superstition in France that tropical heat begins on the Riviera when the summer rates at the hotels end.

THEREFORE, in late November, the Governor family found themselves in one of the best hotels then open in Cannes. There are some better ones which open later, but by this time, Jacob Governor was tired of extremely good hotels. His repertoire of eight European languages was quite wasted in Paris, and it was not until he arrived at Cannes that he had quite a long conversation in Hungarian with the proprietor of an umbrella shop where he had gone to buy a couple of spares in case his regular umbrella should be blown inside out.

"What does one do to amuse oneself in Cannes so early in the season?" he asked the umbrella merchant.

"There is always the Casino," the umbrella dealer replied. "Saturday there is to be the first gala dinner and at it will appear some dancers—a man and a woman—the woman young and how beautiful!"

He spoke Hungarian with a strong Pressburg accent but he kissed the tips of his fingers, as one born and brought up in Budapest.

"That is the bill," he said, indicating a poster on the wall of the shop, and right there he lost the sale of two good hundred-and-fifty-franc umbrellas; for after one glance at the poster Jacob lurched through the doorway of the shop and clumped hurriedly to his hotel.

"Mommer!" he cried, "what do you think now? Conrady and Dollar-eats are here—right here in Cannes."

"Well, what of it?" Mrs. Governor asked.

"What do you mean, what of it?" he retorted.

"I'll tell you what I mean," she began. "I mean you're blind. You don't see nothing by what goes on right underneath your eyes."

"You mean the boy has been with her again?" he exclaimed.

"I wish he had," Mrs. Governor said sadly.

"You what?" Governor cried. "You must be crazy."

"I am crazy!" Mrs. Governor said. "Any mother would be. My only son I've got to watch day after day, eating his heart out, getting thinner and thinner, and all because of foolishness."

"You call this foolishness—that the boy shouldn't marry a girl called Dollar-eats!" Governor said sternly, but it had no effect on Mrs. Governor.

"Say! Say!" she interrupted. "She could be called Lina Svendsen, even, and if he wants to marry her, what do I care. Only that he should be happy again. That's all."

For a moment Governor gazed at his wife and then threw up one hand despairingly.

"All right," he said, "if that's what you want, Saturday night you and him can go to the gala dinner at the Casino, and then you can ask her over to your table like we done with them three acrobats in that Paris restaurant."

"You mean that?" she exclaimed, and Governor shrugged his shoulders.

"It's out of my hands," he said. "I was doing it for you and for him, but if you want it otherwise, go ahead to the gala dinner. Only leave me out of it. That's all."

He sat down and had spread out a Continental edition of an English paper by way of ending the conversation, when George entered.

"This is certainly some wet weather for the sunny South," he remarked.

"Where was you?" his father asked.

"Juan-les-Pins," George answered. "It's a resort about five miles down the line. I went to the Casino there to a gala tea. They had a couple of American dancers, and who do you suppose they were?"

"I can read posters just so well as you, George," Jacob answered. "I suppose you had a long talk with them, what?"

"I had a long talk with Conrady," George said. "His wife and kids are in Nice."

He sat down with his head bent and his hands clasped and hanging down between his knees in an attitude of utter dejection, and his mother rose and put her arm around him.

"What's the matter?" she asked gently. "Did Dolorettes insult you again?"

"Dolorettes!" he said. "Oh! This isn't the same Dolorettes. The one that danced in our theater stayed back in America. She was afraid that if she came over to France they wouldn't let her land again in New York."

His face was white and drawn, and now that his wife had called attention to it, Jacob began to think the boy looked seriously ill. He threw down his Continental daily and lighted a large cigar with an air of great determination.

"Well," he said, "I don't know about you folks, but I'm getting awful sick of this. Nothing but rain all the time. Let's do something, George. Let's see some life. Can't we all hire a car and go down to Nice for dinner?"

"You and George go," Mrs. Governor said.

"The doctor said I shouldn't go out in the night air."

"And it's a long ride, Dad," George said—"and most of the road is pretty bad."

"You don't mind if George and me go and leave you alone?" Governor asked his wife. "It's something special which I want to do tonight."

"Why tonight?" Mrs. Governor insisted, and Mr. Governor shrugged.

"Maybe you've noticed and maybe you haven't that since last May I haven't talked much about myself, because Slotkin and me had a kind of an argument, and he said to me that I didn't know how I repeated myself over and over again, and that I must have told him about my accident a thousand times," he said; "but anyhow for the thousand-and-first time, Mommer, I wanted to say that tonight thirty years ago, I left that hospital in Bordeaux."

"Twenty-five years old, I was, and you couldn't find a more unhappy young feller in Europe," he continued, "and it ain't right that young fellers like that should be unhappy, Mommer, so therefore as long as George is feeling blue tonight, him and me is going to Nice to cheer up."

"But Dad," George protested, "it's raining."

"So much the better," Governor said. "We can have a good long talk in the automobile and we won't be interrupted by the scenery."

Accordingly, ten minutes later, George and his father were speeding toward Nice.

"In the first place, George," Governor began, "we shouldn't throw each other no bluffs, which what I said to Mommer a few minutes since goes, and goes to the limit."

"I didn't quite understand what you did say," George answered.

"I said it wasn't right that young fellers your age should be unhappy," Governor repeated.

"Who told you I was unhappy?"

"And I also said," Governor continued without appearing to notice the interruption, "that we shouldn't throw no bluffs, which if you wasn't unhappy when you came in today and told us that this Dollar-eats wasn't that Dollar-eats, I wouldn't be taking this trip to Nice."

"What's Nice got to do with it?" George demanded.

"Didn't I tell you her father was a janitor in Nice?" Jacob asked in return.

"You said France," George replied.

"Well, Nice has been France ever since an awful long time, George," Jacob said, "and what that girl told me was that her father was janitor or concierge of the Hôtel Probasco, and if this here chauffeur don't run us into a trolley-car or over a railroad bridge, we'll be there in less than half an hour."

There was a long and somewhat bumpy interlude in the conversation.

"Only one thing I want to warn you, George," Jacob said at last. "You may think that our people are pretty strict about marrying this way, but they ain't a marker on what you're going to run up against with this girl's father. At first we won't stress the point at all."

George nodded.

"Let me do the talking," Jacob said as they descended from the car at the carriage entrance of the Hôtel Probasco. "Now in the first place what is this girl Dollar-eats' name?"

George shrugged. "The only name I know is Dolorettes," he said as they ascended the short flight of steps leading to the lobby.

"Well, the next time," Governor said, "find out the girl's name first and fall in love afterwards. It's more businesslike."

They proceeded at once to the concierge's desk behind which was a smooth-faced youth.

"Is the concierge around?" Jacob asked.

"You wish to speak him personally or can I speak?" the youth said.

"You can't speak English anyhow," Jacob said; "but even if you could, I want to talk to the concierge personally, and it's important."

"Be so much to have the kindness and walk this way," the young man said and proceeded to the combined bar and grill-room where a melancholy waiter was assisting a solitary diner to soup.

"Monsieur LeBlanc," the smooth-faced young man said, "on vous demande."

The solitary diner rose and polished a large bristling mustache with his napkin.

"You wish to see me, gentlemen?" he said in a deep bass voice. He was over six feet tall and correspondingly broad, although he was not at all obese.

"Are you the concierge?" Jacob asked, and Mr. LeBlanc fingered the cross keys which adorned the lapel of his coat.

"As you see," he said, "I am."

"My name is Jacob Governor and this is my son, George," Governor said, whereat the concierge bowed. It was the kind of bow which is prompted as much by courtesy as by the anticipation of favors to be received.

"Please to be seated," the concierge said, and signed to the waiter to resume pouring the soup. The waiter did so with surprising obsequiousness, considering that he was serving a concierge, and Jacob noticed it.

"Perhaps we've made a mistake," he said. "We called to see the concierge of the Hôtel Probasco and the daughter of this concierge is a dancer in America. Her stage name is Dollar-eats."

The concierge once more polished his mustache which was rather moist from his first spoonful of soup.

"You have made no mistake," he said. "I have a daughter in America. She's my youngest daughter, but she makes all her own business arrangements. So therefore, if you've come to see about an engagement—"

He paused, made an eloquent gesture with both hands and immediately resumed his soup. "As a matter of fact, we did call to see about an engagement," Jacob said, "but it isn't a business engagement exactly."

THE concierge was midway in the swallowing of some soup. He gulped it hurriedly, and gasped for breath.

"English!" he exclaimed. "That's a language for riddles. Forty years I've spoken it, and still I get mixed. Do you speak perhaps Hungarian or perhaps Polish? These are my native languages. I was born behind Pressburg."

"And I was born behind Krakow," Jacob Governor replied in Polish; "but now I am an American, and I came here on this terrible night to speak to you about your daughter for my son here. He wants to marry her."

Apparently the concierge's Polish and Hungarian creaked from disuse, for he immediately broke into French.

"Ça c'est formidable," he said and made a

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slight gesture with both hands close to his breast. It implied that this was a matter which wanted looking into, and it also conveyed the idea that his objections were financial.

Evidently Governor considered that the concierge had committed a breach of the language rules under which they were conducting negotiations, for at once he resorted to English.

"Say! Say!" he cried. "You're a janitor, ain't it? Whereas I ain't boasting nor nothing, but ask anybody about The Governor's Theaters in New York."

The concierge shrugged his broad shoulders. "You are mistaking yourself," he said. "You know the French language like a dictionary not like a business man. A concierge, that's a janitor, but the concierge of the Hôtel Probasco, formerly the concierge of the Hôtel Impératrice, is not a word in a dictionary, Monsieur. He means something for which you have no English, so therefore I can't tell you."

He rose from the table, a good six feet three. "Have the goodness to look through the window and across the street you will see a *grand palais* which you call apartment-house," he said and then slapped his great chest with his right hand. "Mine, all mine."

"The Hôtel Probasco," he continued. "One of a chain of four—owned by a *société anonyme*—corporation you call it. And the principal stockholder—" Once more he slapped his chest. "Me again," he said.

"And you let your daughter, a young girl, dance for a living?" Governor exclaimed.

"What can I do?" he said. "It's in the blood. I give you my word of honor, Mr. Governor, only that she will come home to me and she shall have a *dot* like a princess."

"A what like a princess?" George inquired. "A *dot*," Jacob said. "A dowry, but since the war princesses don't have such big *dots* like they once had."

"This is a *dot* from before the war. But dance she must," the concierge said. "She insists on dancing. Her mother was a dancer."

"Her mother doesn't dance any longer, I suppose," George said.

"Her mother is dead, *olav hasholom*," the concierge said huskily, and Governor jumped. "What!" he cried.

"What?" he cried.

"What was it you said her mother was?" Governor demanded and the concierge was entirely mystified.

"Calm yourself, Monsieur," he replied. "All I said that her mother was dead *olav hasholom*."

Jacob turned and embraced his son. "Did you hear that, George?" he almost shouted. "He said *olav hasholom*. He's speaking *loschen hakodesh*. He's one of us."

"Listen, Mr. Janitor or Mr. Millionaire," he began, "we don't want no *dots*. My son wouldn't know what to do with a *dot*. He's got a couple of million—not *dots*; dollars—and he made it all himself, at his age. Look at him! He's a good boy, a fine boy. Can you want a better husband for your daughter?"

"Dad, Dad, please!" George murmured. "You're talking as though you were trying to close a business deal."

"Well," the concierge said, elevating his eyebrows, "how do I know it may not be a business deal? After all, my daughter inherits a share of my property."

"We don't want your property," Jacob cried. "Give it to charity or to poor relations. We came here thinking that you were a poor janitor and we're going to treat you that way too."

"Pardon?" the concierge said loftily.

"He means that we have no *dots* in America and men don't marry for money there—not usually anyway," George explained. "All I want to do is to marry your daughter and make her happy, and when I die, she shall have all that I have."

"I don't want anything you have," he declared. "I don't need it. I know in the old country here they have old-fashioned ideas like settling money on the bride, or for all I know, on the bride's family. I suppose it's got to be done by a lawyer, so just hire one, and I'll pay him."



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# "We know our Luckies *That's how we stay slender*"

EVERY woman who fears overweight finds keen interest in new-day and common-sense ways to keep a slender, fashionable figure. Overweight must be avoided. "Better to light a Lucky whenever you crave fattening sweets."

Toasting does it. Toasting develops and improves the flavor of the world's finest tobaccos. Lucky Strike satisfies the longing for things that make you fat, without interfering with a normal appetite for healthful foods. That's why Luckies are good to smoke. Toasting makes Lucky Strike the healthy cigarette for you to smoke.

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INSTEAD OF A SWEET."**

The Misses Catherine Moylan, Myrna Darby,  
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Darby

Catherine  
Moylan

Murrel  
Finley

Reach for a  
Lucky instead of  
a sweet.

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# WEED *Steel* CHAINS *Grip*

The concierge gazed at George in genuine astonishment. It was a toss-up as to whether he would summon the police or order a bottle of wine. Jacob intervened, however, and it was the waiter who was summoned—by Jacob and not by the concierge.

"Bring a bottle of the best Tchampanyer wine," he said, and then he addressed the concierge. "You think he's crazy but he ain't. He's just in love, and the custom in America is that when a man loves a girl enough to marry her, that lets the bride's family out. All they need give her is a couple wedding presents—not even sterling—triple-plated will do, and after that they can borrow money from her husband for the rest of their lives." Here the waiter brought the wine and Jacob leaned back in his chair.

"Now we can talk this thing over calmly," he said. "Help yourself, Mr.—er—"

"LeBlanc," the concierge interrupted, "but I never drink anything with alcohol in it."

"And you a Frenchman!" Jacob exclaimed, whereat the concierge shrugged one shoulder only. As it were, he shook off his Frenchness and became a native of Pozsony, a province of Hungary where the concierge had spoken Hungarian in public and Yiddish in private. He now had recourse to this private language, not one word of which George understood.

"I have not touched a drop of liquor in over thirty years, Mr. Governor," he said, "and I'll tell you why. To look at me now, you would think I was always this way, but I wasn't. These big bones had flesh on them, pounds and pounds of flesh. I was a regular behémer."

If anyone doesn't understand the word *behémer*, let him remember the circus poster which used to describe the elephant as the behemoth of Holy Writ.

"But since that day thirty years ago," LeBlanc continued, "I've lost flesh year by year, and why?"

He leaned across the table and poked Jacob's sleeve with a bony forefinger.

"You think your son is a fine, handsome young man, and he is," LeBlanc said. "A finer young man of our own people, I couldn't ask for my daughter; but here, wait a minute—listen to me first and drink afterwards!"

This warning was addressed to Jacob who was about to pledge his son's future happiness in a glass of excellent champagne.

"This young man," LeBlanc proceeded, although Jacob was almost too excited to pay any attention to him, "this young man was also a good, clean young fellow. Every week he sent his mother money, and he never behaved except like a good boy."

"Who is this young man you are talking about?" Jacob asked.

"You wouldn't know him, so I won't mention his name," LeBlanc said. "He was an acrobat."

"A what?" Jacob cried.

"An acrobat," the concierge replied, "like me." He rose excitedly and paced up and down.

"But I was a drunken acrobat, a *schickera* and a murderer," he said. "Every day for thirty years I've thought of it—only that I should meet that young fellow again and ask him on my knees he should forgive me."

Tears ran down his sunken cheeks.

"You was never an acrobat so you can't appreciate this," he said to Jacob. "But this young fellow he was three up one afternoon and I was the understander. You don't know what an understander is, I suppose."

Jacob made no reply. He was clasping and unclasping his fingers with his hands apart, practising the art of throttling an opponent.

"An understander holds up the whole troupe, and did I hold them up?" the concierge cried. "I was drunk—*schickera* like a fool, and that young fellow, three up, fell to the stage and broke his leg—the big bone. I never even went near him in the hospital to find out how he was getting on but I know them French hospitals. Today yet, he must be a cripple for life."

He sank back into his chair and covered his face with his hands. George nudged his father.

"I don't know what he's talking about," George said, "but if he feels that bad about losing his daughter, I'll come to live in Nice or I'll pay his fare to America."

"Doesn't he understand?" the concierge asked and Jacob shook his head.

"*Gott sei dank*," the concierge continued. "Let him not know that he marries the daughter of a murderer. Let him not know that all this which I own, all this which I am, I owe to that young fellow, because that very day, I ran away from the troupe. I became a *plongeur*, a glass-washer and a cleaner, and from that I worked my way up in the hotel business, till now you see me, a rich man, and an unhappy one."

As the concierge finished, Jacob ceased to exercise his fingers in the grip of death which he had so long anticipated. Instead he seemed to hear his late partner, Max Slotkin, say: "You should ought to advertise for him and pay him a commission, because if he hadn't let you down, you'd be still an acrobat instead of a millionaire, and you don't appreciate it." And here sat the very man in front of him, and still Jacob didn't appreciate it, for it was a rainy day and his leg pained him.

There was, accordingly, an embarrassing pause, and although George didn't comprehend the reason for it, he felt obliged to relieve it. "By the way, Mr. LeBlanc," he said, "I know your daughter only by her stage name. Is she really called Doloretas LeBlanc?"

"She is really called Leah Weiss," the concierge replied, "because LeBlanc is the French form of Weiss, and my real name is Solomon Weiss."

George turned to his father. He was ready for any emergency but no emergency arose. Instead, Jacob drained his glass of champagne.

"Tell me, Solomon," he said, "do you ever hear anything of your brother-in-law Ben Pastor?"

## Such Men Are Dangerous (Continued from page 40)

had a theory that the rack wasn't such a bad instrument, after all, and he has perfected one which stretches the spine and the neck—I was on it daily for three months. Then he performed a slight operation on the shoulder-bones, and stretched the muscles in that part, which let my shoulders drop. That was a pretty serious operation. Diet and exercise did the rest of the fining process. Then he made the greatest change: he cut the skin of my eyelids and drew it down instead of up; he cut and sewed up my mouth, changing the entire expression, and then he remade my nose—which was broken at college. And last and best—look!"

With this the man pushed up the loose handkerchief on his forehead and disclosed thick, dark hair growing in a point on a Greek brow. "In a month even that fine reddish line at the edge of the growth will be faded, and if it looks too white we shall have it tattooed the

color of the rest of the skin. I've had that done to the line on the nose."

"It's a miracle, sir—a miracle."

"You can always recognize a man by his gait, Johnson, that is why I determined on the shoulder alteration, but it was a near thing!"

"I don't see how the hair was managed, sir!" "That was quite simple; my scalp was very loose and my forehead wrinkled into a scowl. He raised the skin and drew the hair down in a different outline."

"Then your complexion, sir—like a girl's." "I had the beauty treatment when the cuts were healed, had the whole top layers burnt off with acid."

"And yet you can see where your beard grows—it's miraculous, sir, little short of it!"

"Yes, they are real artists here. I am having a treatment for the vocal cords and am speaking lower every day."

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"There are still your ears to be accounted for," Johnson ventured.

The man laughed amusedly. "Yes, they stuck out like an ape's—and never thinking about them, I had a hair-cut that accentuated their ugliness. The skin was cut behind them and they were drawn back."

"And you are wearing gloves, sir?"

"I have to for another week; the operation on my hands was ticklish, I can tell you; first the skin cut and tightened at the side, and then the peeling; but I had almost to pound Rosenberg's head to get him to do it. The fear of cracking and non-healing is so great. You'll see, however, in a week. They'll look as young as my face—all those wrinkles and moles gone!"

"Mr. Pennington did not know you intended this alteration, sir?"

"No, I just disappeared; he had no idea where I was making for, even—or that I had any such idea in my head."

"Beg pardon, sir—but how will you account for me? Isn't it risky, sir?"

"Yes, it may be; but you are necessary to me, Johnson, the one person I can trust. You will soon write to acquaintances in my late household that you would be likely to write to and tell them you are lonely without work, and so have taken a situation with a young Hungarian gentleman—but you don't know if you'll like it yet and you hope to see them if you come back to England. Be sure you say a 'young' gentleman!"

Johnson came as near to grinning as he ever had done in his life. "Why, to be sure, sir—you don't look more than twenty-five."

"That's gorgeous, Johnson, old boy. Call for a pint of champagne and let's drink to Hurkly Ora—that's my new name, made up of lucky numbers! May he enjoy his new life!"

EMMA KRANWERTZ had been a widow for almost a year and she was a changed being. Ludwig's letter had achieved this, she felt, for that enigmatic sentence about "class" had rankled with her and stimulated her to study what he could possibly have meant. She was as good as anyone in America, of fine old Mayflower stock, therefore there could not have been any aspersions intended in that respect.

"I know," she said to herself after a month or two; "he meant my class of intellect—the people who, like me, are half asleep. Why am I half asleep? I need not be. I won't be! Did he kill himself because he could not stand me?"

This troubled her exceedingly, and she began to remember some of the wonderful things he had said to her, the whimsical meaning of which had gone over her head. She was only twenty-six—there was time to alter herself; she never could bring Ludwig back—and she did not know that she wanted to—but she could make something of herself.

She would not go back to America—yet. She would hire a highly educated companion, travel in Europe, study all its wonderful art galleries with new eyes. She would read and she would think. Paris should make her individual clothes which should accentuate her style; no longer would she wear what she was told, or do what she was told, or eat what she was told, or—but of course not! There was no one to tell her to do anything any more.

It was six months later before a sense of humor began faintly to dawn in Emma. When she realized that the aspects of things were beginning to make her laugh and not the things themselves, she almost felt uncomfortable!

"Of course Ludwig could not stand me. I was perfectly awful!"

At the end of another six months she did return to her native land and went to Santa Barbara. The strength of her character had emerged—she would not invite her mother even. She dispensed with the cultured companion and departed to the coast alone. And there she stayed, with only a summer visit to Europe, until her second year of widowhood was almost ended.

A year after the financier's death a very

handsome young gentleman dawned upon the world of Paris and London. Of course it was obvious he was of Jewish extraction, although his strange name gave no clue to his nationality—but the nose was unmistakable, and so was the droop of his large, magnetic, rather melancholy eyes. He appeared to be really wealthy too. Women fell at his feet and into his arms, and how his weird eyes laughed behind the melancholy interesting droop of his eyelids!

It was almost eighteen months since his rebirth when he fell in with Lady Ayencourt, an attractive widow who had been Angelica Carew of Philadelphia ten years before—and now, at thirty, found herself alone in the world, incurable war wounds at last having carried off her much-loved Bobby, that penniless, attractive tenth baron of the name.

Angelica was one of those exquisite creatures which America alone seems to produce—fragile as a lily to look at, with perfect health and a wit as keen as a rapier. She knew how to dress, and how to make her tiny house enchanting to her friends. She could have had lovers for every day in the week had she wanted them—but she had adored Bobby, and now was lonely and looked pathetic.

Hurkly Ora was presented to her at the dinner of a successful American at the Château de Madrid in Paris, and in the glancing lights and shadows of that obvious but delicious spot, he said some very intriguing things to her—so that when she got into bed that night she remembered them and knew that she had received the first thrill since Bobby died.

"I wonder who he is. I wonder if I shall see him again."

She did. He took care of that! And he was thinking, "Perhaps this is what I have been looking for all these years. I shall have to try her by offering her a present. Time will tell."

Time told—for Angelica refused the present which was not tendered for quite a week of acquaintanceship, and in a manner which would have made almost every other woman of her world accept it! A mere onyx and diamond brooch for her hat, but of a new shape and enchanting workmanship. Angelica wanted it badly, but—

"No, thank you, Mr. Ora. I like thoughts more than things from people; things become old-fashioned or wear out; thoughts remain."

Hurkly Ora's strange eyes softened and a flush came into his olive skin. He looked horribly attractive, Angelica realized.

"You are not offended with me?" she hazarded.

"No, you have done just what I wanted you to do."

"Enigma!"

"Angelica!"

"Insolent! Let us play tennis!"

They played—and fenced with one another for a fortnight—she imagining that she was keeping him exactly where she wanted him to be, with that grace and charm and intelligence which only an American woman with long training in European subtlety knows how to use with success against impetuous foreigners.

Hurkly Ora appreciated her art in this game; he was more and more certain he wanted to win, so it amused him to allow her to think that she was setting the pace. He was finding life perfectly enchanting. It was much better, after all, to be thin and svelt and good-looking, with distinguished flat ears and a smooth olive skin! Women ran their fingers through his thick, dark hair now. They never had desired to do so in the days of his convict-like hair cut.

He laughed often, sardonically, but was aware that he was getting some satisfaction out of it all the same. He had the odd, new feeling that women loved him for himself now!

He was only believed to be "rich," not a millionaire now—and there were a number of rich young men floating about in the *chic* society he frequented, so for that part he had nothing to lean upon. No, he really could begin to imagine that he himself, "Hurkly Ora," had emerged from unattractive fleshly trappings, like a diamond out of sawdust, and then he laughed sardonically again. So emotions in

women and social success were a good deal dependent upon the satisfaction obtained by the eye!

IN SANTA BARBARA a team of polo players from the East arrived and won laurels for themselves, and among them was one Jim Pennington—said to have risen from nothing at all, but to have had astonishing luck about two years before. Now he was head of a number of engineering companies. He was introduced to the rich and beautiful widow, Emma Kranwertz, and they got on at once. Emma seemed to Jim the *ne plus ultra* of those "ladies" he had dreamed of at college—and Jim seemed to Emma to be what she always used to think she would like in a man.

She wanted to wait, though, to make up her mind, until a friend, Lady Ayencourt, whom she had met in Carlsbad the year before, should pay her a promised visit. They had arranged that she should come that September.

They were standing on the terrace of her Paradise Villa, looking at the beautiful view—both feeling sentimental, when a telegram was delivered. It was from Lady Ayencourt, saying she would arrive the following afternoon, and was bringing her niece and a charming Hungarian man called Hurkly Ora—whom she was sure Emma would like.

"That is very suitable," Emma thought. "We shall then be four—chaperoned by the niece. I had better tell Jim to provide one of his friends for her."

On the Santa Fé, Hurkly Ora was talking to his valet.

"Now, Johnson, I know I can count upon you not to show the least sign when you see Mrs. Kranwertz again; the very audacity of our proceeding makes it the more safe. If she has her former maid or any of the servants, you will repeat the old story—you were lonely and so took service with a young Hungarian gentleman who likes traveling."

Johnson answered with perfect serenity, "Very good, sir."

The night in Paris when Lady Ayencourt had suggested that Mr. Ora should come to California with her to stay with her friend, Mrs. Kranwertz, he had accepted at once; and afterwards, alone in his apartment, he had laughed and laughed. This would be a too exquisitely enjoyable experience!

They motored from Los Angeles, and it was rather late in the afternoon when Emma received them in the opal-tinted sunset on the terrace overlooking the sea. Jim had not yet come from the polo field.

Emma's first impression was that she seldom had seen anyone handsomer than Angelica's friend. She loved the way his hair grew down in that point and his perfectly flat ears—they were so well-bred looking! And it was so rare even in a man of only twenty-eight, or thereabouts, to see such a pure olive skin.

Then, suddenly, her mind went back to poor Ludwig Kranwertz—and how coarse and snub his features were! The squareness of his shoulders used to irritate her so—because she always felt his power, and had to obey him!—and now that she never obeyed anyone, it was quite delicious to see dark, romantic Hungarian eyes looking into hers with a fire totally absent from that sweet fellow, Jim's!

At dinner Mr. Ora sat at her right hand—Emma did everything thoroughly now that she was awake. Her house was perfection; she had unconsciously followed all Ludwig Kranwertz' teachings as to how establishments should be conducted.

Hurkly Ora observed, with some cynical gratification, that his wishes in his former life had been carried out! Emma was vastly improved too—much thinner, and her big blue eyes seemed to have some meaning in them now. He must draw her out!

"You are far too young and beautiful to live all alone, Mrs. Kranwertz," said his deep voice with just the faintest foreign accent. His methods were always bold. "You should have someone to take care of you."

Emma could not meet his eyes; she felt a

distinct flutter. "But I don't want to marry again. I am enjoying—freedom."

"Were you a caged bird once?"

"I suppose I was, but it was because of my own stupidity."

"Your spirit has become free then?"

"I have tried to make it free by acquiring knowledge. Oh! I am learning so much, and I do not want to hand the key of the door into anyone else's keeping—not until I find someone who would make a great illumination for me on the other side of it!"

Hurkly Ora almost gasped. Was this Emma—Emma!—announcing these subtle aspirations? He became thrilled with interest; he drew her out further; he talked to her about the things he had always loved of art and literature—and about which she had always listened in respectful bored silence—and his amazement deepened. Was it credible that a period of two years could have wrought such a change in a woman?

"I must have been an awful brute to have kept her so dumb." And this thought made him tender.

Across the table Angelica was finding Jim Pennington most refreshing. After all, these young men, not of her world, were interesting to meet. She liked Jim's lithe, sinewy body—as thin as a rail. It reminded her of Bobby. She was so absolutely sure of Hurkly Ora that she was not concerned about his interest in their hostess—which proved that she did not know men quite as well as she thought she did.

"That's the sort of guy women always fall for," Jim said, looking at Mr. Ora. "They couldn't hold him back if they tried—if he really wanted them. I don't know why, but something about him makes me think of a man I used to know. He's not a bit like him, he was years older and shorter—guess it's that his spirit is pretty punchy—the same as that guy's."

"Really? I have never seen anyone like Mr. Ora. He is a most remarkable person of an exquisite cultivation."

Jim's pupils narrowed. "Is that necessary to you? I meant to be if I had stayed longer at college; I suppose a man can learn even now."

"A man can learn anything he wishes to."

"I love dancing," Emma was saying just then. "My husband never danced, so while he was alive I never had the chance."

"I like dancing too—especially the tango. Will you dance it with me one evening?" Hurkly Ora's eyes said more than his words.

"After dinner," Emma answered gladly. "I have asked several friends to come round, and some musicians, but I wondered if you played bridge all the time."

"I loathe bridge."

Emma smiled delightedly. "Oh! How nice to hear that. The hours I have yawned away in the past, trying to learn it."

Hurkly Ora remembered in his former life how he had tried to teach it to her in despair at the incredible boredom of their tête-à-tête! He felt glad now that she did not play bridge, and that he did not—and laughed at himself for being glad. The sardonic whimsicalness of the situation was causing him delight. Then he looked down at her very white neck and saw, just where an exquisite curve began to suggest itself, a little black mole peeping from beneath the string of marvelous pearls, and suddenly a mad thrill ran through him, and he remembered how it had delighted him the first time he had seen it and how he had bought the pearls that their whiteness should match her skin and contrast with the minute round of velvet with which Nature had adorned it.

The friends arrived almost as they left the dining-room, and the musicians were already playing a plaintive *valse* from the balcony. Emma, with quiet grace and assurance, began arranging for the happiness of the bridge addicts. Hurkly Ora watched her. And she had been so awkward and stiff, fulfilling any social duty in the old days!

Lady Ayencourt spoke to him with the faintest tone of anxiety in her voice. She said something ordinary about the beauty of the view

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from the windows in the moonlight—and he answered her with his usual courtesy, but it struck him that she looked a little faded beside Emma!

Was it possible that he, the cynic, who had come to life again with a new body, should fall in love with his former wife! As they danced, he realized the immense possibilities which were now emerging in Emma. No woman could understand the rhythm of the tango as she was showing him that she understood it, unless there was passion in her. Passion in Emma! Then a twinge of jealousy came. Had some other man awakened her? Was that it? He looked over at Jim Pennington energetically clasp Lady Ayencourt. Could it be he?

Angelica took in the situation. She realized that her friend was winning a trick in the game from her. But what did she really want? A masterful Hungarian—perhaps a year younger than herself—or a Jim Pennington who would be an adoring second Bobby?

As for Jim, there was no doubt in his mind as to what he wanted, or in Emma's either. She was thrilling as she had never done before.

"How perfectly you dance," Hurkly Ora whispered, letting his lips accidentally touch her ear as the last notes died away. Then he drew her out on the terrace.

"Do I?" Emma had a catch in her breath.

"I don't believe I ever danced like that before."

"Do you know what your words imply? That it is I who have made the change. That gives me infinite pleasure! There are a number of things I should like to teach you."

"Such as?" Emma marveled at her own temerity.

"The elevation of the soul—the communion of the mind—the joys of love!"

Emma gasped—this kind of thing on the first evening! And said in such a deep, attractive foreign voice, with such a look in the passionate eyes! Why, it was taking her off her feet! She ventured to glance up at him for a moment—he was so beautifully dressed.

"I suppose he has a perfect English valet like Johnson," flashed through her thoughts—and then her level brain went back to the man himself. She had not a single fault to find with him. But he was Angelica's property. This was too bad of Providence—to have given her first a husband she did not want, and now a most desirable lover who belonged to someone else!

Jim Pennington was making what headway he could with Angelica. He would not have dared to say the very insinuating things Hurkly Ora was now whispering to Emma—but Angelica found his hesitating, diffident worship very soothing. Had she gone too far in her encouragement of Hurkly to draw back now? she asked herself.

"Ought I to take away Angelica's man?" wondered Emma.

"Have I the courage to go ahead with this or should I jump the fence?" argued Pennington.

"I have at last found what I am looking for," decided Hurkly Ora, with no backward thoughts, "and I'm darned if I am going to take the wrong woman twice!"

NEXT day Jim proposed an excursion up into the lovely hills—with a luncheon basket. Everyone agreed—the niece had been paired successfully with another member of the polo team—so the six started, the four together and the dummy pair in the young man's automobile.

They all talked nicely—except Hurkly Ora who was provokingly silent. Emma became uncomfortable—was this perfect creature going to develop a habit of her late husband, who would remain inscrutably silent for hours? But he did speak when they had wandered away up the hill after luncheon had been eaten. He was admiring the way Emma had ordered everything—he remembered how helpless and tiresome she had been in the past when circumstances had forced him to rely upon her.

"Let us sit on this rock and look at the view," Mrs. Kranwartz said, when they reached a vantage-point. "There will be no rattlesnakes," she went on, practically.

"That's as well since we are in the Garden of Eden. You are Eve and I am Adam and we have not eaten any apple."

"I've often wondered—would it have grown into the same thing as in the fairy-story of the 'Palace of Revenge' had the serpent not appeared—would they have grown dreadfully bored with Paradise?"

"Certainly. They had nothing to compare their happiness with; they would have been devoured by curiosity and resentful at being unable to gratify it."

This opened a train of thought in Emma's brain.

"Then you think if one found what one wanted after having known things that one did not want, one could have a chance of not walking into the 'Palace of Revenge'?"

Hurkly Ora permitted his voice to be tender.

"I think one would be grateful to Fate for allowing one to have a second chance—and that would ward off the danger of fulfilment's suffocating one."

"A second chance? That is what troubles me sometimes; I wonder if I threw away the first one?"

"If you want to, tell me about it." Hurkly Ora moved closer to her and—accidentally—touched her arm with his smooth fingers.

Emma was conscious of the touch in every nerve of her body. She always had hated the feel of Ludwig's wrinkled hands. A great longing came to her to confide in this sympathetic being.

"My husband was really a wonderful person," she said at length, "but he dominated me so, nothing which I now know I must always have had in me ever came out."

"He could not have been intelligent then."

"Oh! Yes, he was; terribly intelligent."

It was my fault, but I suppose, although I did not know it, I was just like other women, awfully affected by outward appearance in a man—Ludwig was thick-set and unromantic-looking, rather stout, you know, and square, and his ears stuck out, and he had such a high forehead." Here she glanced suddenly at Hurkly Ora. How glad she felt that he had none of these defects!

"You think appearance matters enormously to women, then?"

"Yes, I do; I suppose if you were in love it wouldn't matter, but if you are not you're not likely to get in love if the person has all the things you don't like."

"And what do you like?"

Emma actually blushed—it was absurd of course, and she was annoyed with herself for doing it—but there it was! She looked down.

"Well, I suppose I like balance. That is, things just right; and I like the marks of breeding, and no fat—"

Hurkly Ora also looked down but it was because he was afraid some whimsical gleam might emerge from his eyes.

"This is interesting," he said abstractedly.

"I have often wondered if the same man could have two different bodies, would he be loved equally in both?"

"I suppose it would depend on the women." Emma became reflective. "I could never have loved Ludwig and yet plenty of others did."

"And freedom has changed you?"

"Oh, yes. I've learned things myself without being forced to and I've realized that I had no sense of humor! That is a great discovery for anyone to make. Ludwig had an immense sense of humor I can see now, but I couldn't then; he just made me uncomfortable."

Hurkly Ora leaned back against the rock and his eyes looked weirdly melancholy as he gazed at the sea.

"I feel awfully sorry for your husband. He possessed a perfect woman like you and he did not know it—and the poor devil was so ugly you never troubled to teach him to understand you!"

Emma sighed. "I suppose not."

She began to wonder—he was silent so long—and then he said:

"True love should be above any earthly things, I suppose."

"But that is only in romantic books," Emma responded in her sane way. "In reality, once you really loved, it might stay if the person you loved was disfigured—though I doubt it—but it could not be kindled if he were revolting to start with."

Hurkly Ora realized that this was devastatingly true. And then suddenly he laughed. How astonishingly kind Fate had been to him. Here he—the real he—had returned to life with a new and attractive body, and had found a soul born in his perfect block of clay!

Emma had been looking at him while he looked at the sea. Why did this slender, handsome young man in some way remind her of Ludwig? There was no feature the same, and he was considerably taller. Could it be that Fate was going to be so kind as to send her a mate who pleased her senses, and interested her mind as well? Ludwig could have done the latter, she now knew—but oh!—never the former! Never!

"I adore that black mole on your neck," Hurkly Ora suddenly whispered irreverently. "I want to kiss it."

But this was too precipitate for Emma.

"I see the others waving to us," she announced, and rising with swift, sure movements, she gave him her hand and suggested that they should run down the hill . . .

Things were also going at too fast a pace between the attractive widow and Jim Pennington—so both she and Emma felt that it might be wiser to return to their former bears for a little—just to give the ones they really desired a jolt. And both ladies arranged that the rest of the picnic should be spent with the man who would have preferred to be with the other!

The consequence being that both males were cross.

TURNING into a back passage as she went up to dress for dinner, Emma ran into Johnson.

"Why, Johnson!" Her voice died away as though she had met a ghost.

"Very pleased to see you, ma'am. I'm Mr. Hurkly Ora's valet now. I found myself lonesome without work, even after the master's generous provision for me, so I took service in Budapest. I was hoping to see you, ma'am, during our visit."

Emma said something suitable and passed on. In her well-balanced head there seemed nothing strange in all this; coincidence certainly, but merely coincidence that her late husband's valet should be with the man she now wanted as a lover—a lover of course who might turn into a husband—but a lover primarily.

Both she and Angelica intended to relent and let their real preferences show tonight. For things move fast in a climate made for Olympian gods, and marriages can be arranged (and divorces procured) in a tenth part of the time it takes in the bleak East.

"I love you and I intend that you shall belong to me," Hurkly Ora told Emma on the balcony after dinner. He would not stand any more fencing.

"You're just the biggest peach of a girl I've ever met and I'll worship you forever!" Jim Pennington whispered fearfully to Angelica.

"I've something to say to you!" Pennington growled grimly to the attractive Hungarian.

"Let's walk on the terrace then," Mr. Ora replied.

"I don't know who you are really and I've not got a darned cent of evidence to prove what I am saying, but you keep reminding me of Ludwig Kranwartz somehow—I knew how clever he was—and if you won't give up the girl I'm set on, I'll get a pressman and start the hare. Take it or leave it."

Hurkly Ora quietly slipped his hand into the pocket of his immaculate evening coat and drew forth a minute gun which he suddenly pressed to Jim Pennington's temple.

"I'll take it—whatever you call—but which girl do you want? We'd better know that first!"



"You are a fool!" Jim cried. "Why, Angelica, of course!"  
 "That is just first grade, since I want—Emma! So it almost seems as if we might shake hands!"  
 They did.

"Oh, Jim. I have to be taken care of and—  
 and—comforted and loved."

"You'll get that from me—and more!"  
 "Oh, Hurlky, I've never loved before. I adore your hair and your beautiful eyes. I wish, wish, wish I'd never been married before and you were the very first. Does that matter to a man?"

But as Hurlky Ora crushed Emma in his arms, he whispered with lips on her lips: "Not always!"

## The Stolen Fortnight

(Continued from page 79)

more or less out of existence. I don't believe the same condition obtained with her. Women are very sentimental.

I forgot to mention that I carried two buckets of water up from the creek because I tripped over a log with the first one and had to go down for the second.

My eyes were on her as I toiled over the top of the bank, so I didn't see the log. She was standing just inside the open end of the tent, braiding her hair. She had very long, dark tresses, not a thread of gray among them. I loved the scent, the feel, the sight of her hair. Somehow, one misses a lot when the woman one loves bobs her hair.

She had shed her dress and had got into a loose, commodious *peignoir*. I don't remember ever having seen this particular robe before; but then that isn't surprising.

"Is the water cold down there?" she inquired, as we sat down on our camp-stools on either side of the bridge-table I had provided for dining purposes. How good the broiled ham and eggs smelled—and the coffee!

"Fairly warm," I replied. (We had ice-water in our thermos bottles for drinking purposes.)

"Wouldn't it be gorgeous to go in swimming by moonlight?" she said, a thrill in her voice, a shy look in her eyes. "It has been so hot today—and I've got my bathing-suit with me. Let's."

I must do myself justice by going on record as saying: "I'll see, dearest." I did not intend to allow her to go into that unknown little stream without first investigating. "I'll see how deep and swift it is first. Anyhow, it'll be dark. You won't need a bathing-suit."

"How jolly! No one is likely to come along the road tonight," she cried. "It's the loneliest place I've ever seen."

Our warm, simple dinner—after the cold luncheon in the car at midday—was a repast fit for the gods, for we were hungry and happy.

"This beats any dream I ever had," said I, leaning over and taking her hand in mine. "Nothing could be more wonderful than this."

She laughed. "Oh, any goose can fry ham and eggs," said she, pleased.

The moon was high when we went down the bank and into the still, fresh pool a little below our camping-place. We heard two automobiles go by on the road above, not without alarm, for I had no difficulty in gathering that the occupants were on a "joy-ride" and that, from the hilarious feminine laughter and song, this narrow unfrequented byway was not without its perils for those in quest of peace and contentment—or adventure, for that matter.

"Good gracious!" whispered Irene, clinging to my wet arm as we stood knee-deep in the stream, listening to the roisterers as they passed. "I hope they won't stop and get out."

"No danger," said I. "Why should they? They're not interested in campers."

"I think we should hurry back to the tent," said she nervously—but firmly. "It's getting late, anyhow."

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We did not have a very restful night. To begin with the cots weren't very comfortable. Several hoot-owls kept up a mournful dirge for hours; other birds flew squawking through the trees; a dog somewhere off in the night howled at the moon; and a whippoorwill made the neighborhood hideous with its cry of the lost and lonely. Besides, it turned quite cool and I, for one, was chilled to the marrow, for I surrendered my blanket to Irene.

And then, soon after daybreak, a couple of cows ambled up from the road and, being inquisitive beasts, were making a rather close tour of inspection when Irene gave vent to a horrified squeal, waking me out of a final snatch of sleep, the result being that one of the heifers in retreating caught her hoof in a "guy-rope," nearly jerking down the tent. Almost instantly a shrill voice from somewhere near by yelled: "Hey! Come out of that, darn you!"

I POPPED up and looked out. A young girl was chasing the cows back to the road. Catching sight of my rumbled head, she stopped short and gave me an ultimatum.

"Say, what are you doing here? Can't you read that sign back there? It says 'no trespassing.' This is private property and you better get off before I tell Pa."

"Where do you live?" I called.

"None of your business," said she.

"Does your pa own this land, young lady?" "No, he don't. But you're trespassing, just the same. This land belongs to Mr. Carter."

"Carter?" I almost guffawed. "Say, I've taken his little liver pills and I've written with his ink, and I'm not afraid of him. Send him along and I'll—"

"Oh, for goodness sake!" pleaded a voice behind me.

"Send him along and I'll pay him five dollars for permission to camp here for a day or two," I substituted.

This caused the girl to think. She grinned. "Mr. Carter lives in Boston, so he can't come. But, say, my pa sort of runs things for him, so if you—I guess maybe Pa would let you stay for five dollars."

"Think he would, eh? You mean, he'd send the money to Mr. Carter by the first mail, eh?"

"Sure, he would."

"All right, then. Tell your pa to stroll around here after breakfast and I'll hand him the five. And here's half a dollar. You don't need to send it to Mr. Carter."

I tossed a coin toward her. She scuttled after it and retrieved it from the dusty road, and then waved a friendly hand to me.

"I'll fix it," said she. I dropped the flap.

"Go to sleep again, dear," I said. "It's only six o'clock. What an ungodly hour to be driving cows."

"I'm going to get up," said she, very wide-awake. "We'll have breakfast at half past six and if that man doesn't show up before seven he will miss us. I don't intend to let you waste your money in—"

Whereupon I took her in my arms and almost smothered her. "Now, now! you leave this to me," I said. "Go to sleep, there's a dear."

And by George, that is exactly what she did. It is wise to make the story short. Sufficient unto the day is the pleasure thereof, that's the way I put it, being a sinner who, up to date, has had no desire to repent.

It seems ludicrous to say that we made ourselves at home on the bank of the creek for three more days and nights, but we did. The father of the freckled-faced girl not only came and collected his five, but was so overcome by my liberality that he offered to supply us with fresh milk, butter, eggs and vegetables at what Irene, who knows more about housekeeping than I thought, regarded as exorbitant prices.

It rained on the third night. Pitchforks! Moreover, it thundered terrifically and blew with all the fury of a tempest. Never have I known such flashes of lightning.

At the first approach of the storm—along about midnight—we abandoned the tent for the automobile. Here again Irene's sagacity had manifested itself. Feeling the storm in the

air along about sundown, she had prevailed upon me to put up the top, attach all the side curtains and make the car as rain-proof as possible against what actually came to pass.

We got thoroughly wet in the dash to the car and were obliged to change our nightclothes after we reached shelter. Fortunately the storm came out of the east and our camp was in the lee of a thick woodland, which served as a partial break for the wind.

It was a dirty night. Irene huddled close to me in the back seat of the car, shuddering and jumping and uttering muffled cries while the storm was at its height. I could feel her heart pounding against me like a hammer—a warm, soft hammer. And she began to moan about her babies: what would become of them if lightning struck the car?

Morning found us somewhat shot to pieces. I, for one, was cold. Keeping Irene warm was not as easy—nor as pleasant, for that matter—as it might seem.

The sun, to our amazement, was shining brightly; the foliage and the grass were never so green or so sparkling; a cool, gentle breeze welcomed us as we crept, stiff and sore, from the stuffy car to the ground.

"Good gracious!" cried Irene, panic-stricken. "It's broad daylight. I must get some clothes on before—Why, look! The tent is standing! Can you believe your eyes?"

I rubbed them and then announced that I could. My eyes, I said, never failed me. She hurried into the tent and began dressing. I followed her. The wind had blown things about a bit but the damage was really of no account.

While we were getting breakfast our freckle-faced handmaiden arrived with the milk and butter.

"Frightful storm, wasn't it, Aggie?" said Irene, who was now in the best of humors and apparently had forgotten all about her children.

"When?" inquired Aggie.

"Good gracious!" gasped Irene. "Didn't—didn't you hear it? Last night."

"No, ma'am," said Aggie honestly. "I'm what you might call a sound sleeper." Then she giggled. "I got nothing on my conscience, I guess."

I spoke up. "I think we'll be on our way after breakfast, Aggie. I want to make Stromford by noon, to lay in a supply of meat and—"

"You can't pack up this tent, mister, till the sun dries her out," broke in Aggie sagely. "Besides, Ma is sending down some fried spring chicken and corn bread 'long about twelve o'clock. She'll be terrible disappointed if you clear out before then."

"We'll put off sailing until afternoon," said I promptly. "Fried chicken sounds good to me."

We got away about two o'clock that afternoon—not, however, without accident. The ridge-pole came down upon my head. I am not a profane man—however, Irene put her fingers in her ears and said she was glad Aggie wasn't there, poor child.

Along about five o'clock we entered the village of Stromford with something of a dash and I was immediately arrested by the constable for violating the speed laws.

Irene, who didn't know what we were being arrested for, was tremendously concerned, to say the least. When she learned the truth, she was profoundly indignant.

She argued that the old rattletrap couldn't possibly break a speed law even if it went at full speed downhill. The constable said he didn't care a darn whether it went uphill or down after it got beyond the village limits of Stromford—and besides, insisted Irene triumphantly, we were standing perfectly still when he came up and arrested us, so how could we be breaking a speed law?

At this juncture I took a hand. I asked the officer to direct us to the best meat market and grocery store in town as I had a lot of things to purchase, after I had paid my fine.

Whereupon he said he would let us off with a warning, and if I'd allow him to ride on the

running-board he'd take us to the only square-dealing store in town. It seems that his son conducted the establishment. Moreover, he told me of an excellent place about fourteen miles beyond Stromford, on a nice quiet side road, where we could make camp and be as comfortable as two bugs in a rug.

"So, you see," said I to Irene when we were well on our way, "a soft answer turneth away wrath. Never argue with a cop."

She sniffed. "Do you call that old hayseed a cop?" she wanted to know. "And what's more, I'd like to see you break the speed limit with this piece of junk."

I was a bit angry, so I accommodated her. To my own surprise, as well as to her consternation, the speedometer registered forty-four miles on a fairly straight but very bumpy stretch of road. She finally begged me to slow down.

"There!" said I proudly, bringing the car to a moderate pace. "Are you satisfied?"

"I'm nearly dead," said she. So then I had to put my arm around her and kiss her, almost causing the car to leave the road at a rather dangerous place.

We found the camping-ground, but not at described. I could understand what he means by two bugs in a rug, for as we hove into sight of the place we beheld, to our dismay, four tents, five automobiles, ten or a dozen children, a vast and wandering assortment of discarded newspapers, but his idea and mine of the meaning of the word comfortable were not at all compatible. So we hurried past.

Presently we came to a cross-road. While we stood there debating which way to turn, a very evil-looking man approached from the right-hand road.

"A tramp," said I to Irene, regarding the stranger with some curiosity. "Keep your veil down," I went on jauntily. "I don't want the wretch to see how pretty you are."

The man stopped a few yards away and stared at us—I was about to say leered at us—an ugly grin spreading over his face.

"Whatsa matter? Lost?" he inquired.

I put my hand to my ear and leaned forward as if I were quite hard of hearing. "What say?" I called out in my deafest monotone.

"I say, are you lost?" shouted the tramp, still grinning. He winked at the veiled Irene. It was plain he had been drinking.

"A leetle louder, please," said I. "I'm kind of hard of hearing."

"Can't you hear what I'm yellin' at you?"

"How's that?"

WHEREUPON he made a very ugly, coarse remark to my companion and shuffled a little nearer the car. She was sitting on that side.

I am very quick-tempered, not to say gallant. I flung open the door, shouting:

"I heard that, you dirty bum!"

In a second I was scrambling to the ground, heedless of Irene's sharp cry of dismay. As I rushed around the front of the car, he took to his heels, casting an affrighted glance over his brawny shoulder.

I heard Irene scream as I started down the road after him, full-tilt. In my youth, I was something of a runner, but I was no match for him, and I dare say he was about my own age. Suddenly he turned sharply to the right, sprawled across the ditch, flung himself over a fence, plunged through a thicket of bushes and tore into the woods.

I stopped short of the fence, yelled loudly for Irene to release the dog, and then leaned weakly on the top rail, convulsed with laughter. He looked back once. I pulled myself together and gave the imitation for which I am famous—or infamous, if you please: the terrific barking and snarling of a very determined dog. From a distance I heard him cry:

"Call him off! Off! For Lord's sake, mister!"

Irene was doubled up with laughter—and, of course, relief—when I returned to the car.

"Oh, oh! I never dreamed you were so brave!" she cried, grabbing my arm and squeezing it as I got into the seat. "You were perfectly magnificent, Dick!"



I made light of it by panting: "Yes, but just suppose he *hadn't* run like a whitehead. Gosh, when I think of the mess we—"

"I am sure you would have given him the thrashing he deserved," she broke in proudly.

"Well, it has taught me a lesson," said I, starting the car. "I'll never play deaf again when I've got a veiled woman with me. It's too risky."

In course of time we came to a small village. "What town is this?" I inquired of a boy.

He told me and also, after some prodding, that a very good place to camp was up the road about five miles on the bank of Wolf Creek. It was getting late; the sun would be down in an hour or so. Irene sighed.

"Oh, dear! I am so tired. Isn't there a hotel or an inn or something where we can spend the night? Really, Dick, I can't bear the thought of putting up this tent so late as this."

I jumped at the chance, like any coward. "Is there a place here, son, where they take lodgers for the night?"

And so it came to pass that we spent the night in a very clean, cozy, jolly sort of roadside inn, much more snugly than bugs in a rug, for it turned astonishingly cold after the sun went down and an east wind came ranging up the valley.

We were off early the next morning. Irene declared she did not sleep well; she hated a double bed and always had, especially the kind that sags down in the middle. She wasn't used to them, she said, and—well, she said a lot of other things about double beds that I considered entirely out of place under the circumstances. It wasn't my fault, I protested, and I promised her in some heat that it never would occur again.

We were barely on speaking terms at breakfast.

Another thing distressed her deeply. A Portland newspaper of the day before, delivered that morning, dwelt with ill-concealed glee on the unprecedented heat-wave that had descended upon New York City.

She was very glum and peevish as we rattled along the dirt-road through the woods.

"Suppose," she had said, "Miss Cornwall took the children out in the sun and something happened to one of them—a sunstroke, or—"

"Don't be silly," I had said, rather curtly. "They're all right. That woman isn't going to take 'em out in the hot sun. She doesn't want to go out in the hot sun herself. Nobody does. So don't worry about those confounded kids."

"They're not confounded kids!" she flared. I became very dignified. "Humph!" said I.

"No matter what you say or think," said she, "I worship my children. I may be a bad wife but I am a good mother. I'd have you know."

We didn't speak to each other until along about noon, and then she said—showing where her thoughts had been during the long interim: "Oh, if it were only the tenth of July and I had them up in the Adirondacks where it is cool and heavenly. What a fool I was not to take the cottage from the middle of June instead of after the Fourth."

"But just think what you would have missed," said I fatuously.

She eyed me coldly. "What would I have missed?" she inquired haughtily.

She didn't get over her pout until camp was pitched in a lovely little grove bordering on one of the small sky-blue lakes with which this section abounded. I must admit that she did her share of the work—rather doggedly, it seemed to me—and I marveled all over again at her pluck and willingness to put up with hardships to which, heaven knows, she was by no means accustomed. Suddenly she came over to me and threw her arms around my neck.

"Forgive me, please," she murmured. "I'll—I'll not be beastly again."

I swallowed hard before and after kissing her. "You couldn't be beastly if you tried," said I humbly. "It is I who have been beastly."

"I am glad to hear you acknowledge it," said she brightly, and then we were happy again.

We stayed in the grove for a week—a

## ..and writing with type helps little readers



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heavenly week for both of us. We went to bed early notwithstanding the fact that our days were spent in idleness. At an astonishingly early hour in the morning we were up and about. First, an exciting dip in the cool waters of the lake, then breakfast, as merry a meal and as appetizing as you'd wish, after which the dishes and pans and cutlery were washed and neatly put away.

Then we read a bit—I had brought a few novels; fished with improvised hook and line—every catch elicited a squeal from her, whether she held the pole or not; napped in the deep shade of the trees; and strange as it may seem, in spite of our *dolce far niente* existence, were thoroughly and happily tired by nine o'clock.

A farmer supplied us with eggs and milk and chickens; we made one trip back to the village for certain provisions. On that occasion she looked with longing eyes at a sign outside the drug store which said in rather bold type: "Long-distance Telephone. For Rates Inquire Within." I firmly led her away from temptation.

All good things must end. It was time for us to think about getting back to the less simple, less ecstatic routine of life.

"This is Thursday," said I, puffing meditatively at my pipe on the last night of our stay in the grove. "Monday, at the latest, we'll have to start for Boston. I hate to think of it."

"That will make just twelve days," said she, in a far-away voice.

"Twelve happy days and nights," mused I. "I'll never forget them, Dick."

"Nor regret them?"

"Why should I? That is," she made haste to add—confound it—"if everything has gone well with—I mean in New York."

The next afternoon we pitched camp in New Hampshire, far off the beaten track. Along about nine o'clock the breeze freshened and soon was blowing strongly. A storm was coming up. I began making things tight and snug. As usual, we had stowed our bags and personal belongings in the car, which stood but a few yards from the tent. I was putting up the side curtains when I heard a sharp cry of alarm from her. An instant later she dashed out of the tent, crying:

"Hurry! The cot's on fire! Be quick!"

I dashed past her as she stepped outside the tent, frantically clapping her dressing-gown to her throat. A glance showed me that her clothing was not ablaze.

One look was enough. The bedding on my cot was afire; the flames already were mounting and reaching out toward the dry wall of the tent. I rushed inside and grabbed the blazing sheets, only to drop them an instant later in order to make a hasty dive for Irene's dress which was lying across one of the camp-stools. I picked up my own coat and waistcoat, snatched her hat from a peg near the mouth of the tent, and rushed outside.

"She's a goner!" I cried. "Not a chance in the world. Quick! Is there anything else in there you want to save?"

"My rings and watch," she gasped. "But let them go! Don't go back in there."

"Where are they?" I demanded.

"At the foot of my cot," she chattered.

I disappeared as she screamed, emerging a moment later with her hand-bag. The flames were licking the side of the tent by this time and the place was filling with smoke.

"What—what happened?" I choked out as we scurried to a safe distance, there to stand helpless and watch the furious glow inside the tent.

"The oil-stove upset," she said. "I was heating some water when— Oh, Dick, I must tell you the truth! I knocked it over while I was making up your bed. I'm so sorry!"

I threw my arm around her.

"Don't give it a thought, dear. Accidents will happen. And we've got one thing to be thankful for," I cried as the flames broke through, lighting up the grove. "I shan't have to be bothered about selling the tent and all that stuff I laid in to go with it. It will be a total loss and—by George, I'd better move the car. It has all our bags and things in it. I say! You haven't got much on, my dear. Pop into your dress, quickly, and then get into the car. The storm is likely to be here any minute now."

She shook her head, her fascinated gaze on the now leaping, soaring, swirling flames. I ran the car back a few rods to the edge of the clearing and yelled to her to join me. After she had got into her dress we sat down on the running-board, huddling close together, and watched the conflagration. I heard her sigh.

## Your Wife Has 50 Slaves by James Schermerhorn (Continued from page 55)

Invited to dinner, he pleaded preparation for an unusually important interview with out-of-town prospects at nine A.M. the morrow morn. His objection was waved aside with the assurance that the function was informal and would be over in time to permit plenty of slumber.

He went. Dinner was over by nine. Wouldn't it be jolly to take in that fractional part of the theater offering that society contents itself with postprandially? And, of course, Mr. Realtor would not be a killjoy and break up the party! Theater over, someone conceived the idea of going home via a Wayside Inn and taking just one whirl at roulette. When a sufficient number of twenty-spots had been offered to the god of chance, the party elected to go slumming.

The outcome of the dinner engagement, that was to be without formality or frills, was that the real-estate king reached his home in time to change his clothes, grab a cup of coffee, jump into a taxi and get to the hotel to meet his prospects at the appointed hour.

He didn't fall down entirely on the important downtown lease, but he charged up to "social acceleration" his failure to write into the deal the terms he had proposed as final and which he felt he could enforce with his wits about him. But there was not enough left of him to dominate the situation. He was a squeezed orange.

Recently a figure looming large in the National Air Transport was informed upon leaving the Boston Symphony that the next stop would be the "Bird of the Broken Pinion" café. From the divine harmonies of classic

orchestration to jazz bedevilment was too much for a soul awakened and lifted higher.

He has since confided to his intimates that he did not make his mutiny as formidable as he felt like doing. From symphony to infamy was as repugnant to his tranquilized soul at the moment as going to the land of the geisha girls with a wife was to George Ade, according to information imparted to the N. A. T. official by a fellow Hoosier. Ade vowed he would "just as soon think of taking a ham sandwich to a Lord Mayor's banquet." But the consort's protest against syncope as a chaser for symphony, though less acrid, was like Mercutio's wounds. It was enough. It served. He went home to dwell for a space in the symphonic state to which he had been transported.

Then what should befall but the neighborly invasion of a lively bunch who were hungering and thirsting for radio regalement. He feigned acute indigestion and fled to his boudoir.

Below stairs the spirited competition of conversation and broadcasting continued unabated, but unconsciousness came mercifully to the symphony lover's aggrieved spirit.

We hear the wiseacres say concerning the social stress that sends the American business man to his problems so many mornings unfit, if not undone, that it is only the continuing demonstration of woman's power over man, unchanged since Eve ate the family out of house and home.

Another guess coming. As a matter of fact, it is not woman-power at all, but horse-power. Mechanization of life, domestic and industrial,

"Well, there goes our dream-world, up in smoke," said I. "That's what usually happens to dream-worlds."

"We have a lot more to be thankful for, Dick, than you mentioned. You might have been terribly burned when you rushed in."

"And your dress might have caught fire when the stove upset," I broke in.

We drew a little closer to each other, and then we sat in silence, gazing upon the chortling ruin of a happy adventure.

Presently she stirred. "We have no place to sleep tonight," she said wearily.

"I've been thinking," said I. "There's no sense in our staying here. As a matter of fact, the sooner we are on the move, the better. We'll leave nothing behind but a heap of ashes and no one will be the wiser. Hop into the car. I'll gather up the things over there on the ground and we'll start for somewhere while the home fires are still burning."

It was thundering in the near distance as I swung the car down into the narrow road. Nothing was left of our gipsy home save a few smoldering baskets; some of the more substantial things were still blazing fitfully.

"Well, anyway," said she, "we had a good time while it lasted, didn't we?"

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world. You'll never know how happy I've been during this stolen fortnight with you, dear. I wish it could go on forever."

"You'd get tired of it. Men always do."

Late the next day we limped into Boston and this time went to a decent hotel. I gave the car back to its original owner with my blessing.

The next afternoon we got into a taxi at the Grand Central Station in New York and told the driver to take us to an apartment-building in one of the East Sixties. Arriving there, we were appropriately greeted by the doorman.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Davis. Glad to see you back. How are you, Mr. Davis? You've been away a long time, sir."

"How are the children, William?" was her first inquiry.

"Fine, ma'am, they've just come in from the Park. Your telegram, sir, was there waiting for 'em. Terrible excited they are, ma'am, over their pa and ma coming home like this together. Little Richard said it was just like Christmas."

has developed in America 750,000,000 horse-power. In one horse-power there is eight man-power.

Figure it out. You get 6,000 million man-power to do the work of the country, or fifty slaves per capita. It follows that our homemakers have at their command half a hundred serfs. Behold our slave-keeping household queens quite relieved of woman's work—once looked upon as "never done"—by the coming of labor-saving, thought-saving, time-saving, worry-saving mechanical facilities.

Steinmetz, General Electric wizard, declared not long before he went to the grave that this vast mechanization will bring us ultimately to the epoch wherein the work of man, now measured for purposes of comparison as "from sun to sun" will be accomplished in a six-hour working day. This will put up to excitement-craving spouses the responsibility of deeper thought in formulating a more ambitious after-hours agenda for long-suffering, acquiescent husbands.

More than ever it will be brought to pass that it is not work that kills, but worry.

Worry in the hush of the fading day over where the poor man's evening clothes are to appear forthwith and for how many more hours *per diem*—accompanied by their owner.

Whereupon it is easy to anticipate a dialog like this between fellow directors at the board meeting next day:

"Was your good wife entertaining last night?"

"Not very."

## Unknown Lands by Blasco Ibañez (Continued from page 87)

which were in a deck-corner under the fore-castle.

When he returned, Gonzalez was on his feet. The butler's hand was clutching his dagger, and he was holding it, ready to strike, just below the level of his belt. But Garvey was armed with a harpoon, and using it as a club, he brought it down upon his enemy's head in a blow which Gonzalez only partially succeeded in parrying with his arm. The butler fell to the deck, and Garvey advanced upon him, the three prongs of the harpoon this time pointed downward.

"I'll spike you to the deck as I would a snake!" he cried.

But just as he had raised the weapon and was aiming the blow, there came a violent shock. Garvey felt himself hurled forward, toward the prow of the vessel, as by an invisible force. The whole hull of the Santa Maria seemed to be groaning and writhing as in a death-agony, the decks buckling, the beams quivering. Then the vessel heeled, till the starboard scuppers touched the water. There was another moment of crunching and groaning. Finally the ship righted somewhat and came to rest.

The first human voice was a cry of alarm from the "broom" at the helm. Other voices answered from between decks, fore and aft.

The Santa Maria had struck a rock!

While the Admiral and his crew were being lulled to sleep in the cheer of Christmastide, a gentle current was sweeping the ship off her compass course toward some shoals that lay well offshore just beneath the surface. The sea was in flat calm. No break on the surface of the water had warned the helmsman of impending disaster.

As he lay on the deck, Gonzalez was almost overrun by the rout of terrified seamen. The confusion was too great for anyone to notice his bruised face and the blood that was spattered on the planks about him. Finally a sailor stooped and lifted him to his feet, supposing that he had had a fall as the vessel struck. The butler, for that matter, was as much impressed by the accident as anyone else. He hurried to his quarters aft, thinking more about the danger to the vessel and to the enterprise than of his quarrel with the sailor.

In accord with a request transmitted to King Guahanacari by the former caterer to their Highnesses, the Santa Maria was shortly surrounded by great canoes, manned by crews of Indians. The king had wept on learning the bad news, and so had his courtiers. To be sure, weeping would not float the Floating Forest of the Sons of Heaven; but all his red-skinned subjects were at the disposal of the white men, as also was a village of *bohios* which happened to be located on the shore, a few hundred yards from the spot where the Santa Maria lay fast on the shoal.

IN A few hours everything movable and of value had been removed from the wreck and sent safely to the beach. King Guahanacari was present in person and was directing the construction of great sheds of tree trunks and thatch, to shelter this spoil of the vessel.

If the crews aboard the two ships were in consternation at the misfortune which had come so unexpectedly upon them, there were two persons who found some consolation in it: the "broom" Andujar, and the page Salcedo. Fernando and Lucero were together again, for the moment ashore, but later on, at sea also; for the Admiral would now have to board the Niña!

Don Cristobal soon recovered his spirits. The sailors were reporting that gold ornaments were numerous and conspicuous among the natives in this region. Guahanacari, moreover, had just presented him with a number of religious masks, each with plates of gold in the ears and eyes. The precious metal seemed to act like a magic balm on all the Admiral's mental sufferings, and he said devoutly:

"I see that Our Lord caused me to go aground

at this place as a command that I found a colony here. Had I not lost my ship, I could not have done so, for I could never have left them with such supplies, arms and munitions, as I now have available through the salvage from the full-rigger."

Others caught the Admiral's enthusiasm. On learning that the Admiral was thinking of building a fort and leaving a garrison to exploit the country, all voiced approval, and many volunteered to stay and man it.

Since the Santa Maria had grounded on Christmas Eve, the Admiral decided to name his new town "Nativity." The timbers and beams of the wreck were brought ashore and a strong house was built, lofty, like a watch-tower, with a ditch and a stockade about it. It was a spacious edifice; and since quarters aboard the Niña would be crowded, if everyone returned to Spain, it was desirable that as many as possible should take advantage of this opportunity to remain in the land of gold and spices. Those who stayed behind at Nativity could not fail to become wealthy. The Admiral would hurry back to Spain, to report the discovery of Asia by the route west.

The list of those who could be accommodated at Nativity was soon full. It contained forty-one names! As governor the Admiral designated his cousin "on the left"—Don Diego de Arana.

Lieutenant-governor would be Don Pero Gonzalez, and next in authority to Don Pero, Rodrigo de Escobedo, royal commissioner and registrar of the fleet! The once royal butler was glad at last to have official status in the expedition where he would have real authority and at the same time opportunity to look after his material interests. He had not the slightest hesitation in volunteering to remain.

The bravest and most adventuresome portion of the crews was drawn off to man the new fortress, men who preferred the mystery of this new country, of which they had seen only a strip of coast, to the hackneyed certainties of a return to Spain, a land that had palled on them and held nothing unusual in store for their futures. Whale-fishermen of the Bay of Biscay, Andalusians, the Englishman, the Irishman, such names figured on the roll of volunteers.

While the Admiral was fitting the Niña for the voyage home, a report came in from the Indians that the Pinta was at anchor in a river mouth about sixty miles to the eastward. The departure was delayed for some days that a long canoe manned by King Guahanacari's men might carry word to the elder Pinzon. The attempt failed. The Indians, as was later learned, turned back just before reaching the Pinta, which actually lay concealed behind the next point. Concluding that the report was baseless and that the Pinta had never really been seen, the Admiral fixed the third of January for his own sailing homeward.

On New Year's morning Garvey approached Cuevas on the beach with an exclamation of surprise:

"I see you and your brother have changed your minds and are not going to follow my advice . . . Well, stay if you prefer—things may go well with you!"

Cuevas was astounded at the words of his friend. Though they could not imagine what would be their fortunes on returning to Spain, they had not volunteered for the garrison at Nativity, and they had taken it for granted that they would sail on the Niña. Their one thought in the whole matter was to free themselves of Gonzalez. Garvey nevertheless had just seen their names at the bottom of the garrison roll. The names had been freshly added, with a gloss that they were to be in the personal service of the lieutenant-governor!

Fernando hurried to find Lucero and tell her this important news. The Admiral was absent from his *bohio* at the moment, but Lucero found the list of names among his papers, and it was just as Garvey said. That same day the

warden of the Niña chanced to encounter the "broom" on the seashore and remarked indifferently, as though he were speaking of something long settled:

"You are doing well to stay here, young man. I would stay myself if it were not for a wife and five children who are depending on me in Palos. Captain Vicente Yañez has already replaced you on the Niña. Terreros is taking over the work your brother has been doing for the Admiral."

The lovers looked at each other in dismay. They would not be allowed on the Niña! Through an intrigue of their persecutor they would be left behind in this unknown land, subject to his personal authority!

THE evening before the departure from Nativity the "broom" Cuevas, head low, twirling his cap in his fingers to conceal his nervousness, approached his former master in the great Indian long house that was serving as headquarters. It had been his desire, and the desire of his brother, to return to Spain—neither he nor the page Salcedo had asked for leave to stay behind in the fort at Nativity!

Don Cristobal was surprised at this complaint and supposed it to be due to fear. "Why," he said, "I always took you for a boy who amounted to something! Stay here and you will make your fortune! Gold will be in here by the barrelful!"

But Lucero was standing near by on pretense of putting some order into the confusion of basketry, cotton balls and other objects which Guahanacari had sent in homage to the Admiral to help adorn his lodgings on land. Don Cristobal happened to glance at her, and he seemed suddenly to be reminded that this "broom" of the former flag-ship and his own valet stood in particularly close dependence on his kindness. Lucero was very pale, and her evident uneasiness moved the Admiral. There was little room on the Niña and the trip home was bound to be uncomfortable! However, Cuevas, he supposed, could be fitted in somewhere! As for Salcedo, there need be no change!

During the next few days, those just preceding the departure, the lovers saw their enemy, the ex-royal butler, on a number of occasions. Gonzalez already was settled ashore, occupying all by himself one of the larger huts provided by Guahanacari. As first lieutenant and immediate successor to de Arana, the governor of the fort, he seemed even more haughty than he had been as a personal friend, unattached, of the Admiral. Two "brooms" of the lost ship formed his immediate staff; but Guahanacari had heeded his importunities and assigned him also a number of Indians.

Cuevas saw the man more than once being carried around on the shoulders of these native servants. In fact, Gonzalez was the first white man to subject Indians to this menial service. The islanders had done such favors for the Sons of Heaven, but voluntarily as an expression of religious awe, and to assist their celestial visitors over swamps, streams and ponds. The former royal butler insisted on these honors for his own person that his new position of authority be emphasized by some unmistakable sign.

On the second of January, Don Cristobal had a final conference with Diego de Arana and the latter's two assistants, calling their attention to all that he had left with them to meet various emergencies and predicting that a rain of gold would soon be drenching the fort at Nativity. He consigned into their hands all the merchandise which the sovereigns had provided for purposes of barter—cheap things which they could exchange at enormous profit. The long-boat from the Santa Maria would be available for explorations down the coast. He left them the fleet doctor and the fleet surgeon to attend their bodily health, and the chief gunner, "a man skilled in all



kinds of mechanic," to supervise arrangements pertaining to defense. Master Diego, the herbarist, would have charge of such explorations in the forests as bore upon spices, undoubtedly present in great abundance on the island.

That same night of the second of January, the Admiral was rowed out to the Niña, and did not again come ashore. Contrary to plans, however, no start was made on the following day. A heavy sea was running, and the caravel seemed safe at her anchorage to leeward of the bars, but many of the Indians who had been taken aboard from the first islands discovered had stayed ashore. The Admiral was much concerned to take them to Spain, especially the females, and on seeing that only a few men were coming in he determined to postpone his sailing one day more and send a boat of sailors to round the women up.

**F**ERNANDO CUEVAS had several comrades among the men in the squad and obtained permission to go with them. Lucero also found a place in the boat, obtaining her leave on the pretext that she had forgotten one or two of her master's belongings in clearing the hut he had occupied near the fort. The two young people felt that this would be their last chance to be together in these lands of the New World, and it would be difficult for them to see each other during the long voyage on the caravel. They must make another forest exploration to some trees which reminded Fernando of the happy afternoon in Cuba. On arriving at the fort, the lovers slipped behind the huts which Guahanacari had given the white men after the destruction of their vessel, and struck out into the woods.

But on this occasion, Lucero could find no relief from her instinctive fear of the deep woods, and the mere consciousness that a mile away there lay a Spanish town, inhabited by forty white men all anxious to enjoy this first day of freedom in their new home, deprived her of the sense of space, of Edenlike innocence, of liberty which she had had in Cuba.

Fernando for his part was even more at home than on the other walk. He had learned much about the sounds that are heard in the forests. He was now easily able to distinguish the rustle of a tree in the wind, or the movement of an animal in the bushes, from the light almost imperceptible tread of a barefoot native.

Shortly they turned back from the deeper forest with the idea of finding easier walking along the sea; but they had not gone far when Fernando became aware that someone was near by, and the sounds he heard were not from naked feet but from Spanish shoes. For the moment he thought someone from the village might also be exploring; but as they made their way shoreward, it was apparent that he and Lucero were being followed.

They had just arrived at a clearing near the shore when Fernando suddenly stopped and pushed Lucero behind a tree. He had recognized the figure of Pero Gonzalez. The butler was advancing through the outer shrubbery of the forest and following their trail. Gonzalez had been collecting from the natives specimens of the poisoned Cariba arrows to take home with him as curiosities. Two of these he was now carrying in his right hand.

Gonzalez carried no bow—he could not be hunting. Why did he have those instruments of death? Evidently he intended to use them as spears or lances—thrown accurately from a short range they would easily pierce a man from front to back! It was all clear to Cuevas. If he could be disposed of in these wilds, Lucero would be utterly at Gonzalez' mercy. If perchance a young "broom" were found dead with the two poisoned arrows still in his back, his death would be attributed by the Spaniards to Caribs recently disembarked, or to unknown natives from the interior of the island!

This reasoning, however, was the work of an instant. With a cry to Lucero to keep to cover, Fernando leaped aside just in time to escape

an object that whizzed close by his face with that vibrant hissing sound the dragons use in fairy-tales. Gonzalez had thrown the first arrow and missed. But he was running forward, the second shaft poised in his right hand and ready to be thrown the moment the sometime royal butler should find a sure position.

Cuevas darted about from tree to tree, determined to give his assailant no standing mark.

For a few seconds the pursuit lasted. Then, as Cuevas was making for another tree, Gonzalez hurled his second shaft, but at the tree itself, with the idea of anticipating the "broom's" movement.

The arrow struck the tree trunk just to one side of the middle and hung there vibrating up and down, the point sunk deep under the bark.

With a cry of joy the youth tore it out with a hard fast jerk and turned furiously upon his enemy. "Now I have you, my lord Coward!" he shouted, advancing upon Gonzalez.

But the man had drawn his sword and began lunging and cutting violently in Fernando's direction. The "broom" realized he had only his lightness of foot to rely on if he were to cope with this stronger and heavier antagonist. He backed off and leaped about, trying to prevent the battle from coming to close quarters and to avoid the vicious thrusts that Gonzalez kept making with the sword.

But the butler reached far forward in a terrific lunge intended to pierce the boy. For a second he was off balance! And in a flash Fernando plunged the poisoned arrow into his neck.

Having delivered his blow, Fernando drew back, crouching, ready to run again should the attack be renewed.

But something fell at Gonzalez' feet—his sword; and slowly, as if in great pain, the man raised both hands to the back of his neck; and gently one of them lifted the end of the shaft to relieve the weight which added to the anguish of the wound. Cuevas could see a stream of blood running down inside Gonzalez' shirt.

"Come! Come quick!" Fernando called to Lucero, and seizing her by the hand ran with her in a mad dash toward the seashore.

At the beach they looked back to see if Gonzalez were following.

No one was in sight.

They thought they still could hear groans and calls for help. Then these sounds also ceased. The butler must have fallen to the ground, his two hands still at his neck, one of them supporting the end of the cruel shaft to lighten the pull on the poisoned head.

More casually then, as if nothing had happened, the lovers walked along to the village and sat down at the side of the long-boat; but their eyes kept turning in furtive glances toward the edge of the woods. Someone might hear the wounded butler's calls, and if he were found still alive he would tell what had happened!

It seemed as though the boat never would leave the beach. Only a few of the missing Indians had been found and the boatswain thought the hunt should be continued as long as possible. As for women, every one of the female captives had disappeared. It was not till evening that the boat put out to the Niña, abandoning the vain search.

The dawn of the fourth of January broke, and though the wind was very light, the Niña began raising her anchors. Her long-boat went out ahead with a cable to tow her past the shoals, behind which she had been lying, through a channel wider than the one she had followed in coming in.

**A** CONE-SHAPED mountain peak, which the Admiral compared to an Indian *bohio* and which looked like an island surrounded by a sea of low land, came up on the horizon ahead of the Niña. Don Cristobal named it "Monte Cristi," and since the winds were light, lingered for two days in its neighborhood. The Admiral was now healthily afraid of shoals, and kept sailors posted at the mastsheads to spy them out far in advance. On Sunday, the

sixth of January, one of the lookouts called, not a shoal, but a sail!

It was the Pinta coming along, with wind astern!

Water and fire-wood were put aboard at Monte Cristi, while minor repairs were attempted on the hull of the Niña. However, it was necessary to head back for Spain without delay. The two caravels were in bad shape, and more from their stops in these tropical shelters than from the wear and tear of sailing. The planking was riddled by ship-worms. Both vessels had great leaks on either side of their keels. Even when these were repaired, continuous pumping was essential.

On the thirteenth of January, three days before the two caravels lost the coast of Hispaniola, came the first unfriendly encounter with natives—a first intimation of the fate that was to overtake *Nativity*.

Some Spaniards who had gone ashore came upon a party of Indians, upward of fifty in number, naked, but otherwise different from the natives hitherto seen on the island. They had very long hair "such as the women wear in Castile, and with head-gears of parrot-feathers and the plumage of other birds." All of them had longbows and arrows, and for a sword a club of hard wood.

The redskins feigned kindly welcome to the palefaces, but all of a sudden some of them flew to their weapons while others produced thongs apparently to bind the whites after these had been taken prisoners. The seven sailors drew their cutlasses and prepared their crossbows at the first sign of hostility which the red men had ventured to manifest toward them. One Indian received a bad cut across the buttocks and another an arrow in the chest. Had the boatswain in command not interfered, the infuriated sailors would have massacred the whole force.

On the evening of the fifteenth, the Admiral had a last conference with Martin Alonso. Don Cristobal had ordered a course north, and the mariner of Palos could not contain his surprise! It would have been natural to return over the route by which they had come, eastward, that is, across a sea already explored. Columbus cut off the discussion sharply:

"The course will be north! In that direction we shall find fair winds. I know what I am talking about."

The words stuck in the memory of the Pinta's captain for many days. Don Cristobal knew! How did he know? It was his first voyage over these seas, yet he "knew" that north was the direction to take in order to find favorable winds!

Of all the orders that Columbus ever gave, the most interesting and important was this selection of the northern route home. Martin Alonso was convinced of the soundness of the northern course during the first days of the return journey. The two caravels met fair winds and a not uncomfortable sea, making good headway without incident of any kind.

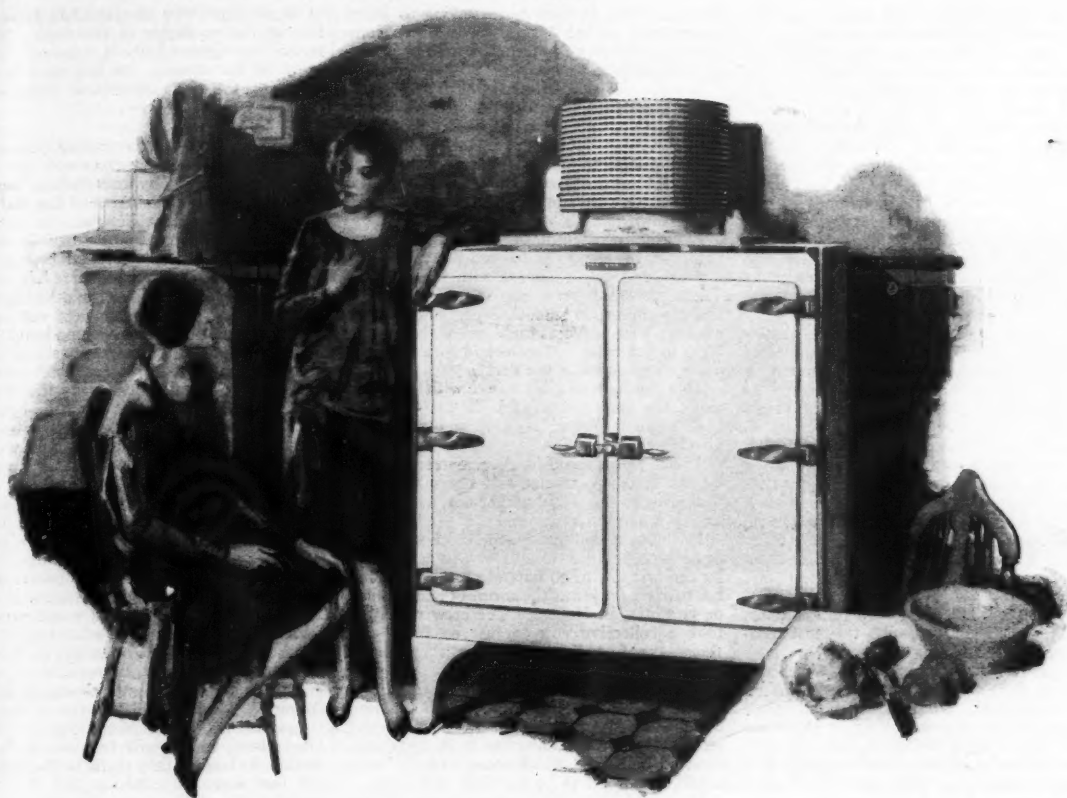
Things went well indeed from the sixteenth of January to the twelfth of February (1493). The northern course had now been changed and the ships were heading east. But on this latter date the Admiral wrote in his diary: "We are beginning to have storms with high seas; if this were not a good caravel, soundly built, I should be afraid of foundering."

Thereafter the two caravels were beset by continual storms.

The night of the fourteenth of February was the worst of the whole voyage. The seas went higher than ever and the wind rose to tornado force. The danger was so great that both captains thought it no longer prudent to try to hold a course. It was better to turn tail to the storm and drift wherever it carried them. The Pinta was the first to make this maneuver, and she dropped out of sight, though she kept showing lights for most of the night, the Niña answering by similar signals.

At daybreak the Pinta was nowhere to be seen. The storm increased with the coming of the sun. Sailing under one lower, reefed, the





## You can barely hear it !

**W**HEN a proud owner of a General Electric Refrigerator takes her friends in to see it, the first comment is apt to be "Why it's so quiet—you can barely hear it."

The thing which seems to impress everyone is the extreme quietness with which these refrigerators operate. Their unique construction has indeed established a new standard for quiet operation.

This design, however, accomplishes something even more important. It makes possible the top-unit arrangement—a distinctive feature found only in the General Electric Refrigerator. Placing the unit on top makes it possible to enclose all the machinery—

together with a permanent supply of metal protecting oil—in an hermetically sealed steel casing. There the hidden machinery, always oiled, remains safe from dust and difficulties. No one can tinker with it—no one needs to.

Quietly, automatically, the General Electric Refrigerator gives you the perfect refrigeration that does away with food spoilage and safeguards health. It provides a generous supply of ice, makes menu-planning so much easier, permits you to serve the sort of food that your guests will instantly recognize as perfect . . . crisp lettuce, well-chilled beverages, smart desserts. For further details, drop us a card for Booklet E-3.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

Niña was constantly buried under combers, though always she managed to get free.

Six hours after dawn the Admiral thought the time had come to invoke celestial measures. He selected as many chick-peas as there were souls on board, cut the sign of the cross on one of them with a knife and threw them all into a sailor's cap. He had decided to "draw a Romer." The person to whom the marked bean fell must take a vow to visit the monastery of Saint Mary of Guadalupe, in the province of Extremadura, and leave an offering of five pounds of candles. Columbus was the first to draw, and the chick-pea with the sign came out in his hand; he promised to make the pilgrimage if he reached the Spanish coast alive.

Twice again during the day were similar vows invoked. When, with nightfall, no relief came, the company made a vow in common to go in procession, barefoot and as naked as man's law allowed, to any church of the Virgin they might find on the first land they reached.

Fernando and Lucero sat for hours in a corner of a balcony astern, staring like hunted deer at the whitish mountains of water that advanced upon the vessel, lifting her with a mighty bounce up one slope of the wave, then dropping her down, down, down, on the other side with a speed that took the breath from their bodies.

**T**HE night of that fourteenth of February, 1493, was, beyond a doubt, the most terrible in the Admiral's life.

He went to his cabin, drew a piece of blank parchment from a drawer and wrote on it all that it would hold. He tried to make a legible hand despite the terrific rolling of the table and the murky light of the swaying lanterns. And he tried to be concise, that the space available might contain the whole story of the voyage and a record of all that he had seen, along with a request that the finder deliver the parchment to the sovereigns of Spain.

Returning to the quarter-deck, he wrapped the document in a piece of tarred canvas and tied it securely with a string—a sailor stood at his elbow holding a piece of burning cable that the Admiral might see what he was doing. The parchment wrapped and sealed, Columbus wrote a message on the outside; a reward of a thousand ducats would be forthcoming to anyone who consigned the package to the King or Queen of Spain—but only on condition that its seal remain unbroken!

Finally the package was buried in molten wax, making a cake the size of a large loaf of bread. This, in turn, was placed in a cask and headed in. Then the cask, at the Admiral's order, was thrown into the sea.

The cask never was picked up! Columbus' precaution, had he and Martin Alonso perished, never would have availed! Their discoveries and their end would have remained a mystery!

On the morning of the fifteenth, the sky brightened and the sea moderated, though still continuing high and dangerous. Land came up to larboard. Some identified it as Madeira, others as the Rock of Cintra off the port of Lisbon. But for three days still the plucky caravel hauled and tacked to stand in toward the unknown shore, without being able to make it, because of the thick weather and the tremendous seas.

On Monday, the eighteenth of February, the third day before Lent, the caravel made a lee and sent a boat ashore.

She was off Saint Mary's, one of the Azores. Inhabitants of the coast furnished landmarks, that the ship might find the harbor.

Saint Mary's was a possession of the King of Portugal; and its governor learned first with surprise and then with alarm of the arrival of a Spanish vessel, which, without a doubt, had been engaged in illegal trading within Portuguese domains.

Those on board the Niña, however, were not thinking of points of law. Their eyes were on a gable with a cross that could be distinguished over the roof-tops of Saint Mary's. It was a

convent, and, as they were joyous to learn, consecrated to the Virgin. The ship's company decided to go ashore and fulfil their collective vow of a procession.

But the devoted sailors, in their shirt tails, with Vicente Yañez Pinzon in command, were all lifting prayers of thanksgiving to the Virgin when they found themselves surrounded by a mob of islanders, backed by the governor on horseback at the head of a troop of cavalry. They were herded from the convent and lodged in the town jail.

Eventually the Portuguese governor repented of his harshness toward these sailors in distress, and began parleys with the Admiral. The imprisoned crew was returned aboard, and Columbus, to smooth everything out, requested that a Portuguese priest board the Niña to say mass. Months had gone by without a communion in the fleet!

Then he ballasted his vessel with stone, to make her more manageable in bad weather, took some fire-wood aboard, and sailed out into the storm.

The storm continued. A sudden squall tore off the Niña's last sails, and the caravel was wallowing in the trough of the sea, threatening at any moment to capsize.

In this new emergency, the chick-peas were again brought out. Columbus was designated, by the first lot, to go barefoot and in his shirt tail to say a prayer at the shrine of Santa Maria de la Cinta, in Huelva. The crew meantime took a collective vow to fast on bread and water the first Saturday after they should reach shore.

A week went by, and no land appeared.

But on the fourth of March, the Niña, tossing under bare poles broadside to a sea which seemed bent on engulfing her in every trough, desisted high land which some took to be an island and others to be the shore of Europe.

It proved to be the Rock of Cintra off the entrance to the river at Lisbon.

Columbus was for a time in trouble with the authorities of the port because of the presence on the Niña of two Portuguese sailors. These, it was contended, had no right to be serving in a foreign navy.

The moment his anchor touched bottom in the harbor at Lisbon, Columbus hastened to notify the court of Spain of his return, through a letter addressed to his patron and friend, Luis de Santangel, styled in official papers as "Magnificent lord." The caravel left Lisbon on the thirteenth of March, and just before sunrise on the fifteenth, the Niña anchored before the Isle of Saltes. She crossed the bar on the high tide at noon and Columbus was again in the basin whence he had departed on the third of August, seven months and a half before.

That very afternoon another caravel crossed the bar and entered port. It was the Pinta. The heroic little vessel had not gone down, as Columbus supposed. With one mast lost she had laid a true course to Spain, without touching any foreign soil, without risking arrest as Columbus had done at the Azores. In spite of the terrific storm, she had reached Bayonne in Galicia.

But Martin Alonso was a dying man. For weeks he had stood at the helm, day and night, without sleeping, almost without eating, his eyes fixed on the sea for every dangerous wave. The tremendous effort had finally exhausted this prodigious athlete of the sea. From Galicia he had dispatched one of his men across Spain to Barcelona, where the sovereigns then were, to inform them of all that had taken place. He feared that his former associate had by that time found his grace in the immense ocean, with his own brother and all the friends and relatives who had manned the Niña. Then, disregarding his own condition, he had struck out to sea again, passing the shores of Portugal without stopping, to make Palos a few hours later than Columbus.

He could not walk. His sailors had to carry him on their shoulders, first to his home, and then, at his request, to the convent of La Rábida. It was his wish to die in the society

of those friars who so often had talked with him of the mysteries of the deep. When a letter from Queen Isabella reached Palos, in reply to the message he had sent her from Bayonne, the great mariner of Andalusia was dead.

While Columbus was making preparations at Seville for his journey to court, the inhabitants of the former city kept flocking to a house adjoining the so-called Arch of the Statues, in the church of Saint Nicholas. It was there that lodgings had been provided for the red men whom the discoverer had brought back from the Indies (only seven were left after the disastrous return voyage—the others had died at sea). But if a person were not satisfied with red men, he could see a wonderful display of parrots and of *guaiacas*—masks of human faces, fashioned of fish-bone, inlaid with gold, and with gold especially about the eyes and ears. There was also gold itself, brought from Asia! Only in moderate quantities, to be sure—just a few samples. As far as gold was concerned, the words of the discoverer were more brilliant than his display.

It was the end of March when Columbus was ready to leave. He would make the journey himself on a mule, followed by a train of pack-animals carrying the exhibits collected on the voyage. Sailors, apprentices and "brooms," who were to form his escort at the audience with the sovereigns, would go on foot, save as they chose to take advantage of mules and horses which the authorities of the towns en route might supply, by royal order.

Cuevas and Lucero still remained with the Admiral. Where could they go in this country, which was theirs but which nevertheless filled them with fright because of Lucero's birth? As long as they clung to the hero, they felt free from all suspicion and beyond the reach of the secular arm. Once they were to leave him, they would lack even the means for a livelihood!

When the *cortège* reached Cordoba, Beatrice Enriquez, surrounded by all her kin, stepped forward out of the throngs of the curious, the two sons of the Admiral before her.

Columbus could not linger in Cordoba. He had to be off at once for Barcelona, to prepare a second voyage to the lands discovered. But his eyes were full of tears as he kissed his two boys, Diego and Hernando. This man was wholly absorbed in his plans and ideas, worshipping himself in his worship of them. But he had a vehement passion for these two sons. They were of his blood, and the love he really knew was the love born of blood-relationship.

Beatrice gazed at him, in astonishment at his present glory, but he scorned all familiarity on her part. Times had changed. He was now somebody. The Admiral Major of the Ocean Sea, the Viceroy of all New-found Lands, spoke to poor Beatrice as to a faithful governess who had taken good care of his sons.

What surprised Don Cristobal was that Doctor Acosta failed to pay him a visit. He was eager to see the physician, to enjoy that learned men's discomfiture at his success.

**W**HILE the squadron of discovery was exploring the islands outlying from the empire of the Grand Khan, King Ferdinand had been lying in bed, recovering from a knife thrust delivered by an assassin's hand. The case called for the best medical aid available, and since Doctor Acosta had many times attended the sovereigns in Cordoba, the physician had gone to Barcelona to be within reach of the King.

Acosta was still there. The king's wound had closed, but he was still very weak. The doctor foresaw no early return to his home.

Before the procession of discovery left Cordoba, Lucero had an unlooked-for encounter. A woman called at the tavern where the Admiral had lodged his escort and asked to see one Fernando Cuevas, page to Don Cristobal.

The young man's face grew pale as he saw the woman. Dressed all in black, with trimmings as for mourning, she looked like one of



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those perpetual worshipers who spend their days praying in the churches. But despite this devout Christian garb and a face prematurely aged and heavy with strange wrinkles, Fernando had no difficulty in recognizing the once fair Jewess, Debora, wife of Don Isaac Cohen, and mother of Lucero.

Since Fernando and Lucero had disappeared from Andujar on the same day and their respective parents knew of their affection for each other, it was taken for granted that they had run away together. But just before the sailing of the fleet from Palos Fernando had written to his mother that he was leaving for the Indies with the expedition of Don Cristobal. Don Isaac's wife had been living in Cordoba for some weeks and she had been looking for the boy ever since the Admiral's party came to town. Where was Lucero?

Cautioning her to show no emotion at anything she might see, he asked Lucero to come to them.

The former Jewess, in fact, showed no surprise. After her experiences of the preceding months there was nothing that could surprise her. Besides, it was not unusual for women to disguise themselves as men, in those days, in cases where secrecy was essential.

Rapidly the woman recounted the adventures which she and her family had been through. They had embarked on one of the vessels of the fleet assembled for the removal of the Jews to Africa. Perhaps she had been on one of the very ships that met the squadron of discovery as it crossed the Saltes bar and struck out into the ocean.

The arrival in Morocco marked the beginning of persecutions such as the exiles had never dreamed possible. The Moors thought of making the women and children slaves, and fathers and brothers who resisted were ruthlessly put to the sword. Thus had Don Isaac himself perished, courageously defending his family and the little that was left of his fortune.

The Lord, as even the dullest could see, had failed to work any of the miracles predicted by the rabbis; and driven back upon the coast, with bloodthirsty Moors on one side and the sea on the other, most of the exiles decided to accept baptism.

Lucero's mother had returned to Andalusia with the others, seeking the protection of Doctor Acosta. The physician arranged for her baptism and found a refuge for her with other converts, paying the money for her maintenance himself.

"Now that you are going to Barcelona, my child," she told Lucero, "go and see Doctor Acosta. He is there in attendance on the King. Tell him you are the daughter of Isabel de Andujar—that is my name now. You need add no more. We have often talked of you!"

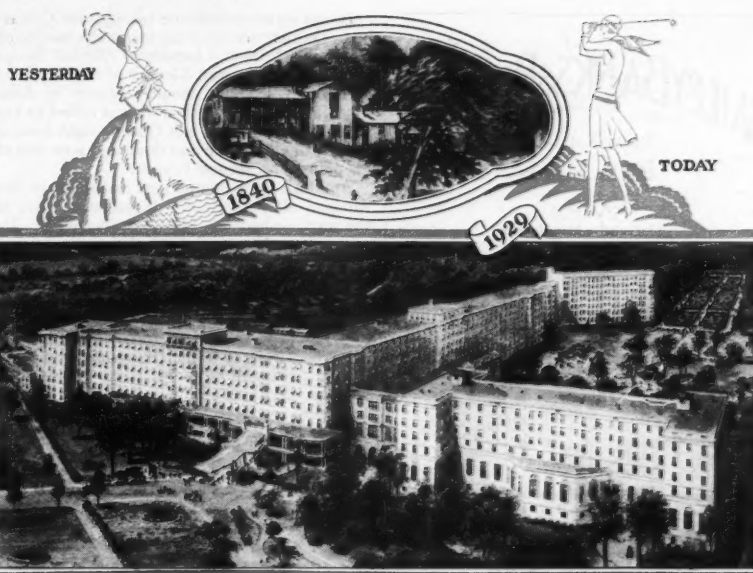
The Admiral's cortege moved on with its train of pack-animals. Fame went before Don Cristobal's feet and the populations of the town flocked out to meet him.

To give greater formality to the welcome, the King and Queen had their throne erected in a hall on the ground floor of the palace, not far from the cathedral. The mounted escort sent out to meet the Admiral drew up in the square around a Gothic fountain; and the hero with his sailor companions marched past with their exotic trophies and entered the residence of the monarchs.

On the throne at their side sat Don Juan, the heir apparent, and on the steps of their dais, many great lords of Castile and Aragon. Columbus fell to his knees some distance in front of the throne. Don Fernando was still weak and pale from his wound, but he hastened to rise and walk down the steps to lift the Admiral from that posture of humility. Then he ordered a chair without a back brought in, that Columbus might be seated in the Royal Presence—an honor conferred on few.

And the discoverer, a poet-promoter of facile speech and ready imagination, speaking in the presence of magnates of his country and under the sympathetic glances of two royalties, began the narrative of the mercies which God had showered upon him on his voyage.

YESTERDAY



## French Lick

**BY** the curative properties of its waters, French Lick calls curative powers of Pluto Mineral Water. It was built in response to the insistent demand of in-

creasing thousands for comforts, conveniences and cuisine equaling the foremost metropolitan hotels.

The hotel of 1840, pictured above, was built to serve those who, at that early date, came to drink the natural, sparkling, health-giving waters and take the rejuvenating baths.

To her supreme gift of healing waters nature added a climate of year-round delightfulness and a countryside of surpassing charm. French Lick is sheltered by the Cumberland foothills from winter's extremes, and refreshed during the summer season by cool breezes.

First the Indians and then early pioneers made pilgrimages to French Lick to drink the waters and carry away as much as they could. Now Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at the springs, is available the world over.

The magnificent hotel, shown above, is a concrete tribute to the

curative powers of Pluto Mineral Water. It was built in response to the insistent demand of in-

creasing thousands for comforts, conveniences and cuisine equaling the foremost metropolitan hotels.

In the hotel, under its own medical supervision, are the finest baths available on this continent. Now is a wonderful, rejuvenating time to visit French Lick—to tone up the system—restore the vitality after winter's exactions—put the sparkle back in your eyes, snap in your step and vigor in your veins. Two world-famed, 18-hole golf courses offer exceptional opportunities to the devotee.

Tennis courts, hiking, horseback riding, plunges in the pool and other diversions make a golden circle of waking hours, while perfect rest on downy beds makes morning a benediction.

French Lick is quickly accessible by rail or motor. Ample garage facilities. Wire or write for reservations.

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### WEDDING INVITATIONS

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It was an overwhelming triumph for Columbus. On that very day the monarchs confirmed him in his titles and honors as Admiral Major of the Ocean Sea and Viceroy of All Lands he had discovered and should discover in Asia. For many successive days he was called to the palace that the King and Queen might hear in private of all that he had done and seen and of his plans for a second voyage.

Amid all these pamperings and delights, the Admiral often thought with secret sadness of the men he had left behind at Nativity. He was constantly reminding the sovereigns of the town they owned in the lands beyond the sea. In his vivacious discourse, highly colored by imagination, the miserable palisade of timbers from a wreck, which defended a few *bohios* donated by a noted Indian chief, took on the proportions of a flourishing metropolis.

As a matter of fact, the monarchs were not wasting time. They had sent divers messengers to Seville directing Don Juan Rodriguez de Fonseca, dean of the cathedral there, to begin assembling a great fleet which the Admiral would review as soon as it was ready.

The day after the grand welcome at the palace, Cuevas and Lucero set out to locate Doctor Acosta.

At last the two young people found their way to the celebrated physician. He looked affectionately at Lucero's male attire, in no sense surprised that she should be wearing the uniform of a ship's helper.

"My mother," she began, "told me I should come to your Worship and obey you in everything, as though you were my father."

The physician glanced sharply at the girl. Was there an allusion in her words? But he could not push the inquiry further in the presence of Fernando Cuevas.

"Indeed I shall take care of you as I would of my own daughter! You as well as your mother can count on me as long as I am alive."

Lucero expressed a desire to return to her mother and become once more a woman. For that matter, both Fernando and she had received notice that their first enlistment was over. The Admiral was disbanding the crews, inviting those who were willing to go on the next voyage to report at Seville.

Cuevas was talking with enthusiasm of this new adventure. He had conceived a passion for the new lands beyond the ocean, and this time he was anxious to see those cities of the Grand Khan which he had missed on the first visit. Besides, there were no wars at present. Exploration was the best opening for a young man who thought a sword the only respectable instrument of toil.

At any rate, Lucero must first become his wife. But for such a marriage baptism was essential.

Lucero still felt toward the oppressors of her race the hatred her mother and Don Isaac had inspired in her. She looked up fearfully at the physician. "Your Worship thinks I should be baptized?"

The physician smiled gently as he nodded.

"Why not? Certain situations are beyond the individual! Certain sacrifices are too futile to be asked in the name of faith. Your mother took baptism to save her life. Why should you not accept the same rite to win tranquillity in your marriage? I will arrange both for the conversion and for the wedding on my return to Cordoba."

On the following day, Fernando Cuevas was walking casually about the streets near his lodgings when he recognized in the distance the slight but impressive figure of Don Alonso de Ojeda. He ran to meet him and the great gentleman remembered him at the first words.

Ojeda had already heard of Cuevas' trip to the isles of Asia. He himself was to accompany the Admiral on the second voyage.

Don Alonso's manner toward the Admiral's page had noticeably changed. Fernando's admiration for the youthful hero of Granada was hardly greater than Don Alonso's awe for one who had been across the ocean sea. He talked intimately and freely to Fernando, treating him more as comrade and friend than

as a subordinate. After listening to Cuevas' story of the voyage, he returned to his own adventures.

Doña Isabel was still confined in the convent at Cordoba, but friends had told him that Herboso was relenting. Archdeacon Fonseca had secured a royal pardon for Don Alonso's past offenses, and was holding for him the command of one of the vessels in Don Cristobal's new fleet.

It was the following day that Doctor Acosta was invited to dinner in the magnificent palace of Don Pedro de Mendoza, Grand Cardinal, and the "third sovereign of Spain."

Columbus had been assigned to the most distinguished seat at the table, as highly placed as the Cardinal's own, and at the latter's side.

For the first time in his life, the Admiral saw himself served at dinner with solemnities accorded for the most part to royalty. On this the Cardinal had insisted, treating Columbus further with public demonstrations of intimacy that no one should doubt that he considered the discoverer wholly as an equal.

The Admiral, dressed in his scarlet uniform with a gold-hilted sword thrust into a scabbard of red Cordoba, recognized the doctor who still wore his dark cloak without a sword, with the bearing at once modest and distinguished of the established man of letters. And at the first opportunity, after dinner was over, the Admiral left the gentlemen crowded about him to greet this friend of less happy days.

They spoke affably of Cordoba and of people there, each fencing a little as though trying to avoid expression of something that was on the minds of both. But at last Columbus recalled their last meeting, when the physician had finally and flatly rejected his plans for reaching Asia by the route west.

"Well, now, Doctor Acosta," said the Admiral, "your Worship must admit that my plan for the sail west to Cipango and Cathay was not so crazy! I have come back victorious, by the Grace of God!"

Acosta answered with a smile equally ironical:

"But did you really get to Asia? And how was the Grand Khan? Did you meet any of his representatives? What cities did you find of those described by Marco Polo and Mandeville?"

Such objections were an old story with Don Cristobal. He merely shrugged his shoulders.

"This was a very quick voyage. I am going back again, and, with the help of God, I will look at things more at my leisure." And he turned away, in order not to seem discourteous to the important gentlemen who were waiting for him.

As he left, the doctor threw one last remark after him: "I still believe that Asia is much farther away than you went. What do you think, Admiral? Couldn't those islands be entirely new land, places that no one ever heard of before, a new world, perhaps, that has been waiting for centuries and centuries for someone to discover it?"

This hypothesis, which the doctor had put forward on a previous occasion, still seemed so absurd—born as it was of jealousy and chagrin—that Don Cristobal did not trouble to answer. With a smile of pity he walked away with his noble escort.

Acosta, for his part, stood in a thoughtful mood, working at the doubts that had arisen in his mind.

What if there were new lands? What if there were a new world to the westward? How wonderful indeed!

Don Cristobal had tried to reach the Indies, believing them to be three times as near as they really were. And now these new lands, to his good fortune, stepped forward into his path, without his knowledge or consent!

One of the most portentous accidents of history!

But in that case, mused the doctor, it would not be a "discovery." It would be a "collision." A distinction, with a difference. And all the more wonderful!

THE END

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IT isn't the fault of your car when it "knocks" and slows up after carbon has formed in its cylinders. Nature is to blame. Nature gave us the fuel which made possible the automobile—gasoline. But nature failed to make gasoline a perfect fuel. For it explodes too soon—"knocks" and loses power—when it is pressed beyond certain limits. And as every

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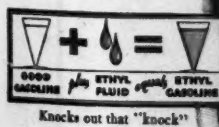
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# ETHYL

## GASOLINE

## Shall You Let Your Daughter Fly? (Continued from page 89)

by test; no such practical requirements are generally necessary in securing drivers' licenses—although I believe all states will have to follow the lead of the few who today demand certain physical qualifications.

If you wish a list of "don't's" for prospective fliers I offer some here:

- Don't issue edicts against flying until you know something about it from experience.
- Don't let your children fly in any but a licensed government-inspected plane.
- Don't let them go up with any but experienced licensed pilots.
- Don't, if they want to learn to fly themselves, allow them to attend any but the best schools, about whose equipment and personnel you are thoroughly informed.
- Don't, if they are to have a plane of their own, be penny-wise and pound-foolish; if necessary, wait until you or they can afford to buy adequate motors and demonstrated established craft, rather than run the tragic risks of false economies and short cuts.
- Don't let the boy or girl hurry his or her training.
- Don't let *anyone* consider flying seriously until he or she has a thorough and satisfactory medical examination.
- Don't try to tell the instructor how to do the training.
- Don't fail to back the youngster who has begun to fly, with your full confidence; don't worry him by your worry.

This matter of training and of equipment is very important. The life of the flier and the peace of mind of his family depend upon them so largely.

Recently I attended at New Haven a meeting of representatives of the flying clubs of various colleges. After that meeting various

letters came to me from college fliers and would-be fliers.

In one institution, I was told, the dean forbade any student to go aloft.

This official, it appeared, had even gone so far as to write plaintive letters to parents of boys who had been exposed to the flying virus, warning them of its dangers.

What, my correspondent asked, did I suggest? My proposal, following the suggestion of a well-known university man and aeronautic engineer, would be that air-minded alumni be asked to cure the dark-age attitude of the dean. If the boys had a good plane and a good instructor, and their activities did not interfere with their college work, I think such activities should be encouraged.

Alumni might also be induced to help with the financing of the club in the beginning. For collegiate aviation may be considered quite as much educational training as indulgence in mere sport. Aviation offers a definite business career, and a diversified one.

Even if the student plans to become exclusively an aircraft designer or engineer, he still would profit by knowing the feel of planes.

Colleges should provide the best possible supply of potential pilots.

The future aviator can well use the advantages of a college education. His position will be analogous more nearly to the captain of an ocean liner than to a chauffeur, to whom he is often likened. Navigation, meteorology and engineering, besides knowledge of his craft and his art, are among the requirements of well-rounded piloting.

These considerations primarily concern, of course, the potential commercial and social flying activities tomorrow of the college student of today. It doesn't at all take into consideration the very important fact of military preparedness and the opportunities of national service in the preparation of trained aviators

which are presented to the colleges today.

It is fair to suppose that in any wars which the future may bring, aviation will figure as never before.

A country with a goodly proportion of air-trained college men will be fortunate. So important does actual flying appear to Mr. Grover Loening, one of the pioneers in aviation, that he has offered a prize of five thousand dollars for the college club which does the most flying. I think women's colleges are eligible.

An eastern university, by the way, has field-artillery training as part of its curriculum, the academic student therein receiving regular scholastic credit. Why not the same for flying?

Obviously, official discouragement of sane, open-and-aboveboard flying by students inevitably encourages bootleg flying; the students sneak off and get their flying where they find it.

Another undergraduate laid before me the situation faced by their students' flying club. Their membership and their financial strength were small. They wanted to buy one inexpensive plane, with which the group could work. Did I think a certain motor was adequate?

The engine in question is almost obsolete. It's a left-over from war stocks. For most flying—certainly for all cross-country work or flying by novices—it should be outlawed. The use of such unreliable equipment for student instruction seems to me very unwise.

Incidentally, among the institutions which have successful flying clubs are the University of California and Harvard. The club at the University of Illinois admits women. Yale and other universities have clubs in various stages of development. Of this entire question of flying clubs (which primarily involves the use of a common plane by a group) the National Aeronautical Association is making a study, and from it suggestions may be secured.

I've said I want all mothers to fly. Well, some contacts I've had lately with educators—



Will you keep  
your  
**VITAL CHARM**  
or face bitter years  
without it?





the women and men who are shaping the mental development of the women and men of tomorrow—give me a special urge to make at least one flight compulsory for pedagogs.

Perhaps the violence of this impractical desire is explained by information which I have just received. It concerns the students of a well-known women's college. It appears that the dean forbids any girl to make a flight on penalty of expulsion.

Looking back, can you remember the wickedness, the hair-raising riskiness of those duster-clad first automobile rides?

However, there is much to say for that dean's point of view. Some of the girls had been making occasional flights with men from a neighboring college, to dances, football games and the like. An accident had occurred. As I remember it, carelessness of inspection or operation was the cause. The result was that college discipline, too lax before, had tightened unreasonably. All flying was tabu.

To my mind the sensible middle course, at college as anywhere else, is to have supervised flying. There is safe flying and unsafe flying. A plane may be misused or mishandled and its safety characteristics abused. Which brings me to an interesting letter, which I reprint here because it so well continues this safety subject:

Dear Miss Earhart:

Out here on the Pacific Coast the people are more "air-minded," it seems to me, than anywhere else in the United States. And with good reason. Tremendous distances have separated us from the rest of the country. They have separated our large cities from each other.

Flying looms up as a necessity, almost, to bind our communities together and to bring the Pacific Coast into intimate contact with the centers of population to the east. The air-liner service between San Francisco and Los Angeles is so punctual that many business men patronize it as a matter of routine.

You will find, without doubt, that what

you are doing for aviation in *Cosmopolitan Magazine* will interest your readers in the Far West particularly. You can do a great deal to further interest in and understanding of flying.

You yourself flew across the continent and attended the great Air Meet at Mines Field, Los Angeles. I have encountered considerable comment apropos of that meet among airmen and that brings me to a point that *Cosmopolitan* might well raise.

As you know, there were accidents at the meet and fliers were killed by mishaps resulting from the most dangerous sort of stunt flying. While these exhibitions are magnificent from the standpoint of technical skill, nevertheless the reaction of the public is contrary to the interest of commercial aviation.

I have heard commercial fliers say that such exhibitions are positively detrimental to the development of air lines. The public does not distinguish between the stunt flier and the operator of a twelve-passenger air liner with every safety factor known to the science of aeronautics.

It may not be possible to prevent reckless individuals from risking their lives needlessly in stunt flying, but your magazine can no doubt be of distinct service to the aeronautic industry by pointing out that there is all the difference in the world between stunt flying and legitimate commercial flying.

Sincerely yours,  
FRANK J. TAYLOR,  
San Francisco

The stunts Mr. Taylor refers to were purely for exhibition purposes. They were generally done in formation, that is, two or three planes looping together or flying on their backs, *et cetera*. They were performed dangerously near the ground. It seemed to me, in opposition to Mr. Taylor's view, the crowd in the grand stands did get the difference between

this type of flying and the safe transport kind. It seems to me people are becoming so well-versed in affairs aeronautic that they can regard aerobatics as they would the special riding skill exhibited at a steeplechase.

There is still another side to the stunting story. Every pilot must possess the ability to get his plane into and out of every position in space which it may assume. To do so requires practise. The man who pilots the steady passenger planes on their runs is a safer flier if he has had the experience of stunt flying, because he can instinctively do the right thing to regain equilibrium under all conditions in which he might suddenly find himself.

Mr. Taylor is right when he says there is a difference between stunt flying and commercial aviation. Over the regular scheduled routes it is estimated that passengers are carried as safely as by any other means of transportation. The average of casualties per passenger mile in air travel includes those of outlaw flying, experiment, inexperience and war maneuvers, as well as those due to lack of proper facilities.

Even with these debits, air travel, from the statistics available, appears to be as safe as automobiling. Train travel is by statistics safest of all.

The passenger air lines, with their elaborate measures for safety, may be compared to travel by train. But at that there would be numerous accidents, if everyone "drove" trains! Passenger air lines have trained pilots who take every precaution, and their methods are not to be confused with those of even the experts who stunt for exhibition.

Our language changes. "Coachman" is obsolescent. "Chauffeur" may become so. Certainly it is reasonable to foresee that "airway" will win in our language as definite a place as has "railway" or "highway."

If you have any questions about aviation, write to Miss Amelia Earhart, *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

**L**IFE, today, is crowded with opportunities for enjoyment. There is freedom in the air—music—the exhilaration of speed! Every moment is worth living.

Only . . . you must be able to stand the pace. Vital charm, the aliveness of glowing health, is the modern girl's most precious possession. You see for yourself how unerringly the world is drawn to it and pays court to it.

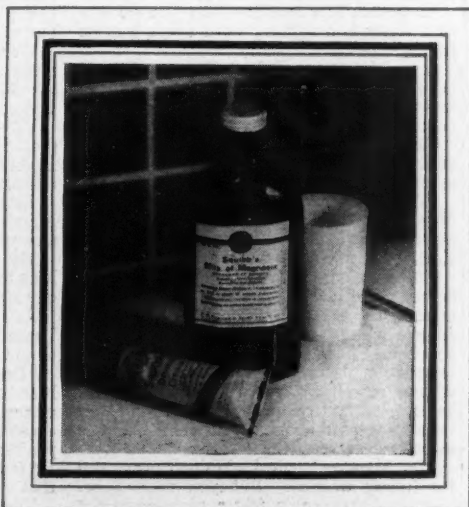
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*aids digestion*

## I Learned About God (Continued from page 29)

or cattleman and no minerals for the miner. But there are tangled forests of aspen and blue spruce, of hemlock and cottonwood, and there are rushing forest streams, and acres and acres of fern and berries in the summer and deep snows in the winter—a trappers' paradise.

The first day out of the junction, we traveled with the rural postman, making forty miles up and slowly up from brown, snowless plains to a level gray mesa at the two-thousand-foot level, and beyond this to a higher mesa where alfalfa stacks marked the last of the ranches. Here the postman left us and turned back.

Although I had a letter from the forester, Rancher Jones looked on us with suspicion. I think he believes to this day that I was a prohibition agent, because I preferred coffee to raisin jack for thawing out my frozen stomach.

However, there was an advantage to us in his suspicions. He was so anxious to be rid of us that he was entirely willing to rent us horses for the winter and to send us up to Quaking Asp Canyon in his sheep wagon driven by a Mexican in his employ.

It took us five days to complete the slow ascent to John Marston's place in Quaking Asp, following an all-but-imperceptible trail.

In the morning, when we emerged from our camp for the last lap of our trek, there lay before us to the north a line of barren peaks in black and white, buttressed by heavily forested spurs, dark green. A little to the left a deep cleft lay between two of the peaks. This the Mexican told us was a pass to the nearest town, fifty miles beyond. Beneath the pass lay Quaking Asp Canyon.

The snows were now so deep that we left the sheep wagon in the spruce grove and packed the four animals with our bags and bedding. The remainder of the journey was not difficult at all, for we followed a well-used deer trail until we actually reached the edge of the canyon.

This was about five hundred yards in width and so thickly grown with aspen that it was not easy to distinguish the creek to which the deer slots led. We moved a quarter of a mile along this creek and came about dusk to a log house.

A woman opened the door to the Mexican's call and stood with the lamplight outlining a figure as magnificently proportioned as Esther's.

"Come in!" she cried. "We weren't looking for you for another two weeks. John was going to leave to meet you tomorrow. Pedro, you take the critters to the corral. You'll find John and Jackie there. They'll show you where to put the bags. Come in! My Lord! You brought a nigger with you!"

I put my hand hastily on Esther's arm. The colored woman gave Mrs. Marston a long look. "I reckon, Miz Marston, you don't know that nigger is a fighting word where I come from!"

Mrs. Marston smiled at Esther. "You'll have to excuse me, miss," she said. "You know I live out of the world as much as a porcupine in a squaw tree."

"That's all right, Miz Marston," Esther smiled too. "I'm a colored woman and I ain't ashamed of it."

"Where are you going to stow us, Mrs. Marston? On the roof?" I asked, for I was perishing with the cold while these social distinctions were being arranged.

The cabin contained but one room. In one corner stood a bed covered by a handsome crocheted spread. In the opposite corner, a narrow bunk with a patchwork-quilt covering. In a third corner, the kitchen stove, and in the fourth, a cupboard. The log walls were hung with a miscellany of traps, bridles, lariats, spurs, guns and colored calendars. Piled on boards stretched above the rafters was a huge assortment of pelts.

Mrs. Marston laughed. "I don't blame you for feeling worried. But you needn't be. There's a little cabin just a piece down the creek that was always used by a trapper from Pueblo till this winter. I cleaned that up for you. I'll go right over and get a fire lighted."

She would not permit Esther to accompany her, but pulled a ragged Mackinaw over her gingham dress and went out. She must have passed the man who came in immediately.

Tall as were Esther and Mrs. Marston, John Marston was taller. He was a lean, tanned fellow of middle age, with a drooping walrus mustache and gray eyes. He wore blue overalls and did not remove a brown cloth cap which covered his ears. But he was glad to see us and shook hands with us both, staring all the time at Esther and telling us how sorry he was he hadn't been the one to bring us in.

"Beaver is running fine and as it's still closed season on 'em I want to get all I can before a government inspector comes. Seen Mr. Stort lately?" Stort was my friend, the forester.

We were talking about Stort when the Mexican came in followed by the finest-looking boy of sixteen I had ever seen. He was shaggy and unkempt but nothing could hide the fact that Jackie was his mother in masculine form; a blue-eyed, auburn-haired boy, as beautiful as Angelo's young David. But he was bashful to the point of surliness. His mother came back before he could find words with which to retort to his father's reproval of his bad manners.

Esther and Mrs. Marston at once dishd the supper. Fried antelope steak—it was close season for antelope, also—fried potatoes, soda-biscuit, coffee, canned milk, corn-sirup.

We all sat down together, Esther and the Mexican on either side of Jackie, and we all ate ravenously. I should have been glad to stay with them afterward, answering questions about New York, but I was tired almost to tears and asked to go to our cabin.

That five-minute walk remains in my mind with extraordinary clarity. I was not yet habituated to the relief from the noise and bad air of the city. It seemed to me then and still seems to me that nothing could be more exquisite than the moonlight through the black-lace beauty of the aspens.

And the silence! Oh, just for one moment now of such silence! There was a little trail through knee-deep snow that crossed the ice-bound creek where the hole broken for the night's watering was already glazed and that came to pause before a tiny cabin with a stick of fire-wood for a doorstep. I'd exchange the finest hotel suite in New York for that cabin this instant.

It was twelve feet square and contained a tiny cook-stove, two wooden bunks, a table, a cupboard and a couple of log chairs. And it contained, too, the smell of burning cedar, of bedticks fresh-filled with alfalfa hay, of adobe that plastered the chinks in wall and roof. I had a tingling sense of home-coming.

We soon settled into a routine. We took our meals with the Marstons. They were glad of this, Mrs. Marston told Esther, for money was very scarce with them.

Esther adjusted herself cleverly. She took a great liking to Mrs. Marston, and after the light duties of our cabin were finished, she daily adjourned to the other house and proceeded to lift a part of Mrs. Marston's burdens. The Marstons had lived in this isolation for seventeen years.

My job was to ride the traps with John Marston and I made my initial trip on the second day after our arrival.

As Esther held my Mackinaw for me, she blurted out, "I want either Miz Marston or me to go with you!"

"Don't be silly, Esther," I replied. "Does Marston want to ride out with a parade of women? Anyhow Mrs. Marston says that she doesn't ride any more than she can help and you'd be scared to death on these trails."

"It would sure kill me," agreed Esther, "but that man is a bad egg."

"You know, Esther, Marston had been Mr. Stort's guide for years and Mr. Stort says he's as decent and honest a fellow as ever lived."

"Nobody knows a man excepting a woman

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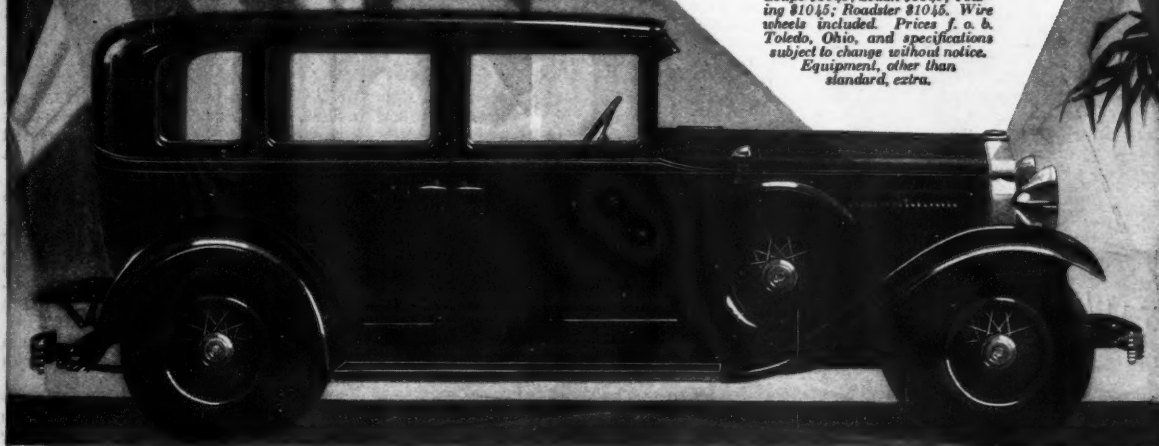
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who's been behind closed doors with him," declared Esther.

"Perhaps," I nodded. "But Mrs. Marston says nothing against my going with him."

Esther's great eyes took fire. "Do you reckon she'd dast?"

"Esther," I demanded impatiently, "are you holding back something?"

"No, I'm just telling you, madam!"

"Unless you have something more than talk to give me, Esther, I'm going." I pulled my *beret* over my ears and started for the door.

As I lifted the latch, Esther muttered unwillingly, "He tried to kiss me, first night I was here. I slapped his face."

I turned to face her, feeling a little sick. On these pure mountains—so close to the heavens!

After a moment, I said, "Well, I have no fears for myself. Marston isn't that much of a fool, even if he is a whelp. And you are able to take care of Esther."

Esther's eyes held unfathomable depths. "You'd do this, madam, then call taking care of little Arthur too dirty a job?"

I turned abruptly and went out. In a short time, we were on our way.

Marston, a torn sheepskin-lined coat over his overalls, a cloth cap over his ears, led the way on Jimmy, a clumsily built sorrel that I soon discovered could follow a trail like a lynx. My horse, Molly, was only so-so.

For an hour, until we reached the first beaver trap, we did not speak. Molly-horse pegged along on Jimmy's heels, and as I watched the morning shadows among the aspens and cottonwoods, I thrust aside the memory of the child Arthur's tortured eyes and considered Esther.

I began to fear that her presence in Quaking Asp might turn out to be dynamite. Not that her relation to any white could be anything but decent, barring an occasional necessary lying. Esther's code demanded the strictest rectitude for the white man or woman. And with me and my family Esther was a devoted, decent, God-fearing woman.

But I had reason to know that with her own race Esther was a swashbuckling bully, utterly without morals. In other words, she led the double life that our civilization has forced on the more primitive of the negroes.

No, I had no fears that Esther would be anything but disgusted by Marston. But that her presence might make trouble between the trapper and his wife was not improbable.

This is not a record of fur trapping, so I shall not go into the details of that day, or of the many subsequent days that I rode the trails after Marston. It is not a pretty work, trapping, but we women must wear furs, I suppose!

Our round covered about fifteen hard miles and it was usually dusk before we reached home with our loads of wet pelts.

After the first week I told myself that whatever John Marston might be behind closed doors, on the trail he was a good man. He was silent at his work but when we ate our luncheon he talked in a ruminative way.

Usually at sunset we were at a point high on the hogback from which we could look down into the canyon and see smoke curling above the trees. It would be twilight when we rounded the corral and saw the cabin windows warm and yellow. Esther was invariably on hand to rush out and pull me from my saddle, for I always reached home half frozen.

One evening, after perhaps three weeks of this, when Marston and I rounded the corral there was no light showing in his cabin window. He said nothing, however, and I stopped at my cabin where Esther greeted me as usual.

"Mrs. Marston's lamp wasn't lighted," I said as she helped me unlace my riding-boots.

"No, madam?" Esther's voice showed such nice surprise that I stared at her suspiciously.

As she poured my coffee, the door opened and John Marston strode in.

"You two! Where's my wife?" he shouted. "I haven't the remotest idea," I replied.

He turned to Esther. "Where is she, nigger?"

I caught Esther's hand as she reached for the steaming coffee-pot. She paused.

"Mr. Marston," I ejaculated, "show as much self-control as Esther does! Where is Jackie?"

He glowered at Esther, but answered, "Gone. I've known right along that devil of yours was making trouble for me."

Esther now spoke. "I never done a thing but listen to Miz Marston. Why should I mix up with white folks' troubles?"

"You mean to tell me you've been round here all day and didn't see her go?" roared Marston.

"That's what I mean," retorted Esther. "And I tell you what, mister, if you don't change your voice to me, I'll tell the madam all I've learned about you."

Marston exchanged glare for glare with Esther. Then he turned to me.

"Why did you bring this woman out here?"

"I won't know that," I replied, "until the end of our visit. Mr. Marston, hadn't you better see what preparations they made? It may give you an idea."

"Aw, teach your teacher! They took two horses and the pack-mule and my summer hunting outfit."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask him why he wasn't trailing them. But I bit back the words because I was conscious suddenly that I wanted the pair to escape. Marston had tried to kiss Esther! While I gazed at him with distaste, he plunged out of the door.

I turned to Esther. "You are making a serious trouble, my dear."

"I knowed she was going," said Esther, "but I argued with her all day yesterday not to go."

"Not to go?" I repeated.

"Yes, madam. She ain't no right to go. It's all right for us colored folks to run away from trouble, but you whites ought to be ashamed to do it. God, He knows how hard it is for us to be decent. But He looks to the whites to set us the example, and anyhow—I didn't see them go. I had a blanket over the window."

"Just what was Mrs. Marston's trouble, Esther?" I asked.

"She seen him try to kiss me that time. Seems she's had a lot of trouble like that with him and she's chock-a-block full. But when she went after him about it day before yesterday, he kicked her. Jackie, he tried to help her and there was a mess."

Here the door opened again and Marston put his head in. "Look here," he said, "you come with me. She might listen to you."

"Have some sense, Mr. Marston!" I protested. "I can't interfere. If your wife has taken such a step as this—a woman of her type—she must feel that she's had some terrible provocation."

"A woman of what type?" sneered Marston.

"She seems to me as fine and faithful as she is beautiful. Personally—summoning all my courage—"I won't lift a finger to bring her back."

He banged the door. A moment later we heard his horse trot past the corral. Esther then went over to the main cabin and brought back the makings of a supper and breakfast for us. She was sullen and I made no attempt to break through her silence. I was very uneasy.

Shortly she placed fried mush on the table and announced, "Supper is served, madam."

"So you think it's wrong for Mrs. Marston to leave her husband, but would be all right for a colored woman?" I said.

"Yes, madam!"

"For my part," I went on, "I think Mrs. Marston had a perfect right to run away. She couldn't keep her self-respect, or her son's, and stay. Has Marston been in the habit of abusing her?"

"No, ma'am! He never did before, though he's threatened to. Like last summer when he ran after some squaws camped near here. She told him she wouldn't stand it and he acted like he was crazy. She'd stick it out herself, if it wasn't for the boy. She says it's ruining him, seeing his father so. He's going to take this bad, Marston. For all his ructions, he's crazy about Miz Marston."

"I think she ought to have run away long ago," I repeated.

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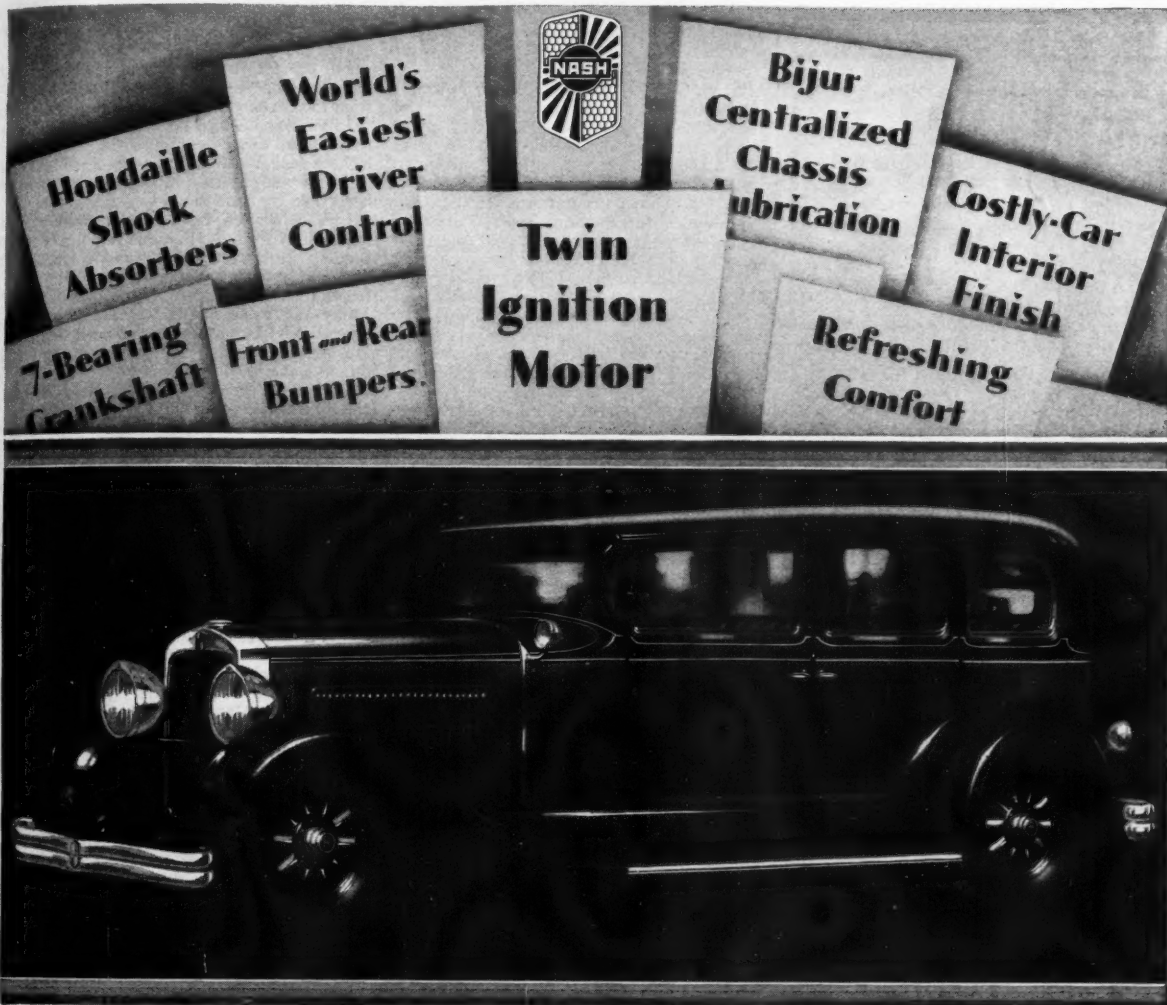
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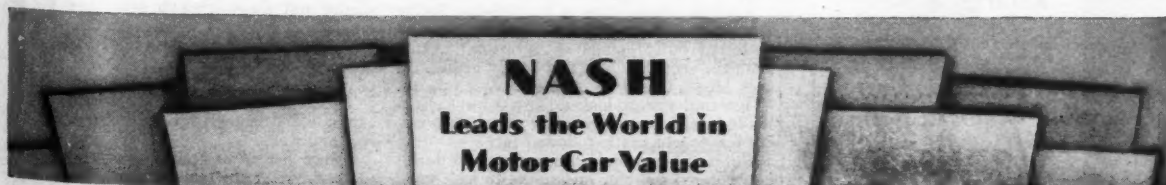
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"Yes, madam, you would think so. If you'll excuse my saying it, you've been running away ever since I knew you."

"From what?" I gasped.

"From God," replied Esther. "You owe it to God to take that child and raise him and that's why you came out here to this misery on the mountain tops. You run away from little Arthur, madam, and that'll be written up against you on the Judgment Day."

She put another twist of cedar in the stove and resumed her stance before the oven. I pushed away my unfinished plate. And there was silence.

It was a long half-hour before I found words. Then I said, haltingly enough, "Esther, if I could believe that God is aware of my little doings—well, it would make life a very different matter for me."

"Would it make you take that little child Arthur?" demanded Esther fiercely.

I sighed and repeated the question to myself. Would it? If that Ultimate Cause in which I had found faith only after many years of atheism were a conscious entity—but my mind would not compass the conception!

"What do you think God is like?" I asked. "God is a spirit like the Bible says," replied Esther.

She would have said more, but someone fumbled at the latch and pushed the door open. Jackie entered and stood blinking at the candle. Each eyelash was an icicle. From the knit muffler round his neck dangled threads of crystal. His sheepskin chaps were caked with snow as if he'd ridden far through deep drifts.

"Where's your mother, Jackie?" I demanded.

"She got bad with that old pain in her back and just before sundown I put her in Rand's empty cabin, a mile this side of the Pass. She's awful sick and I had to come back for help."

"Is there heat in the cabin?" I asked. Jackie nodded. "She won't freeze. What I'm afraid of is my father finding her."

I saw that his chin was trembling. My heart went out in pity to the boy.

"Esther, give him some coffee," I said, beginning to pull on my boots.

"Madam," Esther protested, "I'll go up there! It'll kill you after your hard day."

"You are no good on the trail, Esther," I replied. "Besides," smiling, "I must show you that I don't always run away."

She scowled. "You know I didn't mean that kind of running, madam! You boy," turning to Jackie, "what you want us up there for?"

"I want you there when Dad finds her, both of you. You've gotta come!" His eyes were desperate.

"I reckon we gotta," grunted Esther, muttering something about white folks' troubles.

As we hurriedly wrapped ourselves for the bitter journey, Jackie explained to us that Rand's cabin was eight miles up toward the Pass. He and his mother had followed the trapping trail for the first three miles, which fact must have delayed Marston in picking up their tracks.

There was only one horse left for Esther's use—old Dave. She was afraid to mount my Molly-horse, whose one sign of life was that she shied a bit. Old Dave was raw-boned and stiff-legged and sixteen hands high. It took Jackie and me five minutes to work Esther up into the saddle. But finally we were off, Esther following Jackie, and I at the rear.

It was about ten below zero and clear moonlight. When we left the canyon and began the ascent of the hogback, I was astonished at the distance the eye could travel. As we drew up at the top of the ridge, the Pass, five miles away to the north, seemed within stone's throw.

From the glazed spine of the hogback, Jackie led us to a sloping terrace dotted with cedar and with red outcroppings of sandstone jutting from the snow. Slowly and slowly higher, till each breath drawn by our horses was a groan.

The trail upward looked like a cobweb clinging to an almost perpendicular wall. However, our horses reluctantly followed Jackie's.

But it was beautiful! I dared not look down, but I dared twist in my saddle to look back

at the exquisite blue and lavender silhouettes of mountain ranges ever increasing in number behind us. We had covered about six miles when, on a turn of the trail that edged a straight drop into nothingness, Molly-horse tried to turn around.

I didn't argue with her, but slipped off and tried to lead her. She wouldn't be led. Jackie, looking back, shouted at me fiercely:

"Ain't you got sense enough to stick to your horse on a trail like this? You git right back!"

I was too cold to reply. But I kept on leading. Molly looked a hundred feet high at the saddle! However, Jackie was right. I had not gone far when I slipped terribly on my half-frozen feet. Then I turned ferociously on poor Molly and banged her on the nose until she agreed to let me mount without backing. During this interlude Esther prayed, huddled on old Dave.

Up and up, the Pass growing wider above us, the wind heavier, the cold more intense. It was about midnight when we reached the cabin.

Esther and I were almost helpless with cold and fatigue. Jackie pulled us off our nags without ceremony and led the horses into the shelter of the cedars, while we stumbled into the cabin.

It was lighted by a candle in a miner's candlestick. Esther and I paused, startled, just within the door. John Marston was brushing the snow from his knees before the fireplace! Jackie, following us in, rushed across the room to place himself beside his mother, who lay under a blanket on the bunk.

For a moment we stared at one another, Marston glaring mostly at his son.

I tried to speak normally. "Jackie says you are sick, Mrs. Marston, so we came up to see if we could help. Did you sprain your back?"

"I've had a floating kidney since Jackie was born," she replied, "and riding about kills me."

"Good thing, it seems," volunteered Marston. "You shut up!" blazed Jackie.

His father gave him a look of cold fury. "Nice son you are! I'll show you just how much I appreciate you. Step outside with me while they fix your mother up!"

Esther, who had been examining the crude crane in the fireplace, straightened up and drawled: "No, he won't go with you, Mr. Marston, less'n you want me to talk to the madam."

Marston laughed uneasily and shrugged his shoulders. But he made no further gesture toward Jackie. Instead, he squatted against the wall opposite the fireplace. There was no furniture in the cabin save the bunk.

"Jackie," I said, "see if you can heat some snow-water. Mrs. Marston, won't hot compresses ease you as much as anything?"

"Yes! Yes! Oh, I do thank you for everything!" she exclaimed.

For an hour Jackie, Esther and I relayed steaming towels from the lard pail on the crane to Edith Marston's body. At last she relaxed and begged us to rest. We packed her with a couple of hot-water bottles, and then Esther and I seated ourselves against the wall on either side of the fire. Jackie perched beside his mother.

"Well," drawled Marston, "what do you smart women think you are going to do next?" Something in his ugly voice made me snap back: "Help your wife over the Pass."

He laughed. "Now you know you're talking like a fool, don't you?"

"I'm a fool to mix in your affairs," I admitted. "No, you ain't," said Edith Marston. "You and Esther are angels."

Esther and I smiled, but Esther shook her head and said, "Something makes me tell you again, Miz Marston, that I don't think you should run away, though you know I hate him," jerking her square black chin at Marston.

I sighed. It was evident that Esther proposed to mix in and I doubted whether any of us could stop her.

The wind howled and pounded against the cabin. Snowflakes drove through chinks in roof and wall.

Esther began to speak slowly: "I can't read or write. But I go to church and I know

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a lot of truth. It was you white folks that inherited the earth, not us. Back in them old days when God talked, did He talk to the colored folks? No! He talked to you all and told you what to do to get to Heaven while He left us naked down there in Africa.

"Now He had a reason for that. It was so's you'd set us an example. We ain't got as much brain as you-all. He knowed it wouldn't do no good to go down to Africa and read us the Ten Commandments. No! He gave 'em to you and told you to preach 'em to all the earth. How have you done it? You-all, setting right here in this cabin, how you done it?"

She gave each of us in turn a long piercing look and not one of us stirred. She went on:

"You think it was just pig luck sent madam and me 'cross the earth and clean up to the top rung of God's footstool here where we could peep into Saint Peter's key bag? I tell you God Almighty brung us to this very spot, to-night, to settle what He was troubling us with. Miz Marston, you can't run away from tha' there scoundrel and expect God not to ask you what you done with the job He give you. Don't you know that?"

I expected Marston to come to his feet. He did not stir. His wife lifted her head.

"Esther," she said earnestly, "I don't think God pays any attention to little things like my troubles. All I believe is He gave us life and lets us do what we want to with it. And I can't ever do any good where John is."

"When Judgment Day comes," returned Esther, "the Almighty ain't going to say to us, 'Here, you, show me the good things you done!' He's going to rip open your shroud and say, 'Here, let me look at your scars!'"

I drew a quick breath but could not speak. We all were silent, enumerating our scars!

Coyotes, yelping desperately, circled the cabin. The room, the anxious, uneasy faces of my companions gradually became dim for me as I pondered on Esther's last words. It seemed to me that I was up in the Pass, alone in the lavender infinity across which swept the ageless wind.

Surely, if God could be reached from any spot on earth, it was here—it was here. Could He be conscious of me, yearning toward Him from the mountain top?

Scars! It had seemed to me that as I had worked my way through the years I had accumulated more than my share of them. Their number was one of my excuses for not taking little Arthur. And yet, when one thought of ordering those scars, say, in comparison with nail holes in palms and feet and a thorn-torn brow, one hesitated. What could one offer God? Did God want my offering?

Didn't it come to this? If one believed in God, in a God of Whose spirit each of us was a part, then each was responsible for the integrity of his portion of that spirit. And on the degree that each kept the integrity of his portion, did not the upward movement of the race from the slime to the blue depend?

Suddenly Marston spoke. "What're you going to do, Edith?"

Edith Marston did not look at her husband. "Esther," she asked, "why should I be the only one you think owes something to God? How about my husband?"

"He owes a lot more'n you do, Miz Marston," replied Esther. "But what he owes and what you owe is separate and you can't neither of you pay for the other. When I gets up there to Him, I'm a-going to have many a dirty sin to answer for a-covering up my scars, and I better not try to get out of 'em by saying, 'Lord, look at what one of my husbands done, don't look at Esther!'"

"But you think little Arthur is my business, Esther?" I asked, smiling a little.

"Yessum, I certainly do. I can't say it plain because it ain't simple like Miz Marston's trouble, but I know as well as God's my Maker that little Arthur ought to be one of your scars."

"And who is Arthur?" demanded Edith Marston.

Moved by an unaccountable impulse I told them about the child and the problem he

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presented to me. When I had finished, Edith Marston said reproachfully to Esther:

"And you say your poor madam ought to take that child? That she owes it to God?"

"She owes everything to God," returned Esther.

She turned toward me and joined the others in a concentrated stare. And deep within me, this is what I heard:

I owe everything to God, body, life, spirit and the lovely world through which I so haltingly make my way. Whatever I may do to help humanity on its upward march, I owe Him. To the last deep effort of the mental and spiritual power which is God within me, I must help.

Since I was peculiarly fitted to care for little Arthur, he was my job. Whatever pain he cost me—well, God would see the scars!

I rose slowly to my feet as one does when assuming a burden. Esther needed no words. Great tears ran down her cheeks as she shouted:

"Amen! Blessed Master, I thank You!"

"You ain't never going to do it?" protested Edith Marston.

I nodded slowly and said, "If there's any credit, which I doubt, it goes to Esther."

"I reckon it does," agreed Edith Marston. Marston turned to his wife. "Well, Mama, do you still feel as if you wanted to try the Pass in the morning?"

"What do you mean, Papa?"

"Well, I don't take much stock in this religious talk. But nobody's ever called me a quitter, so I reckon I can scar myself up a little if it'll do you any good. If you want to go over the Pass, I won't stop you."

"You mean it would hurt you to have us go?"

"What do you think I am, a wolverene?" demanded John.

"More and more you've got to acting like one," replied Edith.

"Well," said John judicially, "you might be partly justified. I been thinking while all this

talk was going on that what was really the matter with all three of us is that we've been shut up in Quaking Asp too long. You and Jackie and I might go over the Pass for the summer. And if I get to acting like a wolverene meantime, you can set a trap for me!"

Edith, face flushed, looked at her son. Jackie nodded in an embarrassed manner.

Edith smiled at her husband. "I guess I can stand you till spring, John."

"There!" sighed Esther.

We all laughed and the tension broke.

It came on to snow at dawn. Nevertheless, we started back for the canyon and reached home at nightfall, cold but content.

A chinook wind came from the south a day or so later and on its heels came the Mexican with a month's accumulation of mail.

The bundle of mail which he placed on our cabin table did not tempt me, though I had every reason for wanting to hear from the East.

Finally, I opened the top letter. It was from my Boston friend. She told me that little Arthur had died. The woman who was caring for him had grown weary of the constant watchfulness he required and had locked him in a room alone for an hour. He had fallen from a table and broken his neck.

I put the letter back in the envelope, and as I did so, it was borne in on me that the woman who was caring for him and I shared the guilt for his death about equally. It was not a pleasant thought to contemplate.

"It wasn't to be," Esther said simply when I broke the news to her, later; then added, "I wonder why the Lord brought us out here."

"I know," I replied. "It was to teach me that I owe to God all that is in me to give."

Esther nodded, then asked wistfully, "But you won't never forget how his eyes looked, will you, madam?"

"No! No!" I answered, and my heart twisted. "Esther, I never shall!"

And I never have.

## Bridges of Destiny (Continued from page 37)

dangers. He knew the big moment had arrived.

He grabbed both her hands in his and exploded, "Lydia, darling, I can't stand it another minute. I've simply got to say it. Will you marry me?"

Lydia focused those devastating orbs upon him and said, with the most spurious surprise, "Terry, dear, I don't think I'm quite ready to get married yet." Then as an afterthought, "What kind of furniture do you think we should have in the dining-room?" They burst into laughter which was smothered by kisses as they fell into each other's arms.

It was the most natural thing in the world that Terry should want Clyde for his best man. They still occupied adjoining rooms in the small apartment which they shared. Terry literally flew home, after, of course, supplementing his proposal with kisses and hugs.

He burst into the apartment, knocking over an umbrella-rack and a table of phonograph records. He was full of the music of love but there was no one there to hear his song. He was so excited he could not sit down. Every time he passed Lydia's picture—the only girl's photograph in his room—he picked it up and kissed it passionately.

He went into Clyde's room and looked at the walls, which were covered with photographs of stage ladies in various languid poses of semi-draped allurements. Many of the beautiful creatures were appearing in Broadway productions and Terry could not help but admire Clyde for his ability to form the acquaintance of talented ladies who were constantly being showered with foreign automobiles, orchids, Russian titles and yachts. Many of the photographs bore inscriptions written in bold, free scrawls: "To Clyde, with a little of this and plenty of that, Mazie" . . . "Clyde, I crave you, Toots" . . . "To darling Clyde, with all my love, Bess."

The picture of Bess, the latest addition to

Clyde's collection, occupied the most prominent spot. She was blond and knew how to sit for a photograph. She had that innocent, wide-eyed, surprised look on her face that seemed to ask, "Is it true that in some far-off countries there are women who work?"

Terry said to himself, "What I can't understand is how Clyde can be such a fool. He may be having a fine time now but it's not leading him anywhere. By the time I have a permanent place as the head of a family, he'll be too old for this sort of thing and where will he be? Surrounded by a lot of leeches after his money, if he has any left—with no real person to show him a little affection. I'm sorry for Clyde."

Just then none other than Clyde himself burst into the apartment, leading a strange-looking dog that seemed to be mostly Siberian cheeshound with a dash of rat.

"Listen, Clyde," Terry almost shouted, "I'm going to marry Lydia. And you're going to be my best man."

Clyde looked at Terry in a dazed sort of way and then looked at the dog. "King, first you bite the seat out of a colored bell-boy's pants and then you take a chew out of a cab-driver's nose. How am I to tell whether you like dark meat or white meat?"

Terry grabbed him by both shoulders and shook him violently. "Won't you ever get any sense? Didn't you hear what I just told you? I'm going to get married. Married, you understand? To Lydia Vale. Get that—the finest, swellest, most beautiful girl in the world! Congratulate me, Clyde. You're my best man."

"I heard you the first time. Great! It's been done before. People have been getting married for years. Nobody yells about it any more. If you want to be a sap I'll help you keep your secret. Isn't it too bad dogs can't talk? Look at poor King. He probably wants a drink of ginger ale or something and he has to stand there looking dumb and hoping people will



guess the answer. But King does a lot more thinking than some—"

"Where did you get this dog, anyway?" asked Terry, rapidly losing his patience. "And how do you know his name is King?"

"His name's got to be King," said Clyde, with an air of authority, "and nobody gets dogs, either. All of a sudden you turn around and—bingo—there's a dog, and his name is King."

Just then there came through the front door, which Clyde had neglected to close, a short, round, fat man with horn-rimmed glasses and whiskers. He popped into the room, took one look at the dog and yelled, "Lena! Come here!" King, whose reign as a masculine ruler was destined to be acutely brief, obeyed the command and shed his virile *nom de plume*.

The irate stranger grabbed Clyde around the neck and shouted, "Can't a gentleman leave his dog outside a lunch-room for a minute without having it stolen by a low bum like you? You ought to be arrested, you loafer. It's lucky I happened to see you going into this place with my dog. You skunk, you! You thief!"

Having run out of epithets, the little man walked out of the apartment, closely followed by the cause of the controversy wagging her tail and making no pretense of being anything but just plain Lena, a dog of obscure parentage belonging to Otto Schmaltz.

Terry did not dwell any longer on the incident of the dog. It was just a new chapter in an old story. Clyde was always indulging in some wild practical joke. At various times he had brought home an electric sign reading "UNDERTAKING PARLOR," a skeleton, a live street-sweeper with his portable ash-can, a suit of armor, a gum-machine and a small horse. So, of course, the dog was of minor importance.

Terry's feeling of impatience at the irresponsible ramblings of Clyde was more than counteracted by his own exhilaration. Now that he was about to embark on the great journey, he felt a certain pity for his friend.

Poor Clyde, throwing his life away on shallow women! There was no substance to it; he was building up nothing for the future. Then he fell into a sound slumber and dreamed of Lydia, and a family and a home of his own.

The wedding took place in the home of Lydia's parents. The aunts and uncles on both sides of the family remarked, with a tinge of reluctance, that it was really an ideal match. The young couple looked fine, Terry was able to support a wife and they were really in love.

Everybody was early for the wedding except the best man who was late—extremely late.

The bride and groom felt a bit anxious but they knew Clyde. He would come even though he happened to pick up a giraffe or a mongoos on the way.

Finally Clyde appeared. One of the tails of his full-dress coat was entirely missing. His left eye was swollen and the white bosom of his evening shirt was batiked with blood. And, sure enough, he had an animal with him. But this time it was not a yak or an armadillo or a llama. It had only two legs and wore a uniform. You guessed it. It was a policeman.

Clyde had a genius for taking embarrassing situations by the forelock. He avoided scenes by simply not allowing them to take place. In spite of his sensational entrance, he strode to the spot where the groom was waiting with such audacious amiability that, before anyone could realize it, the bride had taken her place alongside the groom and the minister was droning off the ritual.

When the ceremony was over and the guests crowded around the lucky couple to pay their respects, Clyde slipped out with the policeman who escorted him to the station-house.

"Hello, sergeant," said Clyde to the big fat man behind the desk.

"Where did you come from, the slaughter-house?" answered Sergeant Mooney.

"It was like this," broke in Officer Kraus: "I'm on the sidewalk just outside the grill-room of the Strathmore Hotel when I hear a terrible racket. I rush inside the restaurant just in time to see this bird on top of another



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guy massaging his face with a lot of chicken *à la King*. The other guy is trying to poke this fellow's eye out with a fork and a blond dame is standing on the table yelling.

"This one lifts one of them heavy covers off a platter of roast beef on a near-by serving-table and brings it down on the other guy's head. When the atmosphere clears a little the house doctor bandages the other guy and I grab this one and starts to take him along. The screaming dame runs out of the joint yelling something about getting to the show in time to make up. From the quick flash I got I'd say she was made up enough already.

"This guy wipes the Russian dressing out of his eyes and tells me he can't go along because he's got to be best man at a wedding and is late. It sounds like a gag. I've had 'em tell me they had to get home quick because their wife was gonna have a baby any minute. But this best-man gag seems kinda dumb. I says, 'All right, kid, invite me to the wedding, too,' thinking he'll switch to the sick-wife stuff or tell me he's Coolidge.

"But sure enough he takes me to the wedding and I stands in the hall while he goes right up to the place where the outfit is assembled, hands the groom the ring and goes through with the whole works. It's all over and he's on his way here with me before any of the stiff at the wedding know what happened. He's a nervy kid, I'll say."

"WELL, young man," said Sergeant Mooney, "what was the fight about?"

"Sergeant," answered Clyde, "I was having dinner with a lady friend of mine who's on the stage but is one of the sweetest, most—"

"I didn't ask for her description," broke in the sergeant. "If I need any information about her one of my men can get it for me."

"Well, it's not her fault if she's beautiful and people keep staring at her. A fellow at the next table—one of those dark guys with a swarthy face and watery eyes and a trick hair-comb that covers up a bald spot—kept staring at her all through dinner. Maybe the customs of his country are different, but that's his worry. He sent the waiter over to Miss McAllister—I mean, my lady friend—with a note that read something like this: 'Dear beautiful blond lady: Pardon my boldness, but one of my warm nature cannot sit so close to a heavenly star without being consumed by its brilliance. May I send you my card?'

"She, of course, did not get angry because all females like flattery. She even looked over at this guy and gave him a pleased nod. That's all he needed. He bounded over to our table in one step. I was burning up. Just then the waiter brought the chicken *à la King* and—well, the officer has told you the rest."

The telephone on the desk rang. "Hello," bellowed Sergeant Mooney. "What? A bank—three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bonds—two killed—wait a minute, hold the wire." Then, turning to Officer Kraus, "Get that sap out of here. We can't be bothered with him. Now, get three other men and go down—"

And Clyde found himself out in the street, a free man. It was always like that with Clyde. He got out of trouble just as easily as he got into it.

As we said before, the lives of Terry and Clyde went along to a certain definite conclusion and that is what we are principally concerned about.

After Lydia had her first baby, Terry Junior, a fine, big, strapping boy, Doctor Farnham told her it would be just as well if she did not have any more children.

Whereupon she did what a great many others have done in similar cases. She went and had another baby. This time it was a girl. A blood transfusion was the only thing that saved Lydia. For months she was too weak to display any sign of emotion over the advent of her daughter Ruth.

But those deep brown eyes that had so completely enslaved Terry a few years before still shone with the bright light that was generated by her fine, sweet spirit. Lydia was finally up

and around—a bit pale, but able to move about in a quiet sort of way. And then the business of rearing the two children really began.

Terry worried a lot about Lydia and it hurt to pay all those doctor bills. But he never quite got over marveling at the children.

Lydia had periodic attacks and had to stay in bed for weeks at a time. During these periods when Lydia had to remain quiet Terry came home early and helped put the children to bed.

They had a maid and she could have done it just as well alone, but Terry had the quaint idea that youngsters should receive some small personal attention from one of their parents each day. Lydia watched these frequent ministrations to the children and buried her head in her pillow. She could not train herself to stop crying on these occasions.

As the years went by Lydia's attacks grew more frequent and Terry, though he bore an outward air of cheerfulness, was never unreservedly happy except on those rare occasions when Lydia really felt well. She never complained and that is what hurt him most. But the children romped and grew and filled the house with noisy activity which offset the interludes of ill health and assured Terry that life was giving him the best it had to offer.

Once in a while fleeting thoughts of Clyde would intrude themselves upon him. Clyde—with no responsibilities but those directly concerned with his own person. Clyde—playing pranks, telephoning beautiful girls, receiving homage from head waiters. Clyde—who built up around himself an atmosphere of gay and irresponsible romance. But after all it was artificial!

One Thanksgiving when Lydia felt particularly well, she said, "Terry, dear, let's invite Clyde up tonight. He'll probably be glad to eat a nice family Thanksgiving dinner for a change."

"Nothing better," answered Terry. "I'd like him to see what a regular family looks like."

"I'll call him up." She went to the phone. "Well, well, Lydia, it's great to hear your voice," he said when she called him. "How are you and how's Terry and the kids?" Clyde's voice was full of its characteristic snap.

"We're just fine, thanks. Won't you come up to dinner tonight at seven? No outsiders except yourself, and you're one of the family."

"Gee, Lydia, it's sweet of you to think of me today. But it's just my bad luck that I've got another date."

"Oh, that's too bad, Clyde. The children will be disappointed. They look forward to such a lot of fun when you show up. I guess I'd better date you up right now for next Thanksgiving. You're so popular."

"Great, Lydia, that's a date. I'll take a rain check. Thanks and good-by."

Terry knew that Clyde wouldn't come. Families slowed up his pace.

"Well, dear," Terry said, putting his arm around Lydia, "I guess we don't need any special entertainers to help us enjoy our own Thanksgiving dinner. Just wait till the cook sticks her head out of that kitchen door and yells, 'Dinner's ready.' How about it, kids?"

"Terry, I don't know what I'd do without you," murmured Lydia, with both her arms about his neck. "You're just the nicest, most considerate, sweetest husband in the world."

The four of them had a marvelous time that evening—Terry, Lydia, Terry Junior and Ruth. They ate and ate until they could hardly breathe. They talked and played cards and joked and listened to the radio. It was a grand evening and the outside world was millions of miles away. They were cut off from all communication with everything but the spiritual wave-length over which God broadcast His blessings of domestic warmth and security.

When Clyde hung up the receiver, after declining the invitation from Lydia, he answered a knock on his door. A messenger boy handed him a note which read:

Clyde, dear: I am so sorry I can't dine with you tonight. There is a big party at John Marin's. I just couldn't refuse as he

has arranged to put an understudy in the show so I can stay and enjoy myself. There are lots more evenings. Toodle-oo. Love, Bess

Clyde let the paper fall on the floor and stared into space. He had known Bess for quite a few years now. They had had many good times together. He liked her a lot although he never took her very seriously.

He simply took her for granted and it never occurred to him that she would not always be there to fill in his leisure time. She was the old standby and he saw to it that she had everything she wanted, even though at times the theatrical game was a bit slack.

"Well, I'll be darned," he thought, almost aloud. "Maybe I'm losing my punch. I know I don't do the foolish things I used to on parties. I haven't had a fight with a traffic cop in six months. I haven't even had a mild argument with a head waiter. These things have lost some of their kick."

Then he admitted to himself that perhaps the secret of his old popularity was his mischievous good humor—collegiate fooling. The gang always expected something unusual to happen when "crazy" Clyde showed up. Bess left him alone on Thanksgiving. Besides, he himself wasn't even invited to John Marin's party. Had he ceased to be a contribution to well-organized gaiety?

It was the first Thanksgiving he had ever spent alone. Should he call up Terry and Lydia and tell them he had changed his mind? No, it would be too big a victory for married life. No one must know that he was anything but the happy, care-free Clyde with friends about him and the music always playing. He turned on the phonograph and fell asleep. There was a smudge under each eye that may have been caused by two tears he forgot to wipe away.

One morning a few years later a newspaper published two brief items on pages five and six respectively. One read:

Lydia Bigelow, wife of Terrence Bigelow, died at seven-thirty last evening after a protracted illness. The immediate cause of death was heart trouble. At the bedside were Mr. Bigelow and the two children, Terrence Junior and Ruth. Mrs. Bigelow was the daughter of John Vale. Funeral arrangements will be announced later.

On page six the item read:

Bess McAllister, formerly of "The Green Dragon," "Lead Me To It," and "Loose Moments," motored to Greenwich with a party of friends last night and was married to Miximillion Sanchez Gonzales Diaz, a wealthy Mexican said to control large mining properties in his native land. Miss McAllister told the press she had retired from the stage and would devote her time to a social career in Mexico City with the friends of her husband, who claims kinship with an ex-president.

WHEN Clyde came to the house of mourning and took Terry's moist hand, all he could say was, "I'm sorry." He felt something in his throat and could do nothing but give Terry's hand a consoling squeeze. Ruth and Terry Junior really felt their mother's death keenly, but in spite of themselves their grief seemed to be more respectful than spontaneous.

Clyde, the devoted friend, felt very sad on his own account. Bess had really married the oily individual he had shampooed with chicken *à la King* in a restaurant some years before. Now he had to start all over and build up a new relationship with some sympathetic damsel who was good-looking, not too smart and not at all dangerous. It took time and energy.

At his comfortable stage of life Clyde did not look forward to the ordeal with any degree of pleasure. He knew the answer to every adventure. He still loved beauty and a good time, but the rheumatism in his right arm always started annoying him just as he believed he could still stay out as late as the next fellow.

It took Terry six months to pull himself

together. Ruth kept telling him, "Daddy, dear, you can't bring Mother back acting like this. Try and be sensible. You've got Terry and me, haven't you? I'll do my best to take Mother's place. Behave yourself, you naughty boy."

"You're right, Ruth, I'm the most selfish person in the world. Here I've got two great kids acting like real honest-to-goodness grown-ups while I myself act like a whimpering child. I promise you from now on I'll try to behave." Ruth looked just like her mother—especially around the eyes. That was what made it so hard for Terry to forget.

But youth is cruel in spite of itself and Ruth and Terry Junior, in the face of their honest desire to fill the gap in their father's life, soon found their days filled with affairs that had only a remote bearing on their father's state of mind. Ruth would put her arm about his neck and tell him about her shopping tours and her bridge games and her innocent love-affairs. He would listen in an indulgent far-off way.

A note of real enthusiasm came into her voice only when the telephone rang and she plunged into a conversation with a boy or a girl who looked at life through her own unquestioning optimism. Terry himself felt relieved when spared the necessity of adjusting his own mellowing mood to the vigor of her restless spirit.

When Terry Junior came home from college he too spent quite a bit of his time at the telephone. Terry was very proud of his son and Terry Junior was very proud of his dad.

Each planned to have long talks with the other about the future and life and people and everything. But nothing very profound ever came out of these talks. There was always a certain restraint.

One day young Terry came bursting into his father's room holding a telegram in his hand and bubbling over with joy. "Look, Dad. Read that!" he said.

The yellow slip was marked Dallas, Texas. Dad read:

Terry Bigelow Jr. 1319 Park Avenue, New York. There is a fine opening here in my father's oil business and I convinced him that you were the man for the job. Hop on a train and come out here right away. It is your big chance. Answer immediately. Regards, Bruce

"Isn't that a wonderful break?" beamed Terry Junior. "You've heard me speak of Bruce Waldron, my roommate at college. His father is one of the biggest oilmen in Texas. Gee, what a wonderful opportunity! Dad, whaddya say?"

An unwelcome thought formed in Terry's mind. With Lydia gone and the boy away—perhaps for good—there would be no one left but himself and Ruth. But no, he must not consider himself. He put his arm around his son's shoulder.

"Listen, boy," he said, "I love you. I have confidence in you. I am probably indulging in a bit of conceit when I say I am satisfied with your character. You're safe. Go ahead and make good. I am with you to the limit." There was a catch in his voice but Terry Junior was too happy to notice it.

At the train he promised his dad he would write him letters very often and tell him everything. But, of course, he didn't. The older Terry didn't expect him to.

Mr. Clyde Manford was listening to his friend, Doctor Farnham. "Clyde," said the genial man of science, putting down his stethoscope, "I am glad to tell you that organically you are in fine shape. But that doesn't mean you can skip rope and run races. You've got to look after your nervous system. You need plenty of rest and relaxation. Go easy, have a nice time in a mild way and there's no telling how long you will live."

"Why, doc," said Clyde, "this is the most shocking news I have had in years. What will the poor girls do without me? Who will support the head waiters and doorknockers? What will become of night life itself? I am sure it isn't quite as serious as you make it. So long, doc. Thanks for the advice anyway."

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# SELLERS

KITCHEN FURNITURE UNITS

On the way home, however, Clyde secretly awarded the doctor a vote of thanks. He hated to admit to himself that the lure of the night life had ceased to draw him any longer. He would rather accept the doctor's warning as a direct order to curb an enthusiasm which he wanted people to believe he still maintained in his slightly cooling veins.

The next morning at breakfast he read a letter from an old friend in San Francisco. After a few words of greeting, it went on to say:

The real purpose of this letter is to ask you to give a few minutes of your valuable time to my son, Warren. He is coming to the big city to join the staff of a bank and he may need a friendly word just to keep him from getting homesick. He is a fine upstanding boy, thoroughly capable of taking care of himself. I am sure he will not put you to any inconvenience. I need not say how thankful I will be if you do this for me. As ever,

Your old friend,  
Eddie Berl

Clyde had received many letters of small importance such as this. But coming as it did at this particular moment, it gave him a queer idea. Why couldn't he live his early life over again through this young man? He would show him the ropes, watch over him to see he would come out all right. Fate was munificent! Now, if the young man were only good-looking and presentable! Clyde searched for his little private address book and chuckled.

Not only his clothes were made to order, but Warren Berl was made to order himself. He was six feet tall, had hair that was shiny without the aid of an artificial lubricator and he had a fine, simple, ingratiating manner. As Clyde looked him over he felt the thrill of a connoisseur approving a newly acquired treasure.

Warren, of course, was a success with the girls. From time to time Clyde would sit opposite him in some little French restaurant and listen very intently to his modest stories of how he took this one out to dinner and how he took that one motoring into the country and how he went dancing at a night club with this one. But Warren, strangely, didn't seem to think there was as much romance in this sort of thing as Clyde had in his earlier days.

Clyde hoped the young man would indulge in a prank or two. He would have felt an exhilarating sense of proprietorship if he had been called upon to bail Warren out of jail. But these things didn't come off. The young fellow was too serious or innocent, or something.

They were having a cocktail together when Clyde looked at his watch and said he would have to excuse himself. He was having dinner with Terrence Bigelow and his daughter Ruth at their apartment.

"Why don't you take me along?" asked Warren. "I've heard you talk so much about these friends of yours and still I've never met them. Are they so precious you don't want to share them with anybody?"

"Why," Clyde answered with genuine surprise, "I didn't know you wanted to meet them. Care-free young men like you don't want to sit around in people's homes all evening listening to a lot of dry conversation."

"But Mr. Manfred, I do want to go—that is, if they'll have me."

"Why, Warren, they'll be tickled to death to have you. Only I never dreamed you wanted to go."

As the evening progressed it became apparent to Clyde that Warren was the sort of fellow who liked "nice" girls. He had been laboring under a false assumption all the time.

At ten-forty-five Clyde and Terry had exhausted politics, stocks, theaters and reminiscences, and had settled into a comfortable mood of meditation which had all the earmarks of a light snooze. Ruth and Warren were progressing so rapidly that she held her date book in her hand and was crossing out the names of certain male acquaintances who were merely fillers-in for evenings when she might have nothing else to do.



The fact was, there were really no very, very important names in that book. But she did not want to let this good-looking young man whom she had met for the first time know that he so quickly jumped into a race where he had very little competition.

The speed with which the affair between Warren Berl and Ruth Bigelow progressed can be judged by the fact that three weeks after the meeting just referred to she threw her date book away altogether. Clyde, although he was disappointed in not developing a protégé over whom he could throw his mantle of mischievous desires, could not help but heartily sanction the match. Terry, too, was proud to acquire Warren as a son-in-law.

"Listen, Daddy," said Ruth, after all the arrangements had been made for the wedding. "Don't for one moment think you are losing your own precious little daughter. Things are always going to be exactly the same as they are now—only I'll have two big men instead of one. The three of us are going to live right here and we'll have the grandest time ever. Now, none of your objections. If you even threaten to live alone, I'll tear up all the invitations and tell Warren I never want to see him again."

"But Ruth, dear," said Terry, "you young people must live your own lives. I don't want to interfere. It'll be much better if—"

"No, no, no," she broke in. "It's all off unless you live with us. In fact, I'm telling you right now, Daddy dear, that you are going to live with us. That's all there is to it."

Without the help of any further words, the image of Lydia, sweet, gentle, heroic, flashed simultaneously through their minds and they held each other close.

Terry Junior came on for the wedding, looking brown and healthy and satisfied. Of course he would like to spend a little more time with his dad but he had to hurry back because they were opening up some new oil-fields and he wanted to be there when the first gusher came through. Clyde stood next to Terry during the ceremony. They felt a certain comforting safety in being close to one another.

After they got comfortably settled in their very nice apartment, Warren and Ruth just naturally became one of the component arcs in a social circle. Whenever they were invited out, they insisted on Terry's being included in the party. At first he went along to please the young people. At times he even believed he was an essential part of their social life.

But as the months rolled by the young couple noticed, with a slight feeling of relief which they would not openly admit, that the "old man" begged off more and more. One night he had to go to his club, another night he had some business to attend to and still another night he was simply too tired to go out.

Around the house he effaced his own personality. It was their home. He wanted it to express them and not him.

On Thanksgiving day Warren and Ruth held a whispered conversation in the pantry. "After all," finished Ruth, "he won't mind. He doesn't enjoy this kind of a crowd anyway. He's too old."

"He's a wonderful man and I love him," ventured Warren, somewhat guiltily, "but he'd put a damper on the whole thing. It's up to you to tell him."

"No, you tell him. You're a man."

"No, you tell him. You're his daughter."

"Oh, all right."

Ruth found her father sitting in the big chair gazing into space.

"Daddy," Ruth began, "don't think I'm selfish or unreasonable. I wouldn't even bring the subject up unless I knew you'd understand. But we are going to have a big gang here tonight for dinner and we want you to join in the party if you think you'll enjoy it. I only wanted to warn you that some of the bunch might get a little loud. You know how young folks are. They all love you to death, Daddy. I just wanted to tell you ahead of time, that's all."

"Why, Ruth, my girl, bless your little heart," he said; "your daddy understands. I'll just sneak out and—"

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"No, no," interrupted Ruth, not too vehemently. "You are going to join the party."

"No, dear, I'm older than you and know best. I can take care of myself. In fact, I just remembered an invitation I got for dinner to-night from a business associate of mine. He'll be terribly disappointed if I don't show up."

A few more weak protests and it was all settled.

Terry did not blame anyone. Nature was taking its course. But he could not drive out the memory of that wonderful Thanksgiving day many years ago when his little family sat around the table in supreme contentment with the disinterested world millions of miles away. That one day was his touch of heaven and he could not wish for more on this earth. He stifled a sob as he wandered aimlessly into the park, found a bench and sat down.

On the same bench was seated another man. He, too, was thinking of something that made him oblivious of his surroundings. He seemed to want to cling to his memories. Terry Bigelow saw Clyde Manford and understood. He touched him on the shoulder. They looked at one another and smiled. There was a pause.

"Remember," said Terry, "how you stood up for the virtues of single blessedness and how I stood up for the great rewards of wedded bliss? Well, they both seem to have us right where we started—alone."

"There doesn't seem to be any choice, Terry. We haven't much to show for either."

"I don't know, Clyde. Marriage and bachelorhood are two bridges over which we travel to the same destination. We find nothing there but memories."

"Perhaps we were both wrong."

"No, we were both right."

Clyde got a sudden inspiration. "I wonder," he exclaimed, coming out of his philosophical mood, "if that old apartment-house where we used to live is still standing. Maybe it is and maybe the apartment we lived in is vacant."

"I call that an idea," answered Terry. "Let's go and find out. We have nothing else to do."

It was in the midst of the midday traffic at the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street. The crowds were surging and fighting to get across. Two fine-looking white-haired old gentlemen, immaculately dressed, clung to one another in the crowd. Motor traffic stopped. The two old gentlemen—they appeared to be nearing eighty—picked their way across arm in arm, each holding the other as though he were some priceless possession. "Be careful, Clyde," one said. "You know it won't do your rheumatism any good if you try to hurry."

"You look after your throat, Terry, and button up your coat," responded the other.

When they got safely across, they heaved a sigh of relief and strolled down the Avenue, unmindful of everything in the world but each other.

## Women and Money (Continued from page 41)

and I was "sacked" for writing a novel which dealt in some detail with a philandering episode that took place in my life after marriage.

I was already making a muddle of my matrimonial and my financial affairs. I left my wife too much alone. I did not notice that the amount of housework which she was undertaking was undermining her health. She neither cared for nor was physically fit for prodigious exercise.

Some time later I secured a post as literary critic on a London morning newspaper and began the life I still lead, going fifty-five miles up from the sea every morning and returning fifty-five miles back to the sea every night. Usually, now that I am a dramatic critic as well, I do not start home until midnight. It will be seen that my wife had some grounds for her complaint of loneliness, for even during the weekends, I spent most of Saturday and Sunday walking over the downs.

My defense was that she had her two children, as many friends as she liked to stay with her and as much amusement as my purse could afford.

Unhappily, on the rare occasions when we did meet, discussion ran partly on the unstable state of our finances and partly on the still more unstable state of our affections.

I had learned that her affections were fixed elsewhere. Mine had become wayward. At one moment it would be she who would not divorce me, the next it would be I who would not divorce her. The truth of the matter was that I valued her companionship so highly that I could not bear with equanimity the thought of life without her, while she desired only peace and certainty.

As a husband she could not tolerate me; as a friend she found me adequate. I, meanwhile, like the base Indian quoted by Othello, was throwing away a pearl richer than all her tribe.

She did at least understand me and made no impossible demands upon my chivalry as other women did. If I failed to walk on the outside of the pavement she realized that I was thinking of some article and didn't bother. When one is in the throes of creative art one does not lightly lose whatever inspiration comes one's way for the sake of a trifling convention.

My wife realized that. She is the only woman with whom I have ever had any intimate relationship who has. The others were

all jealous of my "work" and demanded an attention which I soon tired of giving.

I find it as difficult to account for my continued penchant for shop-girls as I do to account for my failure to cope with money. Coming as I did from a home where we could rarely afford to keep even one servant, it seems strange that I should have grown up so completely regardless of the value of money. Considering how hard I have worked to acquire a taste for all that is best in literature and art, it seems queer that I should fail to have acquired a taste for women of quality. A great deal may be put down to sheer stupidity. I have signed the most ludicrous contracts for my novels in order to get immediate cash. In my anxiety to escape from my own society I have made friends with women whose vulgarity and ignorance have made me want to scream.

Men with half my income possess comfortable homes, dress well, dress their wives smartly and their children neatly, entertain, belong to clubs, eat, drink and are merry without having to worry the whole year through.

My home has never been comfortable or clean; my clothes hang on me like a sack; I never entertain; I cannot afford a holiday; I cannot even own a car. I live in dread of the postman, for I know that he brings only bills.

Genius is, I know, expected to make a hash of things. I should be content to make the mistakes that Byron and Shelley made if I had their genius. The rub lies in sharing their vices and none of their virtues. In my case there appears to be no consolation.

It is not that I have given up hope, but there are moments when every man of forty must shiver at the thought of what he has left undone. The author of "Wuthering Heights" died at thirty; the man who wrote "Endymion" died at twenty-six.

I look round and regard my contemporaries at Oxford. One is Minister of Education, another Secretary of State for the Air, a third is a really famous novelist, and a fourth well on his way to the Woolpack. I too have it in me to be a colossus, but the time left for me to achieve my ambition is none too long. Again I have fallen down in the race of life.

I don't in the least mind dying, but I want to leave some imperishable thing behind to add to the world's store of beauty. Up to now I have destroyed more than I have created. I

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But Chrysler has also found that there are so many glorious precedents and inspirations in art, architecture and design, that the search for authentic and harmonious symmetry can actually be reduced to something like a scientific system in which results are certain.

Chrysler has left nothing to chance... Chrysler has not relied alone upon the inspiration of individual designers.

Chrysler has sought instead to do something never done before in motor car design—to search out *authentic* forms of beauty which have come down the centuries unsur-

passed and unchallenged and has translated them in terms of motor car beauty and motor car utility.

The lengths to which Chrysler designers have gone in this patient pursuit of beauty will doubtless prove a revelation to those who have probably accepted Chrysler symmetry and charm as fortunate but more or less accidental conceptions.

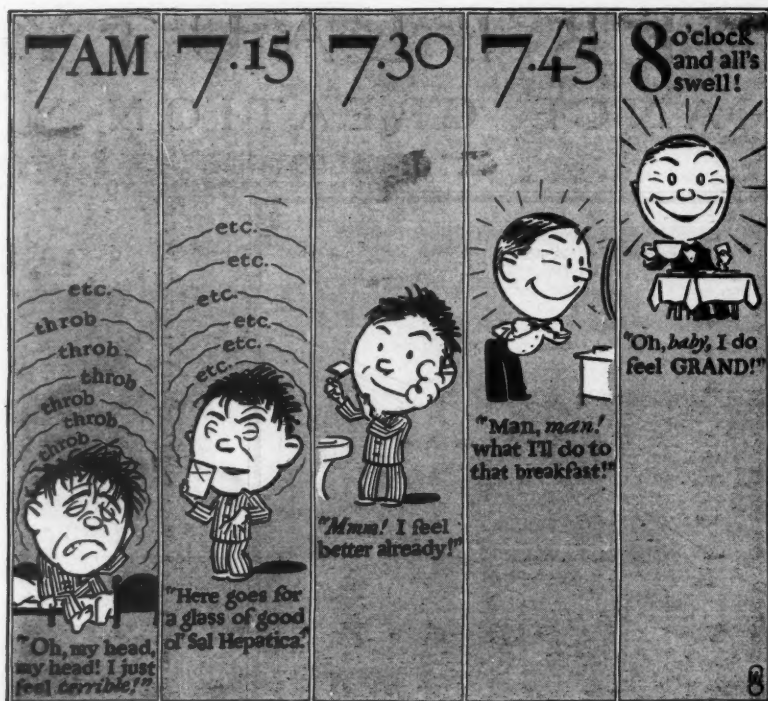
*The Chrysler process goes far deeper than any charming but accidental conception*



Chrysler's matching of the exclusive slender profile radiator with the cowl bar moulding has its inspiration in the repetition of motif in the historic frieze of the ancient Parthenon.

New Chrysler "65"—Six body styles priced from \$1040 to \$1145 • • • New Chrysler "75"—Nine body styles priced from \$1535 to \$2345 • • • New Chrysler Imperial—Five custom styles priced from \$2675 to \$3475. All prices f. o. b. Detroit





## A 7 a. m. headache and an 8 o'clock smile

ANY morning you arise feeling tired, dull and logy, go directly to the bathroom shelf and take down your bottle of Sal Hepatica!

Whisk  $\frac{1}{2}$  a tablespoonful into a glass of clear, pure water and drink the sparkling resultant. Sal Hepatica works promptly and by its aid many a 7 a. m. headache can be turned into an 8 o'clock smile.

For the Saline method—with Sal Hepatica—not only banishes constipation promptly, but it is excellent for headaches, colds and many common ills of life. For more than any other laxative, it cleans the blood stream, neutralizes acidity and rids the body of the noxious poisons of waste. It leaves you feeling fit and fine all day long!

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At your druggist's

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

am still groping for my proper medium of self-expression.

One day I am praised quite out of all proportion to my worth as a novelist with the result that for a moment I think my *métier* lies there. My next critic puts me in my place.

I deliver a lecture one night which rouses a vast audience to almost uncontrollable enthusiasm and I think my vocation lies there. The next I am dumfounded by the lukewarmness of my reception and vow never to lecture again.

One day I am described as one of the only two individualistic journalists in London. The next I am hauled over the coals for my dullness. Always I seem to be on the verge of grasping the laurel wreath, always it is jerked out of my reach just when I have laid my hands on it.

There are times when the struggle invigorates me, there are others when I cry for real companionship. A bachelor has friends, but I am not a bachelor; a husband has his wife, but I am not a husband; a father has his children, but mine, naturally, feel the need of their mother and blame me for her absence.

I am tired of shop-girls. I should be content, perhaps, if I could throw myself into my work, but restlessness, loneliness and worry are not conducive to the creation of great literature. The emotion has to be recollected in tranquillity to be effective and I am the reverse of tranquil.

It is wearying to get so near every time. I was very nearly a great educationist. I might still be a great novelist.

I could, I fancy, even be a great lover if my wife came back.

I could never be a great financier, nor have I any desire to be. I have been miserable myself and the cause of misery in others, but I have neither been bored nor seen myself as the occasion of boredom in others. Even my wife allows that.

Life in a trench which is being incessantly bombed may be extremely frightening but it is certainly not tedious. I seem to have been at war with my wife, my friends, my creditors, schoolmasters and society ever since I grew up. Every day of the week I get letters threatening libel actions or personal violence, from relatives, public bodies, religious societies and outraged citizens of towns and villages that I have lampooned or rebuked in my novels and articles.

That is the worst of being an idealist.

As a child I ran away from home as a protest against my parson father who had taken the name of the Lord in vain because the law-mower stuck.

As a schoolmaster I was boycotted because I publicly declared that several things about the public-school system were rotten. I still believe that it might be possible so to educate boys that they might leave school with their ardor for learning not wholly damped.

I incurred the odium of newspaper proprietors by suggesting that it might be possible to convey news without having recourse to vulgar stunts.

I lost my wife, whose companionship means more to me than anything else in the world, because I believed that it was possible for a woman to share her companionship with many men.

The truth is that I have failed altogether to acquire the technique of living. Man is born to be happy, but my happiness has always been just round the corner. Man was born to be free and is everywhere in chains. I have forged my own chains, built my own cage round me and beat my wings like an imprisoned penguin because I can no longer soar.

I have run my first lap of life with an astounding lack of judgment. It remains to profit from my experience. I am no misogynist or misanthrope. My friends may let me down a million times more, but I shall still have faith in humanity. I am as grateful to God for the privilege of having been born as any man who ever lived. And after all what's the use of hunting if you can't take a dozen tosses in a season?



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## This Madness

(Continued from page 47)

and beautiful letters and cablegrams from her which I found at every important point on my route.

How was her baby? Her darling? Was he happy? Was he seeing all he wished to see and meeting all the people he wished to meet?

And how about the girls of England, France, Italy, Germany? Ah, she knew! A fellow like me couldn't be trusted anywhere. But still, once in a while I did give her a thought, didn't I? She was always thinking that I did because she was always thinking of me.

And she was just living for the day when I would return and take her in my arms.

The Drive, my room—all were the same.

Mornings, evenings and at midnight, she was still looking out on the river, and thinking how wonderful it was when I was there and we had seen it together. And now how sad.

Broadway, Central Park West, my rooms there. Sometimes, in driving by, she looked up and it hurt her so—the lapse of time, the changes in life.

And then bits of news about everybody—and America—and herself. Yet, as I could see, she was doing nothing—dreaming, reading, waiting. And her letters, as well as an occasional photograph, only served to stir in me a desire to see her once more—to keep her for myself, since her love was so vital and so sacrificial and self-consuming.

And in consequence, in May of the next spring, a reunion, in another suite of rooms not so far from her own home. And a bubbling ecstasy because of my return to her, which was touching and at moments thrilling.

The eyes of her! The wraith smiles—the gaiety of her step! Once more we were together. It had been so long—so long—but now! I felt at the time that somehow, and no matter what other might appear, I should still have Aglaia always somewhere—that I would never wholly desert her or she me.

And yet, scarcely had I returned and settled myself once more in my work, than E. appeared—a Daughter of the Puritans. And though because of her Aglaia was compelled to suffer once more—and perhaps even more poignantly than was the case when Wilma was at hand—yet she did not change.

And yet she was not spineless by any means, as I well knew—merely deeply and truly in love. For once in connection with this same E., when the affair was entirely new and she had just discovered it, she left me. There were days and days—even so much as eight if I recall aright—and then one day seeing her on the Drive with a young merchant heir whom I had once met at her home, I feared with resentment born of this possessive affection which I retained for her. Aglaia! And with another! And after all she had written and said to me. At once I decided to call or get her on the telephone and reinstate myself if possible. And that same evening did so—presenting myself at the house and when chance offered, arguing with her. But noting that she was seeking to maintain herself against me. Also, after a time, that things were not as bad as they looked.

It was true as I argued that there was another. And I had become interested in her some. But here I was, was I not—and seeking her? And if—and so forth—a long story. In short I lied and lied—but only with hope of retaining Aglaia—and feeling that I might—knowing it, really. And finally succeeding—her body in my lap, her arms about me. Oh, she had nearly died. She was so glad I had come back. But really I must do better. She couldn't go on if I didn't although she really couldn't care for anyone either. But when she suffered so she did not care what she did and so might do anything—marry another or kill herself. But oh, the pain, the pain.

And so after that—and because of that—the lying on my part! The evasions and



subterfuges! Once, before Aglaia saw E., E. saw Aglaia standing with me at one of the corners of upper Broadway—so much more pleasing than it is today. And before parting—I was meeting with E. but a few minutes after—I had kissed her.

And E., strolling to meet me at a certain restaurant, had seen this. At first, because of E.'s rage, I was compelled to wait, for she had decided, as she said, never to see me again.

Next, passion-wise, she had changed her mind and come to inquire concerning this other love—and her face was waxen-white with rage. I do not recall in anyone more concentrated fury. It was bloodless. After a time, since I proceeded to explain concerning Aglaia and to defy her—"Well, let it rest at that. If you are going to leave, you are going to leave, aren't you?"—she changed about. After all, it was an old affair. She was the newest love. She had supplanted Aglaia.

And before the evening was over E. was even commiserating Aglaia. "Ah, she was beautiful, really beautiful." She had stood and studied her not more than forty feet away as we talked. And she described Aglaia's hat and dress and shoes. She was so soft and girlish and innocent-looking. How could I be so cruel, so ruthless, and treat her so?

"So you sympathize with her, do you?" I commented. "And just how far? Enough to drop me for her, for instance?"

The situation became complicated. There was more quarreling—intense feeling, even—which got us no further than when we began.

And, similarly, Aglaia once saw E. and myself riding north along Broadway in a roadster which E. had secured, and which she drove very well. And because she herself was in a taxi, had followed for a distance—only to give over at 157th Street.

But in that time she had studied E. carefully—and the next time we met she broached the subject of new loves in general. Who was I interested in now? Wasn't there some new girl? Not a soul? And when I asserted valiantly that there was not, began to laugh. Oh, what a fibber! Wasn't I just the worst—and the best? But didn't I know that I needn't conceal anything from her? Hadn't she proved that I need not?

And so on to E., whom she now described as accurately as E. had described her. And the car! And the hour! And all. Would I not tell her about E.? She would not annoy me with her knowledge afterward.

Goodness, hadn't she proved that? Who was she? How long had I known her? Where did she come from? She had seen, from my actions in the car, that I was very much interested in her. Was she nice? Rich? Was that her car? She was a clever driver, she would say that for her.

Where were we going? Up to Longvue? E. had on a yellow hat and a blue dress. Sure, she did. Hadn't she followed us to 157th Street? And I had on a straw hat and a gray suit. Well, we looked smart, all right, only E. (she didn't know her name at this time) was so little. And yet, the little ones—she laughed—they were all right, too, of course. All was grist that came to my mill.

I began to be a little angry and showed it, whereupon Aglaia desisted. Was I angry? Never mind, dear. She didn't mean to be picky, only just at first when she saw—and when she cared for me so much—she could hardly help it. It wasn't so easy when one cared as much as she did.

And for all her resignation, after this fashion she showed how much she was hurt. And I gathered her in my arms. Yet try to explain as I might, there was no real explanation beyond admitting and even insisting that I was not for one alone, although if she would but let herself, she could, or would, remain as she had been—the one dearest to me sympathetically and in so many other ways.

But whether she believed that or not, so she remained. And on this very occasion in silence we sat in a great chair, I thinking of life and its fierce, inexplicable propulsions

# CLEANS

*like a washup*

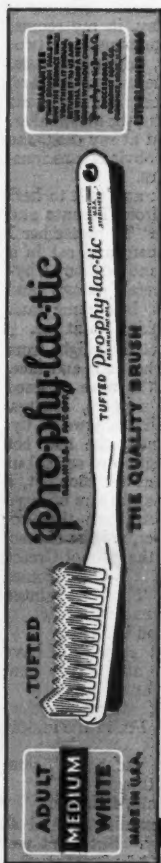


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*like a rubdown*

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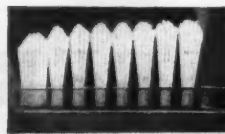
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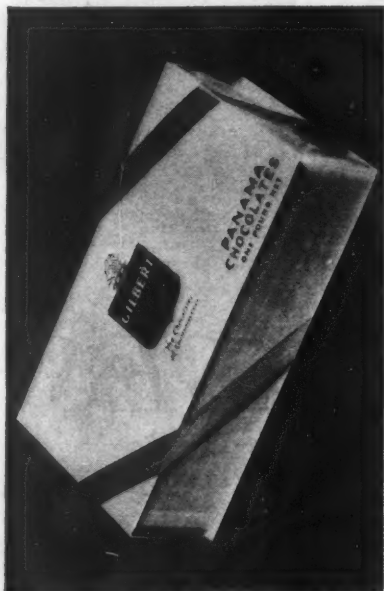
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## GILBERT

CHOCOLATES

—Aglaia thinking of—I know not what, but loving me, as I could see. Greater love hath no woman, I think, than that she will endure another for her love's sake!

But often I have asked of my Creator the meaning or wisdom of such fevers. Looking at the race as a whole, and myself as a fair sample of many men and women, to what great end, exactly?

For, every two months, more or less, let us say, there was a Wilma, or one of her type—gay, self-sufficient, independent—who would arrive, via a party or a dinner—and with what arts of temperament, dress, figure, prevail. And despite these others who were still with me.

And yet, needless to say, I was not anxious to give up these others, either. They formed a happy social background before which I wrote so many hours a day, regularly.

Useless to say, as many will, that such things should not be—that such temperaments are below this or that level of social or moral obligation and should be sternly dealt with.

Let us grant that, if you will. Also that society can, when it wills, and since might is right, deal with them—with me, for instance.

The important thing in connection with any study of myself and others is that these varying temperaments do exist, and such situations and combinations are—social law or aversion, or no social law and no social aversion. And I am not here to say what is to be done—only to show what is (or was) in my case.

But let us study one or two of the more fleeting arrivals to which I have referred.

One afternoon, for instance, in July—and in this very period of Aglaia and E.—there arrived in my studio in Tenth Street, a bejeweled social fly, whose name or from where now I scarcely recall. Toronto, I believe.

None the less, in so far as her name was concerned I recognized it, when she announced it, as synonymous with quick, meaningless, restless American wealth. (Several years later she became the center of a five-hundred-thousand-dollar jewel robbery, which was a long time in the solving.)

But here she was this day, in my rooms, and twenty-eight years of age to my forty-two, small in stature, yellow hair, bright blue eyes, a pink baby face—her car, the last word in cars, outside my door, her body fresh from the hands of the hairdresser, the masseur, the dressmaker. And, for my benefit, as I sat at my desk, she posed and pirouetted in most obvious consciousness of her physical excellence.

Wouldn't I stop my work and talk to her? She had come all the way from Toronto and had something to say to me. To please her I walked into an adjoining room and sat in a chair, while from a couch, and without a by-your-leave, she seized several pillows and throwing them on the floor before me sank cross-legged and smiling, looking up at me.

There was a glow of reflected sunlight from a rear court wall falling on her hair and face, and her legs, silkily smooth, were exposed to the knees—trim legs, slippers, garters. She was, as I have said, like a jeweled fly.

And now, as she explained, she had not only wealth and a social position of sorts, but a divorce and, in addition, at the moment, a yacht. The Antigone, then and there off 23rd Street in the East River. And any time between September and October, did she choose, she was prepared to sail for the Isles of Greece and the Nile for the winter. Would I come? The big blue eyes beamed. The little painted mouth wreathed itself in an enticing smile.

"But I have never seen you before!"

"Oh, but I have seen you. Anyhow, I have read your books. And I understand you. Can't you tell by looking at me?"

"Oh, perhaps I can tell, after a fashion. But Greece! Good heavens, I'm in the middle of a book!"

"But you can write on a yacht, can't you, especially if you have everything?"

My simple fly from Toronto, I thought.

"E—I answered: "Oh, excellent! And as you are lovely. But can't you see how difficult all this must be for me? Out

of a clear sky you arrive, and I am to go to Greece at once! But what about my connections here? My ties? Assume, for instance, that there might be someone for whom I cared very much. Then what?"

"Oh, is there? You mean that?"

"Well, why not? Do you really imagine that I am incapable of caring for anyone?"

"Oh, not that. Certainly not! Not at all! But you sounded so free. Besides, I thought from your books—"

"—from my books that I was always free. But that would leave me rather lonely, wouldn't it? I might have someone at some time or other. Besides, I am a writer. That is the way I make my living. And my work, believe it or not, comes first."

I smiled, and she sank against my knees.

"Just the same, I could do as much for you as anyone, and more, maybe. And, well, I'm no worse than any of the others."

"Charming—clever—a yacht." I patted her arms. "But just the same, here I am—something important to do, connections not easily broken." Her face fell. "But if you are to be here for a few months, perhaps—"

"A few months? Well, I like that! I have other engagements myself." There was a cool tenseness creeping into her tone.

"But my dear," I explained. "Without so much as a letter, and out of a clear sky, and on a hot afternoon in July—now, really."

"I know," she said, growing truly serious, "I am a fool. But I have been reading your books, you know. I can't tell you; I thought—well, maybe—you know."

"Yes, I know," I said. "But we can be friends, can't we?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

She got up, relaxed, defeated, another dream shattered, as I could see. But the human heart, I thought—its vagaries. Who is to explain it, or what, in the shape of effort, will appeal to it? With a certain irrepressible sadness I saw her depart. My despised and excommunicated work! It was so that it affected some. And opportunities such as this could knock and enter and go and come no more.

And when, again, might I sail for the Isles of Greece? Out of nowhere, and on this bright day, and because of something I had written, had come this woman, a yacht, a trip to Greece and Egypt, and thus easily I had stood here and waved it aside—as if, well, as if it were nothing at all. I almost pinched myself to see if I were real. Yet here was my studio—a parlor floor opposite a livery-stable—and I in it. (You see, my irreducible pride, or vanity, say, had to add that.)

And the others! Kind heaven! Somewhere there is a notebook, a day-by-day record, kept for a while because I thought the events of my life so strange.

But why more? There were so many claims like that—approaches and recessions, tentative or otherwise—some on my part, some on the part of girls whose names or characteristics I find it difficult at this time to recall.

Yet during this kaleidoscopic process, my mood toward Aglaia one of intense liking just the same, and shot through with an admiration which was little short of love. The single sketchy hours she was content with, at times! The days in which we contrived to be together. The Herculean efforts she made to achieve them. Once, I recall being depressed by three quarrels in three different directions at once—telephone messages, telegrams and letters—some bitter, some wilful, and the combination all but maddening. I dropped all to hurry to her, to see if I could find her. Presumably she was at Stony Cove, and I called there only to hear her soothing voice.

"May I come down?"

"Of course. Why not, darling? Will you stay over the weekend?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm so glad. Oh, wonderful!" And she began to suggest something we might do.

And I was off to Stony Cove. And I hadn't had a day with her in weeks. Just the same, once there my entanglements troubled me, and

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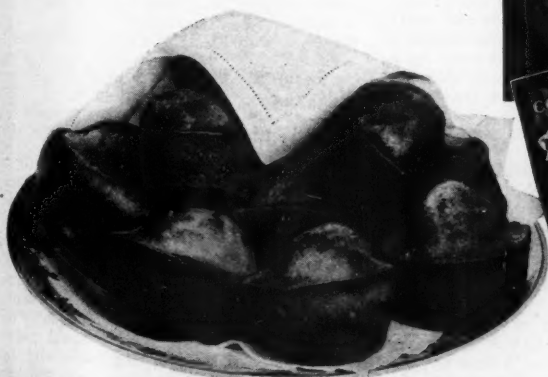
"Butter and eggs cost a good deal these days. And my time is worth real dollars and cents. It would be poor economy, wouldn't it, to risk failure just to save a penny on baking powder?"

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2. Add 1 cup milk a little at a time to make a rather stiff batter. With a light motion, beat well until smooth. Add 4 tablespoons melted and cooled shortening. Then mix well by stirring and do not beat.



3. Half fill greased muffin tins and bake in hot oven at 400° F. 18 to 20 minutes. Always serve muffins hot in a napkin on hot plate and immediately after taking from the oven. Muffins are excellent served with butter and maple syrup—or with honey. Keep any left-over muffins and split, toast and butter them for luncheon, tea or supper.

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**CONN**  
BAND  
INSTRUMENTS

on one of the verandas looking over that wide  
level field that lay surrounded by kempt, clean  
woods, I meditated almost aloud on my ills.

The devil! How was I to do this? How  
solve that? And Aglaia, hovering about and  
whispering: "What's the matter, dear? Are  
they angry because you can't love all of them  
at once?"

"Aglaia," I laughed. "You're a witch."

"As though I didn't know. It is the trouble,  
isn't it, dear? I just feel it."

"Yes, it is the trouble," I admitted.

"Don't worry. No one of them suffers more  
than I do, and if I can stand it they can. They  
won't leave you. I know that. I don't even  
wish they would, if it makes you any happier."  
And no one being near she bent over and kissed  
the top of my head, and I pressed her hand.  
She had dispelled my self-torturing gloom.

But the places in which we met throughout  
all this. In my studio; at hotels; road-  
houses; colorful, if somewhat dubious, restau-  
rants. But, in so far as Aglaia was concerned,  
always with a white, passionate love—an  
ecstasy, really.

And once she went to Russia, Italy, France,  
Germany for a year. A family compulsion  
this—her mother's health. But during her  
absence the letters! Cablegrams! More let-  
ters, photographs, poetry, pleas for a word.  
"Oh, my darling, if only you were here! The  
beauty of this place!" Once, I recall, after her  
return from Europe, she came to the studio  
and found another.

And I not expecting her, of course. And  
although I should not have let her in, I did,  
because I had hoped that I could make her  
understand and go away to await a later hour  
when we might meet for dinner. But, unfor-  
tunately, because of a chair in the front room  
on which lay a hat, a coat, a purse and a pair  
of gloves, all of which I had failed to notice or  
recall, there was a look, and without my guess-  
ing at the moment what it was that she saw.  
And then tears.

"But Aglaia, why do you cry? What is it,  
dearest?"

"Oh, never mind. I wish I hadn't come."  
"You think there is someone here?"

For answer she merely pointed to the chair.  
When I proceeded to admit all, there were no  
reproaches.

"Please meet me at six or seven, will you,  
dear?" was all she said. "I feel so bad now.  
It was foolish of me to come, of course. I said  
so to myself." She went gloomily out.

Thus, roughly, and much foreshortened, I  
have tried to indicate Aglaia and her attitude.  
But how? Temperaments are as variable as  
the sea. One might think, for instance, that  
Aglaia had no spirit, could never be truly angry.

But at this very time, as at others before,  
there came an impressive instance of vari-  
ability. We had planned one summer night  
to do a Greenwich Village fiesta together.

It was in Washington Mews. There were  
flags and lanterns and street musicians in  
costume—pierrots and pierrettes and booths  
and gipsy fortune-tellers. And on improvised  
balconies were all sorts of food and drink. Aglaia  
and I had been browsing here and there, and  
finally decided to sit in one of the balcony  
restaurants.

Opposite us were two girls, waiting, I be-  
lieve, for two men friends. The girls were  
younger than Aglaia, vivid and as enticing as  
youth may well be. After the fashion of youth  
they were looking here and there for admira-  
tion. I examined them only casually, for on  
this night I thought no one more lovely than  
Aglaia, in her blue-flowered, white silk, flouncy  
dress and floppy straw hat, with its blue flower  
wreath.

As we made our way through the crowd I  
had told her how lovely she looked. Yet once  
on the balcony, and because of these two girls,  
neither of whom had drawn more than a casual  
glance from me, she suddenly went very white.  
A lightninglike anger flickered in her soft eyes,  
and she pulled her chair back and rose.

"Aglaia!"

"I'm not going to stay, that's all."

She was up and down the stairs, and I after  
her. In the crowd I caught her arm.

"Darling, whatever is the matter with you?  
For heaven's sake, what's happened? See  
here, where are you going? Explain! Say  
something! Don't just run away. What have  
I done? Tell me that, will you?"

"Oh, don't talk to me, please! Let me alone,  
will you? Let me go, I tell you!" She wrenched  
her arm from my affectionate grip. "I guess  
I saw. I'm going home, that's all."

"Saw what? Where? Are you mad, or am  
I? And I have been so happy in just looking  
at you. Really, I don't understand. Please,  
please explain. Don't act just wild."

"As though I didn't know you," she flashed.  
"But to bring me out here where everyone  
knows you, and then go smiling at others while  
I sit there! Oh, I hate you at times! I do!"

"Aglaia!"

"Don't talk to me! You have no heart, no  
kindness. You think only of yourself. Don't  
talk to me! Let me alone! I want to get away.  
I'm never coming down here again. Never!"

"But Aglaia, for heaven's sake! Those two  
girls on the balcony? Why, what nonsense!  
I swear I never looked at them more than once  
or twice, and as for flirting with them—"

"Don't lie! Don't dare to! I saw you. I  
guess I have eyes!"

"Sweetheart, please! For heaven's sake, lis-  
ten to the truth if I ever told it!"

"Oh, you—and the truth!"

There was a long argument, in which, finally,  
I grew angry myself. Then tears. In my arms,  
in a taxicab later, she was eventually persuaded  
to believe that I cared for her now, and I  
was forgiven—for something I hadn't done.

And gladly I set it over against those occasions  
when I had deserved worse and gone scot-free.

But imagine! After all I had done in the  
past, to draw her savage fire for this! And  
when I had done nothing at all—not a look,  
not a smile. To this day, I presume, I stand  
convicted in Aglaia's eyes. Laughable! As-  
tounding! And if I were to be hung, I would  
declare as here.

What I must have been doing was this—  
unconsciously smiling at the proprietor and  
some servitors visible through a door which  
stood open back of the two girls. I can explain  
it in no other way. But if so, I was uncon-  
scious even of that. How easy it is, you see,  
for chance, or Providence, to hang you for  
something you have not done!

Two or three additional incidents. There  
came a time when I left New York. During  
my absence Aglaia joined a revue of great  
metropolitan fame. And although each day  
brought letters, and the following spring we  
met as before, I felt that she was truly begin-  
ning to despair of our ever being together,  
to fear that I was leaving for good.

Yet, the following fall, when she might have  
taken a principal singing and dancing rôle in  
a Chicago duplicate of one of the romantic  
musical-comedy successes of the summer, she  
deliberately let it go because, after talking  
with me, she became convinced that I was to  
work in New York all winter. She did not  
know at that time that there was still another.

But this other claimed so much of my time  
during that winter and the next two years that  
from time to time Aglaia sought consolation in  
her musical career, undertaking concert engage-  
ments in different cities.

In three of these—Denver, Minneapolis and  
Ottawa—I joined her, a silent witness evening  
to her poetic and artistic charm.

On these occasions we played about, talking  
mad things about a possible final happy union  
one day, never to part. Never. For when I  
looked into Aglaia's sweet eyes and sensed  
the breadth and largeness of the sympathy and  
wisdom innate in her soul, I could believe  
everything, even an enduring union with her.

But suddenly, and as a bolt from the blue,  
came—well, Cytherea—let us call her. A  
sunny September day. The bell rings in my  
creaky, dusty studio, and here she is—Lilith,  
Cyrene, a German Rhine princess, an Irish  
banshee! And smiling.



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Let your own family and your friends enjoy this delicious coffee at your table. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee.



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"New wonderful MELLO-GLO Face Powder gives my skin an exquisite youthful bloom and spreads more smoothly. Because it is so fine, MELLO-GLO never gives a pasty or flaky look." Manon Maria, Baroness de Grazia (concert and radio singer), 152 E. 30th Street, New York City.

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That smile! Not Pan aided by Mr. Ziegfeld could offer more. We exchanged smiles. I listened to her story.

Feverishly, madly—visions, desires, all-but-impossible dreams, brewed and tossed as spume upon enormous, exhilarating waves of fancy.

Let us go to Mexico! Let us go to Spain! Let us go to Hollywood! Every other thing for the time being forgotten.

Without words, without explanations, in a kind of dream, a fever, we packed, slipping away on a steamer for Cuba, for New Orleans, for Panama, the West coast.

And, oh, the golden days and silver nights! Once in a lifetime, perhaps, a glorious fever that is more of the mind than the flesh, a thing that rides on bright sunbeams and swift winds and sparkling waters. There were flying-fishes in schools before the boats on which we sailed.

But Aglaia! After six months of madness and dreams, a letter to her. But after how many letters from her in which she stated that she understood. That I was breaking her heart. To live at all, she said, she had been compelled to return to the stage.

But, oh, she had been so unhappy. And the mockery of singing in this new piece the rôle of a sweetheart, neglected at first, yet who in the end wins her heart's desire. "But not for me in real life, I fear," she added. "It isn't in the cards. Sometimes as I sing I could cry."

Yet after that, letters and letters from her! And in one news of the death of her father—her darling, darling daddy. "Oh, he has really gone! And still so young." In her letters—her words—one could feel the sobs, the tears.

And two days before his death asking after me and saying: "Your old man knows. He has always known. He's been through it all. But you'll be happy yet. You deserve it."

And the night he died—the very last minute, so she wrote—lifting up his arms as if he were going to take someone or something into them, and smiling. "And I know he saw something, something beautiful. Oh, I know he did. My darling daddy! I hope it was a paradise, for if there is one he deserves it."

And knowing Martynov, and really loving him, I agreed. A great, generous, boreal soul—too, too big for the humdrum of this world. His wife, Zenia, broke down completely, was ill for many months; then joining Aglaia.

But Aglaia continuing: "Oh, my darling, I needed you so! If only I had had you! Love is all there is to life, and life is so short."

Yet with me at the time, Cytherea, and as emotionally and romantically involved as ever Aglaia or any other. And warbling gay songs because of her happiness—tripping in a mad white dream of her own toward whatever fate would.

And the letters from others to her! A letter from someone who adored her as she adored me, begging her to return to him. Yet the two of us clinging, victimwise, in a great storm, gay and yet fearful, weary at times.

But after another six months, a letter from Aglaia saying that to her joy her company was to make a trip to the coast.

Would I be there still? Could we meet at Vancouver, say, or Seattle, and make the trip south together? Could I not do that for her? And, accordingly, a compromise on San Francisco, seeing how difficult it all was. And then, as the time drew near, letters and telegrams, but to a letter-box—not my real address. Ah, she could scarcely wait! It would be so wonderful!

And true enough, by subterfuge, it was possible to meet her, to share at least five days with her and to see her looking little, if any, older, and singing and dancing as divinely as I knew she could and would. But with the strain of fatality ever present—the fatality of my not caring enough for her, of Cytherea's existence and my devotion to her, of the long separation that had been and the longer separation that seemed inevitable. Surely, it was

a mistake to have met again. And yet, happiness, after a fashion, for both.

And then the trip south, but not together, her connections, friends, introductions and what not, making it impossible. And once there, Cytherea reclaiming the scene for herself, only miserable to the point of death at moments because of apprehensions, dreads.

Where had I been? Was it possible that I could care for someone else? And leave her? Was fairyland vanishing before her eyes? And then a long explanation there. I must do this, see this older love once more. Let there be no despair as to that. There need not be. And a reconciliation which brought happiness once more. Motor trips to gay beaches and restaurants and those affairs that are the spirit of Hollywood.

But still Aglaia brooding, as I could feel. And one dinner and evening with her, and a promise of another, which was not to be fulfilled. For by chance, in trying to avoid her the night before—spare her the sight of Cytherea, who, as I knew, would prove the deadliest of all contacts for her—a direct contact in a restaurant in Hollywood.

It was in the hills, to the west of the Boulevard, a quaint, unfrequented place. And on such an evening! Anyone who knows the movie capital at all knows the lightness of the air, the largeness of the stars, the smell of the pepper and acacia trees. And the insouciance of the denizens of that world—more like figures in a dream than beings in reality.

So, at Talina's as we entered, Aglaia and a girl friend of her company seated at a table. And the step of Cytherea, swinging and dreamful, a white wool dress, a white tam, white shoes and stockings, a white fox fur.

And Aglaia as lovely as ever, in green and white. But the eyes of her as we entered, Cytherea wholly unconscious. The look of Aglaia as she sensed our relationship.

So here, at last, was the cause of all her woe—her rival—the one who had really taken me away, the one who had kept me in spite of her.

Perhaps it was something in Cytherea's step, her voice, her laughter, but, in a few moments and without a second glance, Aglaia with her friend was up and away. She looked sideways, from, not at, me as she passed.

I knew what had happened and that I never should see her again. I felt it. She will not endure Cytherea, I thought. It is too much. At last, it is. Rightly and wisely, she has given over. And after all these years. I was dumb.

Yet all the while Cytherea babbling of the wonder of the night and her happiness. Oh, we must do this, and that! And my own thoughts dark and heavy, and on right, wrong, what is endurable, what unendurable—for what one should be rewarded, for what punished. And Cytherea asking, after a time, what was wrong.

I went to the place where we were to meet the next evening, but Aglaia was not there, as I knew before I went. And useless to seek her, as I knew. There could be no adjustment of this. I felt it. And the next month I read of her resignation of the stage as a career, and within the year, of her engagement.

With her ability to talk several languages, her musical talents, her dignity, tact, charm, she could not fail to become a center for interesting groups of people. She was a natural home builder and in five years I learned of her two children, to whom she was devoting herself.

Yet to this day I know that Aglaia remains as at first she was with me—loving, understanding, forgiving. I know it. And in memory, hand in hand, heart to heart, we are together in many of the beautiful moments, hours, days, that were ours.

Joy, beauty—these are deathless. They are in the eternal energy of life, not in its changeful and vanishing material forms, in which, for the hour, they appear.

*After Aglaia—Elizabeth, a personality different from Aglaia yet sharing a common love. Will her love conquer the vagaries of a genius? Theodore Dreiser tells the story Next Month*



## Edison

(Continued from page 83)

dollars a week. "My happiness," he replied, "has always been the same." That was not quite as definite an answer as I wanted, so I asked him if he believed that, with a billion dollars, he was any happier than I was.

I was writing a book about Ford that winter, seeing him every day, and he knew a good deal about my state of mind, so he had something upon which to base an answer. I recall that he hesitated a few seconds before answering, then said, "No, I don't think I am."

When Ford comes home at night, Mrs. Ford's usual greeting is, "Well, Henry, what kind of a day did you have today?" and Ford's usual reply is, "The best day of my life," or something like that. But Edison's estimate of Ford's happiness is about right. Ford, in my opinion, is approximately as happy as every man is who is doing congenial work successfully—which means that he is pretty happy most of the time, but his happiness is not at all in proportion to his wealth.

I told these things to Edison by writing a sentence or two on a piece of paper now and then and handing it to him.

"You are right about Ford," Edison said, after reading one of the slips. "He is pretty happy most of the time, but he is never happy a billion dollars' worth and sometimes he is not happy at all."

Edison looked out of the window and was silent. One minute, two minutes.

"Benson," he asked, "how many things can you see in three seconds?"

I reached for my pad of paper and wrote: "It somewhat depends upon the number of things there are where I am looking."

"There is the greatest difference in people," he continued, "in their ability quickly to observe. Some of this difference probably arises from natural ability, but a good deal of it arises from training."

"It is not merely a joke to say that one of the best ways to hide a thing is to hang it on the wall in the sitting-room. One of the best men we have here is always missing things that are right before his eyes. This capacity to observe should be developed far and away beyond what it is now. What good are eyes if what they see does not get through to the gray matter in back of them?"

Again Edison was silent and my mind had time to go back to an occasion, many years ago, when in a little less than six hours, spent in a great cement plant that he was building, Edison noted more than six hundred different things that he wanted done and wrote them all out from memory after he returned home, taking all night and half of the next day to do it.

"The eyes can be trained," Edison continued, "to take in a great deal at a glance. A few years ago, when I was working on my storage-battery, I trained my eyes so I could see the word 'nickel' in three or four seconds, even if it appeared but once upon a page of fine print consisting of a thousand words. I wanted to learn all I could about nickel because I was thinking of using it in a storage-battery, so I went through every book I could find that had to do with metals."

"I never could have covered more than a fraction of this ground if I had had to read every word. Instead, I used to turn the leaves about like this"—illustrating by giving about two seconds to a page—"and if the word I wanted was on a page I got it."

Another minute of silence.

"Children could just as well be taught to read, not by words but by sentences and paragraphs."

"I have trained myself to read sentences and paragraphs at a glance. The individual words do not go through my mind at all, but I get the meaning of them. Colleges, if they would, could teach this method of reading and it would be of great value to their students, but they don't do even that much."



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Edison has not much use for our so-called institutions of learning, which does not mean, of course, that he regards them as useless. His criticism has to do only with what they teach and how they try to teach it. He believes the public schools are missing a great opportunity by not making more use of moving-pictures. Nor do college graduates, as prospective employees, appeal strongly to him unless they are of a type that would have appealed to him if they never had been to college.

"When I prepared one of my questionnaires a few years ago," he said, "to test the capacities of applicants for employment, and college graduates could not answer many of the questions, word came to me from one of the universities that they trained students not to answer such questions, but to know where the answers could be obtained. Well, I prepared fifty more questions and sent them over to the university, saying, 'Here are some more questions, there is your library—go to it.' Not ten percent were answered correctly.

"It is a great thing to have a hobby," Edison suddenly exclaimed. "I met a professor in Paris a few years ago, the walls of whose rooms were covered with pipes. He had been collecting pipes for forty years and, as far as I could judge, had every kind that had ever been smoked. 'There,' I said to myself, 'is a happy man.'"

"What is your hobby?" I wrote.

"My hobby," he replied with a grin, "is ex-

perimenting. What I most like to do is to tackle a problem to which I do not know the answer and try to solve it. This rubber business just suits me. Do you know that there are many, many plants right here in New Jersey that have rubber in them? There are many other plants, not used at all now, that beyond a doubt have economic uses. Economic use is something that botanists don't care anything about. They find a plant, give it a Latin name if it hasn't one already, put it in a catalog and they are through."

When Edison went to Florida last January for his winter "vacation" he took a car-load of machinery with him and several employees. "Hobby" and "vacation" mean for him just now, rubber.

This time, when Edison arose and went back to his desk, he did not return. His mind, having had the little play-spell that it wanted, was ready for more work. A moment later he was back at his old roll-top desk, so lost in work that, to attract his attention, one would have had to put his lips close to his ear and shout. Nothing about Edison is more remarkable than his ability to shift his mind quickly from one subject to another and to lose himself in each subject to which he turns. Having come to the surface a few moments for air, so to speak, he plunged back to the depths of thought. But in those few moments I had got what I feel is one of the most revealing interviews ever written.

## The Flagrant Years (Continued from page 65)

put in the necessary local improvements, don't you think?"

This was beyond Miss Barr. She sought refuge in the nearest unoccupied cell, where Consuelo was working. "There's the funniest nut out there. I think he's crazy. But awfully smart-looking. Will you take him?"

"No." She felt a decided distaste for any such dealings with Ipsy Smith. At first she told herself that it was because she was disgusted with him for coming. Later came illumination; it was really because she couldn't face the intimacy of that sort of contact; not with him!

Revulsion? No; it was certainly not revulsion. Rather it was—well, she just couldn't be sure of being quite impersonal about it where Ipsy Smith was concerned. Let Bob have him. She made the suggestion to Beulah and Bob got him.

Almost immediately and much to her displeasure Connie had a client. This prevented her from overhearing anything more than a lively alternation of voices from Bob's room and occasional punctuations of laughter. Once she made an excuse to go out after something and caught this bit:

"I never heard anyone ask so many questions in my life."

In the most drawly of the Smith-tones came the reply, "Information is the life of trade. I'm thinking of going into this business."

"It won't be your fault if you don't know all there is to know about it." Apparently he was taking a full line of treatments, for Connie had finished with her finger-wave long before her attentive ear made out indications of an end in Bob Roberts' division. She easily contrived to be in the outer room when Ipsy emerged.

"How do you do?" he inquired politely.

"You might have asked me that any time in the last two weeks."

"Suppose you answer it now and we'll pass on to the next one."

"I'm well. But I don't think you ought to come here."

He looked puzzled. "Where would you suggest that I go when I want my personal beauty polished up? To a plumber's?"

"Oh!" said Connie and managed to put a good deal into the monosyllable.

"I don't believe you're feeling as well as you pretend. Would going out to dinner with me help any?"

"No; I don't think it would." She wasn't going to let him get away with it so easily after his neglect.

"Then you've got another engagement?" He looked almost crestfallen—for him. Connie had to stiffen herself against an inclination to waver.

"What phenomenal powers of inference!"

"Some people are born that way; don't give me too much credit," said he modestly. "May I take you to your engagement?"

Now Connie had no engagement for that evening, so she decided to fix one up with Bob. "That would be nice," she admitted languidly. "I'll be at the entrance about five."

Just by way of discipline she kept him waiting ten full minutes. When she appeared he told the taxi-driver to go by way of the Park and make it as roundabout as possible.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" she demanded as they crept along in the slow parade of late afternoon on the Avenue.

"Me? Oh, in the inspired words of the poet:

"I have been leaning idly on a star  
And thinking kindly thoughts of  
time and space."

"It's very pretty but not too convincing. Ipsy! What's the matter with your nose? It looks as if it had been broken."

"You've put it out of joint with your cold and clammy treatment of me," was the reproachful reply. "It'll recover."

"You might as well tell me. I know about the fight."

"So does your friend Miss Roberts. Is there anything you don't know about in your busy mart of pulchritude?"

"Rowdy told me. And I told him he was a coward."

"That's below the belt. He isn't," returned Smith quietly. "It was a square-enough fight."

"Square? For him to pick on a man half his size?"

"Oh, be fair to me," he pleaded. "I'm at least two-thirds if not three-quarters his size. Moreover, I'm afraid I started it."

"Why on earth did you start it?"

"He was getting too conversational."

She did not ask him what about. She could surmise. Rowdy, drunk, would be likely to become confidential anywhere, or to anybody.

She asked anxiously:

"Ipsy, what did you mean by saying that



you'd settle the account in your own way?

"You're not going to fight him again?"  
"Not if I keep my mental balance. That bluff was just for the benefit of the committee; to let 'em know that it was my affair and they could keep off the grass."

"That was when you wouldn't let them expel him."

"Rowdy's all right, if he would only lay off drink."

"Do you think he ever will?"

"What do you want to know that for?"

"It might be important."

"To you?"

She nodded.

More gravely than she had ever before heard him speak, he said, "Don't do it, Connie."

"Why not?" she retorted mutinously, and added: "You're married."

He gave her a queer look. "Because one person gets married is no reason for everyone else getting that way."

"You're not much of a booster for the blessed condition. What have you got against Rowdy?"

"Nothing in the world except his drinking. It's in his blood. I know his people. His father and mother made life one long, sweet bat and both died of it before they were thirty."

"He wants to stop. Don't you think he could if he were helped?"

"It's always possible," he said slowly. "He'd be worth saving, certainly. Let's talk about something else."

"Let's talk about you."

"Swell idea! Fascinating topic! I'll tell you some news, Connie. I've just sold my immortal soul."

"To what devil?"

"Error for you. To the angels. A whole firm of 'em. Shiniest line of halos in the whole advertising business. Ballantyne, Binns and Backus, known to the ribald as the Three Apostles. Know 'em?"

"I've heard of them."

"Nothing but good, I'm sure," said Mr. Smith primly. "No drinking allowed. No smoking. Only respectable married men need apply. Church every Sunday for all members of the firm and executives. Godly mottoes on the office walls. Hymns before action, I wouldn't wonder. They've been that way ever since they put over their big religious book campaign that gave 'em their start."

"How on earth did you land in that gallery, Ipsy?"

"Through my well and favorably known moral principles. 'Morality, heavenly link! To you—I'll eternally drink,'" caroled Mr. Smith. "They fell for the 'flagrant years' layout which I've been polishing up during my brief retreat from the world. I took it to old Ballantyne first. He strained the idea through his white whiskers and made me a long oration about the ethical responsibilities of the advertising business and offered me a thousand for it. That's the kind of stuffed shirt he is. When he found I wouldn't trade, he sighed and turned me over to Backus."

"Is he a stuffed shirt, too?"

"No; just a shirt. I finally got to Binns who keeps a private brain for his own use. He liked my little scheme. 'How much for it?' says he. 'Fifteen thousand,' says I, 'plus my—' 'You're crazy,' says he, quite pleasant-like. 'Plus my services for one year on contract,' says I. 'There's more ideas where that one came from. Who's loony now?' says I. 'Both of us,' says he, 'for I'm going to take you on.' So there I am. I wish I'd said twenty."

"Has that something to do with your coming here and asking Miss Roberts all those questions?"

"Of course. I'm working up the technical side, and I wanted to get you to help me; not that she's bad. Will you put your mighty intellect on it and think me up some details?"

"If I can. But it's out of my line."

"Don't you believe it! I've used some of the stuff you suggested already—without credit. Oh, I'm a swell idea-grafter. Otherwise reasonably straight. What are you

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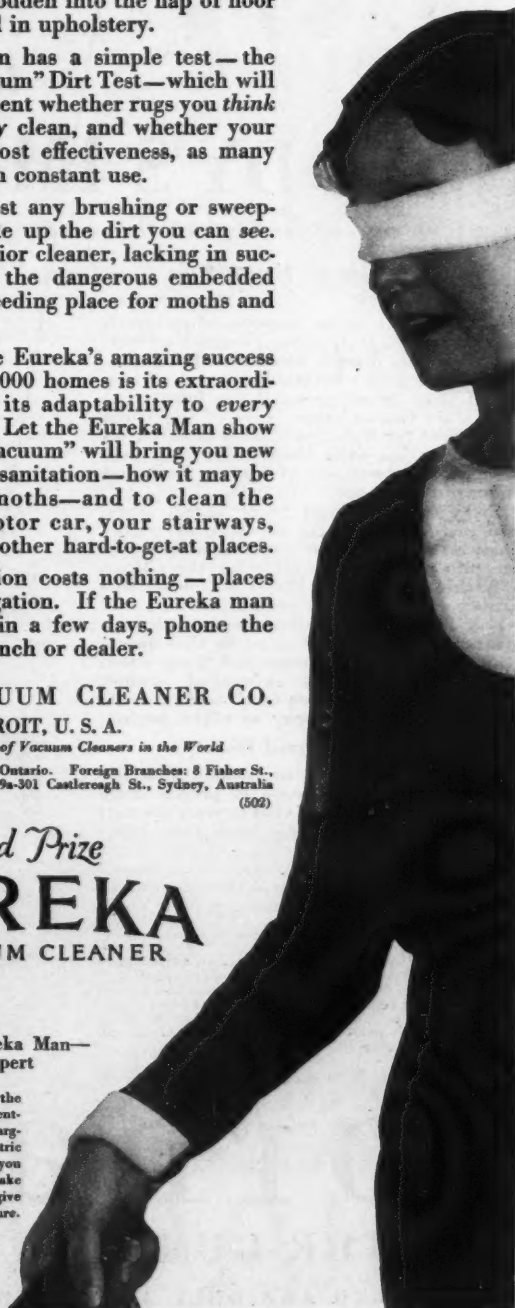
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Even  
when  
teeth  
are  
white

## NOBODY'S IMMUNE\*

\*4 out of 5 Neglect the Gums and Surrender  
Health to Pyorrhea

**D**ANGER seems so remote when teeth are white. But, as your dentist will tell you, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And diseases that attack the gums seldom reveal their presence until too late.

So start taking proper care of the gums to preserve teeth and safeguard health from dread Pyorrhea—the disease of neglect that ravages 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Every morning and every night, when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for this purpose—Forhan's for the Gums.

Within a few days you'll notice an improvement in the way your gums look and feel. In addition, your teeth will look cleaner and whiter. For while this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them youthful (the surest safeguard against Pyorrhea) it also cleans teeth and protects the crevices where decay so often begins.

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Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes — 35c and 60c. Start using it, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their health. Forhan Company, New York.

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# Forhan's

## FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



glooming at your watch for? Have we got to head in? . . . Oh, all right!"

In front of the apartment-house he lifted her hand, which had somehow become involved with his several minutes earlier, and kissed the palm. "Good night," he said. "I'm going to Boston and points east for a short trip. Don't take any wooden promises of reform until I get back and see you."

As Consuelo was substituting for the younger White sister who was out on a home-treatment case the following afternoon, Madame Latouche came into the compartment and interrupted the facial.

"How soon will you be through, Miss Barrett?"

"In about fifteen minutes."

She beckoned her employee outside. "Can't you hurry it up?"

"Not very well." Connie had her own conscience about the job.

"Mr. Daniels' secretary has just phoned. He wants you as soon as he gets here; won't have anyone else. I'm sure I don't know why."

As this expected rather than required a reply, Connie made none. To complete the facial properly took all of the fifteen minutes estimated; she had no intention of scamping work on another client even for Waller Daniels.

He came, ushered in by the purring Latouche, his face inflamed with bad temper and impatience. Off came his coat and waistcoat, collar and tie in a series of savage jerks. He slammed his lank form into the chair where he lay rigid, his features a mask of irritability.

Consuelo deliberately opened her cabinet. As the light flashed into it the owl from his perch on the top shelf winked at her. It confirmed her own opinion, that wink. Mum was the word. Her client, too, seemed to be of the same mind.

Strong, gentle, persuasive, her fingers kneaded his temples and forehead. There was no response from the stiffened figure in the chair. He would not help her to help him. It was like working on a hardwood knot. She slackened her soft palms against his cheeks.

"Can't you relax?" she murmured.

His grunted response seemed to be a refusal rather than a simple negative. Here was a problem new to her. She played for time, studying his pose. He was almost an arch, supported on shoulder-blades and heels, the rest of his body bridging upward.

Connie was no masseuse but she had common sense, judgment and quick resource. Using all of her considerable muscular strength, she wrung the taut sinews of first one shoulder, then the other. They resisted her as if with a mutinous opposition of their own. She must break that down.

"Please," she whispered. "Don't fight me."

With a dismal and confidential impulse Waller Daniels said: "I've had a perfect friend of a day." Pitying himself!

"Don't think about it," said she quickly.

Again he grunted. But this was a very different species of grunt. It was yielding; even, in a grudging way, grateful. That hard-curved spine eased down.

For the next twenty minutes she gave to him all that she had of strength, vigor, magnetism, youth. Under the play of her skilled fingers she saw the seamy face take on quietude, calmness, peace, almost rejuvenation, and she felt that subtle satisfaction which is akin to the creative responsiveness of womanhood, the thrill of reconstituting, revivifying the personality given into her care. He sighed.

"Nearly through?"

"Yes."

"I'll want a manicure."

"Very well."

She had finished one hand and was well along on the other before he spoke again.

"You know my nephew, Gerald Pontefract. I believe."

"Yes."

"See much of him lately?"

"No."

"Not very conversational, are you?"

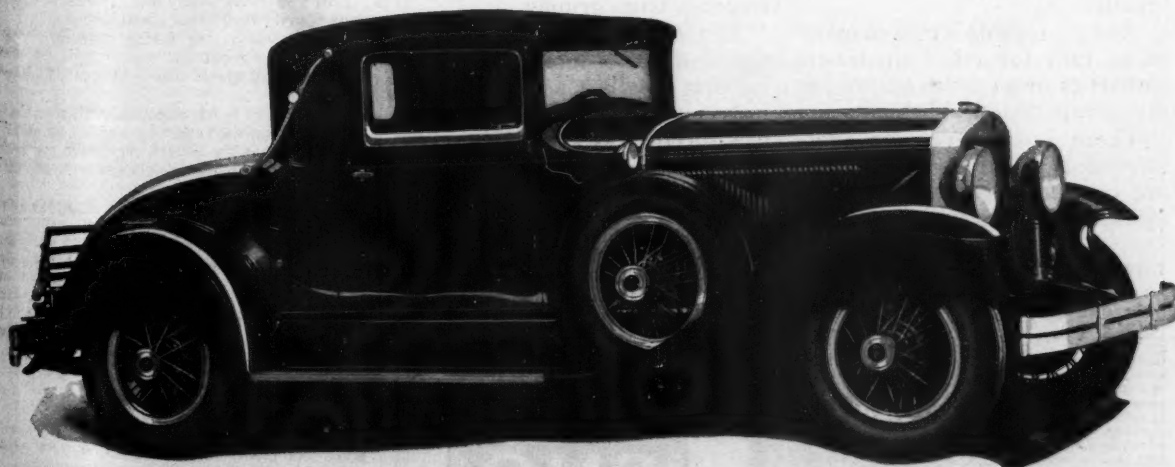
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# GRAHAM-PAIGE

# Bad breath is a warning from a poisoned system!

*Don't "cover it up"  
Get at its cause*



**T**HINK over the business man's average menu! A superabundance of proteins and very little roughage! Then take into account his day's work—stooped over his desk all day! Lastly, judge of the exercise he takes—or rather doesn't take!

Is it any wonder doctors say that practically every one of us suffers from constipation; and from its attendant train of ills—tired digestion, headaches, bad breath?

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When you get up, simply take a glass of water and add a generous teaspoonful of Eno. Taking this sparkling, delightful saline regularly will help to keep you fit and eager through the hardest day.

For a business headache, nothing is better than a glass of ENO. You can get it at the better soda fountains everywhere.



"I thought you didn't like talk." She was feeling quite at ease with this difficult person. "There's no use in trying to hold anything back on me," he advised her brusquely. "I know all about you and Jerry. I have my own way of finding out things that interest me. It's rather a hobby of mine."

"Not a very nice one," was the quiet comment.

"Huh! You think not? Why? Not that I give a darn what you think."

"Then why ask me?"

"I'm curious about you."

"I think it isn't a nice one because I don't like spying."

"That's just a name," he retorted scornfully.

"You needn't be worried, however."

"I'm not."

"I don't know that I object particularly to your going around with my nephew."

"You're twitching your hand."

"Go easy with that prod. It wouldn't make any difference to you if I did object, eh?"

"No."

"But it might to him."

No reply.

"What have you got to say to that?"

"Nothing."

"It seems to be your specialty." He grinned at her. Approval had supplanted irascibility in his expression. "You're good at it. Have you stopped Jerry's drinking?"

"He may have stopped it himself."

"He's been sober most of the time since he met you."

"I don't like drunks."

"That's the point. It looks as if your influence was doing it. Would you consider a business proposition?"

"What is it?"

"To keep him sober."

"I have been considering it."

"Oh! You have! On what basis?"

"That's the difficulty. I don't quite know."

"There's a basis to my proposition. I'll give you five thousand dollars if you'll keep Jerry sober for six months."

Consuelo studied his face. It was serious, and less forbidding than she had seen it before.

"Using whatever means I choose?"

"Yes. Go and live with him if you like."

"I should if I married him."

She gave it to him between the eyes. But if she expected anger or dismay from him she was disappointed. He never even blinked.

"Go as far as you like."

"With your consent?"

"He might better be married to you than rolling in gutters."

"Very flattering," she murmured ironically.

"Are you trying to guy me? It's not so easy, young lady. Well, what about it?"

"Aren't you rather taking chances? You know nothing about me."

"I know all about you. At least, I know plenty."

There was so much meaning in his tone that the girl was on the verge of a startled question, but she caught the owl's repressive eye and substituted, "Well, I don't know a great deal about your nephew."

"You know he is my nephew. And that he's a catch for a girl in your position."

"If the girl is on the catch."

"Maybe there's someone else you'd prefer to marry."

"That is also a possibility."

"Well, for example, who?" he demanded.

"Well, for example—if you're talking merely of example"—she looked at him with a steady, cool little smile—"you."

"Me?"

"Yes. Why not—for example?"

"The child's got better sense than I'd have given her credit for," he growled. "You're right, at that. I'm more of a man than Jerry. But I happen to be married, unfortunately, and to a—well, we won't go into that. But she's likely to keep me married."

"Ponty's a gentleman, though," said she, reflectively.

It did not get by him. He snorted. "And



I'm not; is that the idea? I don't pretend to be. Haven't got the time."

He stood up and got into his outer garments. "Will you take five dollars this time? If I hand it to you with a bow?"

"That depends."  
"People don't usually make conditions about taking money from me," he commented grimly.

"What's your ladyship's condition?"

"Are you going to get me discharged for refusing to give you private treatments?"

"Bosh! I'll get you fired if I ever hear of your giving one to anybody else." He touched her arm gently. "What about the proposition?"

"Do I have to decide now?"

"No. Take two weeks. Take a month."

"Thank you. That will be plenty."

"And don't be stupid about it. Good-by."

"Aren't you forgetting my five dollars?" said Connie meekly.

He turned at the door, shoved his hand into his pocket, and bringing it out, slapped it smartly into hers with the bill.

"I guess that makes us pals," he said with a grin that was actually human.

"I expect so," agreed Connie.

The monstrous regiment of women! Consuelo found the hard old phrase of the hard old

divine grimly applicable in another sense than the one he had intended, to the feminine army which daily invaded La Primavera, hoping to purchase the unpurchasable. All the human comedy, all the human tragedy lay close and secret, or blatant and shameless in those faces, stolid, eager, gross, avaricious, desperate, complacent, greedy, hot with hope or smug with self-deception.

Every entrant here was a seeker, eternally questing that boon which is gratuitously lavished upon and ruthlessly plucked away from the daughters of the race, more precious than wealth or position or achievement, the perishable loveliness, the ever-fugitive youth of the flesh.

The monstrous regiment of women, driven at quick-march under the lash of the flagrant years!

How passionately, how feverishly they pursued the vanishing shadow, cherished the poor stale remnants, made believe with pitiful self-delusion that the lost beauty was still theirs!

There were times when Consuelo felt that she and those who worked with her were heartlessly merchandising these hopes and dreams.

Then again, and more sensibly, she saw the beauty business as the last bulwark between these women and final surrender. After all, the fattest, shiniest "grease-pot," the stringiest old scrawn would be in a better case for finding some remnant of charm to strive over and preserve.

As other imaginative people look at stars, so Consuelo lost herself in contemplation of her fellow beings, with a sense of their infinite remoteness, a wonder and surmise as to what incredible and alien life was vivid in that remote planet of a soul. To a mind of such interests, La Primavera was a rolling panorama. What might not one learn about women from the patronage of that discreet refuge and retreat!

Back of all that striving and patience and self-denial in the cause of self there were implicit or expressed teeming dramas of rivalry, of the chase, of conquests planned and passion outgrown. *Cherchez l'homme!* Almost invariably a man in the background.

This was one of the anterooms of the theater where is presented the never-ending play of sex. Hither repaired the wives of husbands who, risen in the world, had outgrown them and were seeking new emotional experiences.

What price beauty for the woman who feels that he who was once her adorer is slipping away from her with her vanishing youth!

Is there any promise or prospect that she will not pathetically trust in her eagerness to refute the truth that her mirror must yet irrefutably tell her? For, even in the professional haunts of the charm-sellers, "beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes" and above entry and exit broods the eternal favoritism of nature for her sons



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The Health Builder, invented by an eminent physician in Battle Creek, gives a combined massage and exercise treatment, better than a skilled masseur. It vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peeps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and reduces superfluous weight.

Endorsed by Famous Beauty  
Dorothy Knapp, star of Earl Carroll's "Vani-



ties," uses the Health Builder daily. She says "I unhesitatingly recommend the Health Builder to every one who is interested in keeping radiantly

healthy and in retaining a beautiful figure." Here, at last, is a safe, simple, scientific method of reducing weight and keeping vigorously healthy.

**A Health Builder for Every Requirement**  
Ideal for home use is the Universal Home Model, a compact enclosed Health Builder. The Athletic Model is very popular for clubs, home gymnasiums, colleges, health centers, institutions, steamships, etc., while the handsome De Luxe Cabinet Models combine utility with distinctive beauty.



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against her daughters, that women grow old while men remain young.

As she worked more into active practise, Consuelo came to know many of the regulars and to be the confidante of their individual troubles. Nine-tenths of them were over thirty, a considerable proportion over forty, and a few invincible fighters beyond fifty.

One could not withhold respect for the gallant and losing battle that the best of the old guard waged against the invincible phalanx of the on-pressing years. What self-restraint, what mortification of the appetites, what devotion to the stern ritual of the flesh they practised in order to make themselves believe that today they looked a little younger and fresher than yesterday.

One did one's best for them. Handling the younger and more malleable ones who were still in the arena, the high-pressure society women, the business women who must keep constantly up to the mark, was like grooming so many athletes for the daily test. As for the others, too weak-willed or indolent to help themselves, one decorated them as one would paint a wall and with dye, tint and powder restored as one best could some glaring simulacrum of their wasted attractions.

The neurotics who came for "rest-facials" as a relief to overstrained nerves were more to Consuelo's taste. With them she achieved her best results. Unprofitable, from the shop view-point, these, for they bought few preparations; they came for the immediate treatment only. But they tipped generously.

Her best neurotic was Waller Daniels. He had promptly become her "regular" as the shop enviously perceived. In one week he was there four times and would have nobody but Barrett. He even brought his secretary with him and dictated to him until Consuelo protested.

"How can I get you quiet if you will use your brain?"

"There's information in some of those letters," he grunted, "worth a lot of money to anyone who knew how to use it."

"I didn't listen."

"The more fool you."

She smiled at the owl. Her client's restless eyes caught the message. "What's that thing?"

"An owl."

"I didn't think it was the Statue of Liberty. Get out, you!" (This to the secretary, who hastily retired.) "What does it mean?"

"Well, I think its theory is that there's too much talk in the world."

"It looks it. It's a wise young bird, I wouldn't be surprised. So are you; I begin to suspect, Connie."

"How did you know my name?"

"I heard that clumsy fool of a brown-eyed girl call you that."

"She isn't a clumsy fool."

"Well, I don't like her. I don't like most people. Or many things."

"That's because you look at life with a snarl," she observed placidly.

He surprised her by quoting unexpectedly: "Tiger! Tiger! burning bright."

"You are, rather, you know."

"Nobody else would dare tell me that. We are getting chummy," said he.

"A dangerous fellowship for me," she queried. She gave him a return quotation:

"They came back from the ride  
With the lady inside  
And the smile on the face of the tiger."

"I don't want to eat you," he disclaimed.

"You only want to feed me to Ponty. As a corrective to his appetite for drink."

"Have you decided?"

"Not yet."

"Don't be a fool, Connie. You're only a child and this kind of opportunity doesn't come often."

"Please!" she broke in. "If you are going to get excited and make speeches I can't do anything with you. You didn't sleep last night, did you?"

"Not very much."

"You show it." The long, cool, cushioned fingers were at the nape of his neck. He

# What a funny way to escape a cold!



**A**VOID a cold by rinsing the hands with full strength Listerine?

Sounds strange, doesn't it? But there's nothing strange about it. Just common sense, as any doctor will tell you.

The live germs of contagious cold (the serious kind) are usually borne to the mouth on food carried by germ-laden hands.

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*discusses  
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# TANGEE

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sighed, surrendered. At the end of the half-hour treatment he handed her a five-dollar bill. Not only that, but he actually said, "Thank you." Connie felt that she was getting him quite humanized which was, perhaps, part of the job of calming his nerves.

Their next encounter was, however, nearly a quarrel. It came two days later in the early afternoon when she was at the appointment desk. A mild and familiar voice said:

"Miss Consuelo Barrett?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Waller Daniels' office. Mr. Waller Daniels' secretary speaking."

"Yes? About an appointment?"

"Yes. That is, not exactly. Mr. Waller Daniels wishes to know if you will dine with him at eight o'clock this evening."

"No."

"What?" said the secretarial voice in consternation. "I don't think you understood me."

"Oh, yes; perfectly."

"But—well—er—am I to tell Mr. Waller Daniels that you have a previous en—"

"Tell him anything or nothing," returned Connie sweetly.

"Just a moment, Miss Barrett," said the voice hastily and was at once supplanted by sharper accents:

"Hello! I want to know if you'll dine with me this evening, Connie."

"I'll be delighted."

"Eh? That's what I thought." There followed an indeterminate rumbling. "This fool secretary of mine says you told him no."

"I did."

"You did? Well, what's changed your mind?"

"I don't like invitations from a secretary, or at second-hand," she stated placidly.

"You take all my appointments from him."

"That is a business matter. Is this business? If so—"

"No; it isn't!" Mr. Waller Daniels was evidently in a very bad temper. "What's more, young woman, I can tell you that you're getting too darned cocky."

That is as far as Connie heard, for the best of good reasons. Fifteen minutes later there was another call for Miss Barrett. Daniels began:

"Somebody cut us off."

"Yes. I did."

"What for?"

"Because I thought it was bad for you to get so excited," she answered serenely.

Here was a case in which the soft answer failed to turn away wrath as proverbially guaranteed. Mr. Waller Daniels exploded at some length. In a breathing spell—or perhaps it was a choking spell—Connie inquired:

"Did you say eight o'clock?"

There was a sound which might or might not have been grudging laughter. "I get you. Why don't you tell me at once that you want me to understand that you're a lady and want to be treated as such?"

"It ought not to be necessary."

"I'll send the car for you," he said abruptly and hung up.

She was taken to the spacious quietude of an old-fashioned hotel where the coolest table was decorated with special flowers. Daniels looked worn out. His first remark was:

"Did you tell 'em in the salon that I was taking you to dinner?"

"Of course not."

"Why not?"

"My owl wouldn't have liked me to."

"I like your little owl. They know, just the same, I expect."

"It doesn't matter."

"Doesn't it? Wait till you get back to work. It'll be the day's biggest excitement. And it won't hurt you any, in a business way." He smiled. "I'm not in the habit of taking girls out to dinner. You know that in your shop they'll say I've bought you."

"With a dinner?"

"Not exactly. At a price. Are you purchasable, Connie?"

"Is this another business proposition?"

"It's a straight question. Are you?"

"How do I know?" said she slowly. "How

does any woman know until she's been up against things? I've never been in actual want."

Waller Daniels stared at her in frank admiration. "By heaven! You've got something in that pretty head of yours. More brains than poor Jerry will know how to cope with."

"Jerry," she repeated. "That's the point, isn't it? Just now I should say I was not purchasable. Later—I don't know."

He was taken aback a little. "I wasn't thinking of marriage as a buy-and-sell proposition."

"It often is, isn't it? It would be in this case."

"Connie, I've played you a dirty trick." It was stated abruptly and moodily.

"I've heard that you did those things."

"It's been part of the game I've always had to play. A hard game against people who'd have played me a harder one."

"I haven't played any game with you."

"No. No; you haven't. You wouldn't think it worth while. If you did, you wouldn't do it." He had those flashes of insight into her character which surprised her.

"I haven't found out yet what is worth while."

"I knew that about you, too."

"How has the great Waller Daniels had time to find out so much about women?"

His reply had in it no echo of her banter. "I haven't always been old, you know, Connie."

"I suppose not."

"How old do you think I am?"

"When you come to the shop, you're all of seventy," she decided. "If I let you out of my hands looking or feeling more than fifty, I've muffed my job."

"I'm just forty-eight. Lord! What I've put into those years!"

"Much that you wouldn't do over again?"

"I'd do all of it and more to get where I've got. Forty-eight," he mused. "Not too old for you, Connie," he said deliberately, "but too hard. I'd hurt you."

"Other people don't hurt us unless we let them. We only hurt ourselves against them."

"It sounds profound but I suspect it's only foolishness. No; I've never dealt in illusions, either as regards myself or others. That's why I've been so successful, I reckon; that and luck. Perhaps it's why I face life with a snarl."

"I wish I hadn't said that."

"Probably it's true. You're an illusion, you know, my dear. The kind that you deal in at high rates in La Primavera. The illusion of youth and warmth and beauty that we have to learn to put away from us, sooner or later."

"Are you trying to make me sorry for you?"

"You're too shrewd, young woman!" he replied ruefully. "Probably I was, though I didn't realize it. You've caught me in one of my self-sentimental moods. Careful or I'll be telling you about the old swimmin'-hole and the first pigtailed little girl I ever kissed."

"I like you that way."

"After this how am I going to hand you out tips?"

"Why not?"

"As between friends?"

"Not in office hours. Then you're Mr. Waller Daniels, the capitalist, and I'm a cosmetologist. Horrid name!"

He played with his iced tea for some time. Then abruptly he began:

"That dirty trick I spoke of. I've had your record looked up in California."

Her color deepened but she made no reply, only returned his troubled gaze with a regard in which he could see no shrinking.

"You went on a flight with a navy officer-aviator. Ran away from college. You were gone three days and two nights. They found you both in a cabin on a remote mountain lake. The lieutenant said that there had been an accident to his plane and he had to land."

"I doubt whether it was accidental."

"You had it all planned out?"

"I? I was not running the plane."

"You mean that he faked an accident?" As she did not answer he asked: "Shall I go on?"

"I think you'd better."



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

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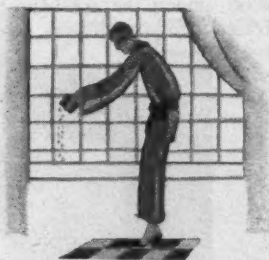


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**And to get it INSTANTLY—without waiting—without discomfort—**

**Merely dissolve half a package of LINIT (the scientific starch discovery sold by grocers) in your bath. Step into the tub and enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath. Bathe with your favorite soap as usual.**

**Then feel your skin. It is like velvet!**

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**THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN**

"After his return his wife brought suit for divorce, naming you as corespondent. How did it get into the hands of that referee? He is a crook."

The girl shook her head.

"Nor do I understand," he agreed. "Anyway, there it was. He maneuvered your case into a position where he could get a medical commission agreed upon and ordered you to appear before it. And you ran away."

The girl's eyes, somber and hurt, were looking past him now; her lips were still obstinately closed.

"You left the state," continued the investigator. "That's where you were a fool. No court in the world would or could have compelled you to undergo that test. Didn't your fool of a lawyer know that?"

She shook her head again.

"Then it's a pity," he broke out, "that some man in your family didn't have the nerve to shoot that referee. That's what he deserved."

"There wasn't any man. There wasn't anyone. I was absolutely alone and free. Free to run away if I chose. And I did choose."

"Even though you could have proved your innocence?" Her mouth was close-set. "You won't answer me?"

"No."

"You can say 'no' more finally than anyone in the world," he fretted.

"I've had to learn to."

"Yes; I can well understand that. Anyway, you can say that it's none of my business."

"That isn't entirely the reason."

"I'm going to make a guess at what is the reason. Is it because to admit the right of anyone—a commission or an individual—to raise any question as to your chastity, would seem to you in itself like a sort of invasion of your chastity? I suppose the right of privacy of soul is a kind of chastity to the obstinately reticent type of girl."

The stormy rigor of her face lightened. "And I tried to guy you on not knowing about women!" she marveled softly.

"Am I forgiven for setting my investigators on your trail?"

"It's a public record. Besides, I can't see that it got you anywhere."

"Oh, didn't it! I know all that I need to know about you," he asserted quietly.

The kindly purport of his words was unmistakable. In spite of herself Connie's lids quivered. She put her first question. "How?"

"I don't know that I could explain. But I'm satisfied."

"That I'm fit to enter your family?" she inquired with recovered gaiety. Then, "Does your nephew know of this investigation?"

"Certainly not."

"Tell him."

"You want me to tell him? Just the bare facts, as my investigators reported them?"

"I shan't see him again until you do."

"I'll tell him," promised Waller Daniels.

Before the evening was over he had given her another surprise. He was secretly the financing power of the newly formed "Beauty Trust," combining eight prominent systems, of which La Primavera was a sub-unit.

Future relations between Consuelo Barrett and Rowdy Pontefract had now taken on the aspect of business. Whether she undertook it for the short term of keeping him sober through the year, or for the longer trial of marriage, it was just a matter of contract, so she told herself. But it wasn't as simple as it sounded. She would have liked to talk it over with Ipsy Smith.

She did lay the situation before Bob Roberts. "Never mind the measly five thousand," was that practical young person's advice. "Marry him, you simp."

"I'm not in love with him. Would you want to be tied to a man you didn't love?"

"If there was that much money in it and I didn't plumb hate him, I'd have a try at it anyway. There's an idea for you," she added. "Give it a trial. Go and live with him for a month. If it's no go, you can quit."



A year earlier Consuelo would have been, if not shocked, at least faintly revolted at this suggestion. But her experiences in the beauty salon had brought about a psychological change in her attitude toward the physical entity of womanhood. Beauty, charm, personality, sex-appeal had taken on for her the bearing of a business proposition, something that one dealt with professionally.

It was the penalty, or perhaps the enlightenment of her environment and her trade that she had come by inevitable logic to think of feminine advantages commercially, as marketable product, investment in life, as important as money for which, indeed, they were exchangeable; but of more variable value, for there was no fixed standard. Loveliness was no mere joyous appanage of existence to be broadcast and squandered; it was capital to be hoarded and employed for the most permanent avail while there was yet time.

The flagrant years! An edged thought, that, of Ipsy Smith's, touched with acid. She could feel the searing wind of their wings over the path that she must tread, a hovering portent, not to be eluded. Her own attractiveness—what was it? The merest happy accident of feature and expression, and how delicately perishable! A chance blow, the undermining of disease, and what would remain of it?

One might escape these ever-threatening accidents; none could hope to avoid or cheat the encroaching and flagrant years. Struggle against their aggressions, yes; sacrifice to them with the ointments of lavish expenditure and the oils of patient regimen; mortify the transitory flesh with exercises and denials; but in the end the destroyers had their will of you.

Consuelo had come to a realization of her own beauty and, with some surprise, to the power, as yet undetermined in scope, which it conferred. More than anyone else, Waller Daniels had brought about that enlightenment. But how was she to estimate its potentialities? To reckon its durability?

Being warm and sweet to the desires of men was on a par with being a prize-fighter or a tennis champion. You lasted only so long; then you slipped. You lost your grip. Presently, no more value—nothing to market—hardly anything, even, to give away!

What price youth for Connie Barrett?

While she was still considering the position, Rowdy Pontefract called her on the shop phone. This was contrary to stipulation. Connie was severe with him. Personal calls in business hours did an employee no good.

"Confound the shop!" Rowdy was pettish. "You don't have to stay there."

"But I choose to."

"Is that definite?" he asked so dismally that she wavered.

"Nothing's definite. Except the present."

"And that's dull as ditch-water. When am I going to see you?"

Fair enough, the question; he had a right to complain of the strain upon his patience.

"Well, Monday." And as she said it, a chill went through her. Only three days off. Connie hated the inexorable necessity of decision.

"For dinner?" His voice was all eagerness.

"No. Meet me at Bob Roberts' apartment at eight. We can talk there. Afterward we can go out to supper."

"Fine!" he exulted. "Good-by. And Connie, please be nice to me. I've been being ghastly good."

Victor, Bob Roberts' "steady," was giving a weekend party on a borrowed sloop, for which Connie, at her pal's insistence, had accepted an invitation. She got back Monday morning, a little late for the shop and feeling pretty spent. A thin, depleted mood in which to face Ponty.

Wouldn't it be better—better for his chances, too—to postpone it? How disappointed he would be though. No; she'd go through with it. Everything had been arranged about the apartment. Bob was dining out and though Varvara Pravdina had an engagement, it was not until after eleven, by which time everything presumably would have been settled between the younger pair.



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Settled how? Connie could not seem to force herself to any determination. Finally she gave it up. Let events determine.

A busy, trying day at La Primavera. Two grease-pots, a neurotic, three water-waves; then the trick at the appointment desk. Connie felt steadily stickier and staler all day. She was ready to decide that the job demanded too much.

Escape was so easy. She let her mind play upon lusciously easeful prospects: Ponty's splendid car: the miles and the heat, the clamor and the turmoil spurned behind them. Then one morning to wake up, laved in the air of some jeweled mountain meadow with a stream playing through it and a white peak of her longed-for, distant Sierras looming above; to slip, slim and naked and free into the lovely, lonely waters, to soothe body and nerves and soul in the appeasement of the deep inviolate silences, the blessed balm of solitude!

But—solitude? With Ponty, and Ponty's demands upon her ever-present. For, as her husband, Ponty would be very much present!

Alternatives? She could make that trip with him—she knew that he would be pliant to any wish of hers—without marriage. No; she could not, and she knew it. It was not so much moral sense that withheld her as—what? Tradition, maybe. A sense of good taste, of the prescribed decencies of life, of reticence.

If it were a matter of being frankly a mistress, that was a comprehensible status with a certain definite character. But furtiveness was not in Connie's nature. Nothing but a convulsion of passion could override that distaste. Swept off her feet, she might conceivably be unchaste, but not calculatingly, and certainly not secretly.

Feeling as she did toward Ponty, would it not be essentially as repellent a surrender of herself to marry him? A matter of cold-blooded barter to which—

The telephone rang. A voice asking for Miss Barrett. Following, the full-flavored rasp of Waller Daniels' imperative challenge.

"You, Connie?"

"Yes."

"I'm racked to bits. Haven't slept for two nights."

"This is my time on the desk. I can get a substitute if you want to come now."

"No. Can't get away till after dinner."

"Tomorrow, then?"

"I've got to get my nerves settled for tonight, I tell you. Can you take me this evening? ... Hello! Hello! Am I cut off?"

For there had been a silence. Connie was thinking rapidly. This evening of all evenings! But—business first in business hours, and all hours were business hours for special appointments with regular clients. Of course a statement of her engagement, that particular one, would release her.

But she could go to Ponty any time. This man needed her. To that claim her inner womanhood responded. Perhaps, too, she accepted overreadily the excuse for procrastination. She would get word to Ponty.

"What time, Mr. Daniels?"

Did she hear a sigh of relief over the wire? "Eight o'clock. Get some dinner. Charge it to my account. I'll want an hour and a half."

"Very well. Better not eat much dinner."

At that he swore pathetically and hung up. In very bad case, evidently, was Mr. Waller Daniels.

Consuelo informed Bob and Varvara that her date at the apartment was off. It did not matter to Bob. The Russian, who was looking very worn, seemed relieved. To catch Ponty was another matter. She tried at the Barn, the Racquet Club and the Coffee House, and finally at his apartment, drawing blank each time and each time leaving word that she could not keep her appointment but would like to have him call her in the morning. That was the best she could do.

Dining alone, she had time for thought, but

little inclination. She felt dull. That wouldn't do. She must summon up her reserves of energy to give the exhausted man to whom she was, in some sense, a healer.

He came, fifteen minutes late. His face was ravaged. "Did I spoil anything for you?" he asked dully.

For a moment she thought she might tell him. But her invincible reticence in all that concerned her intimately deterred her. She shook her head. "Nothing that matters."

"I've had two fiendish days."

At the beginning of their strange association he would have uttered his plaint first and afterward, if at all, thought of her convenience.

"Don't you think you'd better not talk?"

"Probably."

The eyes, netted in converging wrinkles, closed. He tried to adjust himself to a posture of ease, but gave the effect of inability to make his jutting bones compliant. His fingers curved stiffly and drummed. The girl began to work on his face and throat. Still there was something wrong, rigid, unyielding.

She drew away, considered, then took one of the gnarly hands between her own cool palms and straightened it out. It lay flaccid. She did the same with the other. Meantime the first started in to twitch.

"Your toes are curled tight up," she accused. "All of 'em. Aren't they?"

He snorted. "How do you know that?"

"You're that way all over. Uncurl them."

He stared hollow-eyed at her and cackled with laughter, a nervous rack of mirth which presently became robust and easing. That outburst relieved the inner pressure. His whole system became gradually tranquilized.

"I'll be good," he said simply.

The clock struck the hour and then the half before he spoke again. "Have I been asleep?"

"Yes. Go back. I'm going to do your hands."

It was nearly ten when he crawled out of the chair, blinking and unsteady. "Oh, Lord!" he muttered. "That was good! Now I'll be fit to fight tomorrow." He took out a fifty-dollar bill. "This was extra, very extra," he asserted.

"Extra, but not that extra."

"If you don't take it," he threatened, "I'll have a box of orchids as big as a coffin waiting for you tomorrow morning and in it an emerald too green for any honest girl's reputation. Which'll it be?"

She held out her hand for the bill and tried to thank him, when he broke in on her:

"It's been worth a thousand to me."

He sent her back to the Lexington Avenue hot-box of a house in his own car, taking a taxi to his home. She was met by a landlady filled with righteous and soul-satisfying wrath.

"You leave this house at the end of the week, miss."

"Very well."

Expectant of the further satisfaction of argument and protest, Mrs. Spedden was aggrieved by this quiet acceptance.

"And I'm goin' to tell you why," insisted the raw voice.

"I don't care to hear."

"Oh! You don't care to hear. I should think not! Such goings-on!"

"I don't know what you mean and it is of no importance." Consuelo pushed past her. "I am leaving tomorrow."

"So do! With your rich lover, I s'pose."

The strident accusation followed the girl up the stairs. "Comes here in a swell car and tries to kick my door in because I won't let him go up to your room. Calls my house a pigsty and me an old sow. I called the policeman, but he wouldn't arrest him. What chance has the poor against the rich? Not an hour ago he stood there blaspheming and swearing! he was goin' to find you and take you—"

Consuelo shut her door on the tirade. Her heart sank. Ponty was drunk again and this time it was her fault.

*After the broken engagement, Rowdy Pontefract disappears and life grows intensely dramatic and complicated for Connie Barrett and Ipry Smith—in Samuel Hopkins Adams' April Instalment*



## Could You Be a Platonic Friend?

(Continued from page 49)

suppose it will seem like proof to those who enjoy believing the worst of human nature—so I won't try to prove it—I'll merely ask, "Where do you think I have seen Platonic friendship thriving best?" By best I mean for the greatest benefit of the individuals concerned and for society at large which is still more concerned.

Strange as it may sound to the prudish and prejudiced, the best and most frequent examples of Platonic friendship are to be found in those quarters where sex freedom is not feared, but runs rampant—the Latin Quarter of Paris, for example, and New York's substitute for a Latin Quarter, called "Greenwich Village," which is neither so terrible nor so terribly absurd as some would have us believe.

There are more good sound friendships, healthy and interesting, between men and women, married or otherwise, in the theatrical profession than among our best and "nicest" people. The average little débutante reeks with sex-consciousness. She is far more preoccupied with that matter than the average young actress of the same age.

How could it be otherwise? The former's prevailing ambition is to get a man interested in her, the latter's is to get a manager interested in her. Sex, too, is interesting, but incidental.

She wants a job. She has a living to make. And even the most obsessed sexualites must admit that the need for food and shelter comes before the need for mating. Self-preservation is the first, not the second, law of nature. Self-perpetuation comes later and is less impelling, more intermittent.

An actress is ambitious for a career. A man is sometimes a means to that end, true. But with our débutante, men are not merely the means but the end itself, as anyone can detect who will take the trouble to stop, look and listen to the little dears.

Then, too, the main interest of an actress' life—provided she is really an actress, not one of those generically designated as "actresses" in so many divorce suits—is understood by her men friends. They are fellow-craftsmen. They speak the same language.

But at a smart dinner dance on Park Avenue, what have the boys and girls in common, except dates and the acquaintance of other boys and girls and the papas and mamas thereof?

I'm not saying that no actresses lie to please men. Indeed, I have had some of them tell me that the only way they ever got their start was by pleasing men. When I was a playwright, I saw things going on in my own companies which I pretended not to see. Naturally. And I have been cognizant of quite as many similar goings-on uptown in other and more respectable circles. But, according to my not-very-limited experience, there are franker, cleaner, better friendships—more of them, at any rate—among fellow workers in the arts than among any other group of human beings it has been my privilege to know.

Incidentally, I may add, the most beautiful and useful and congenial marriages are also among those engaged in such callings, despite all the cheap prattle about "artistic temperament." Even in the theatrical profession, incredible as it may sound, are some of the loveliest, most lasting and mutually helpful marital relations I have ever observed.

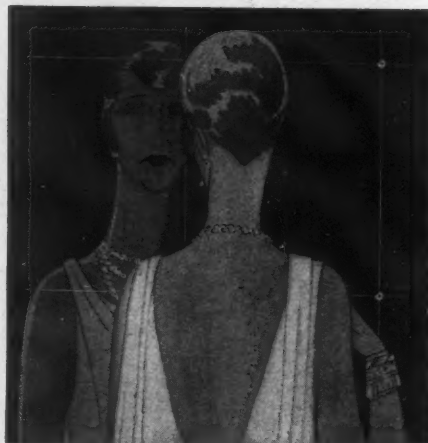
Now as to my third affirmation, that husbands and wives can and do stand for this sort of thing:

Most well-mated couples, if wise, urge and aid the formation of such friendships. Truly wedded people, meaning those not merely married—by church or state, which can only "pronounce you man and wife" but cannot make you completely so in the eyes of God, or your own eyes either—those who know life and understand married life realize that, excepting

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brides and grooms, everyone is every day meeting other human beings of the other sex. They also know that unless one's spouse has the prerogative of making open acquaintances, openly arrived at, he or she, soon or late in married life, will either form pleasant friendships on the quiet, or else nobly refrain from doing so in the name of "duty" and "sacrifice."

It is proverbially the nature of forbidden fruit to take on an imaginary sweetness which often isn't there at all and wouldn't be imagined if not forbidden. It is longed for and idealized, and the farther it is kept out of reach the more does distance lend enchantment.

It is universally admitted that friends are one of the greatest blessings of human existence. The question reduces itself therefore to this: Should one bar out of the field of friendship a half of the whole human race, merely because one happens to have married a member of that half? It seems too obviously ridiculous and wrong to waste my time arguing about it.

This silly notion causes much if not the most of our marital tragedy. But the theory which produces it is really quite comic. Consider the situation as it really is.

Young unmarried people may have dozens of "boy friends" and "girl friends." Mama and papa and all the family aid and abet them in the endeavor. And yet, as a matter of fact and human nature, youths and maidens are notoriously more foolish and inflammable than settled married people, who, generally speaking, are older, wiser and, moreover, have already gained what is called a "love-life." Now really, my dear reasonable reader, could anything be more incongruous and absurd?

Let us analyze and elucidate a little more. All our social sanctions, which we are pleased to call "the civilizing forces of society"—church, state, tribal tabu and public opinion—have been blindly based upon the amazing assumption that when you are young and unmarried you may possibly be trusted to some extent, but when once you have found your mate and are married and know a thing or two—you may not be trusted at all!

Since I first began, according to my lights, to write the truth about men, women and gregariousness, this remarkable state of affairs always seemed about the funniest spectacle in the whole human pageant. But the trouble is that under the masks, behind the scenes, it does not always remain amusing—not to the poor players.

For when there is neither justice, reason nor common sense in any kind of prohibition, it simply does not and cannot prohibit. In this case, it merely results in bootleg friendships. Bootleg stuff is often dangerous and sometimes poisonous.

Even in these free and easy times, when men and women are somewhat emancipated from the tyranny of worn-out conventions, it is still in some circles—and not merely in small, provincial circles either—regrettably true that merely to be seen in public at tea or luncheon with a member of the opposite sex causes smiles and amused comment, if not malicious gossip. You are suspect at once.

Therefore, not caring to be "talked about," those who have had the innocent audacity to appear together in public sometimes disappear together in private—not always so innocently. Or else they cut it all out and miss something mutually beneficial. And rightfully regret it.

Civilization's still uncivilized idea seems to be that once you are married you are dead, dead, buried and laid away in the tomb, called by courtesy your happy home. So it is no wonder that many spirited young married people of today (and others not so young) arise from the grave to haunt our divorce courts. They do not like to stay dead, thank you, and thus are forced by the gossip of friends or the disapproval of "good people" to—well, to be too much alive and kicking.

And the pity of it is that so often the poor little things are sufficiently well-mated and might have remained perfectly well-behaved,

if only well-belicted if not a contempt if not a Well, confound divinely been m is brought it up a l "It is is true, God dic either. inside s couple Adam all alone to do e animals. not stan interests other's l ing but idleness. So when gested t eat." they got Marri other to death, u horrible should ished fo eyes of right in at first begin by That is unless w Bored It is a si lution, b in Evolu doctrine orthodox the Cre active, r made by divine c of us po lected, o We an producti of work many po the true marriage children is not an At the pulpit, I picted el purpose by turni durance But, t possible friendship but prob is a dea any one clusion you will and usef I am n it or how believe a I regar as benefi a highly existence there is beneficia I have gossip. The n

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if only let alone. But even when they remain well-behaved, there come, with the self-inflicted imprisonment of the tomb, yearnings to escape, dull depression, dreary disillusionment, fretful discontent, shocking flares of temper or horrifying realizations of hatred and mutual contempt. A stale, unprofitable married life, if not an utterly ruined one.

Well, there lies the human problem which confronts every married pair, no matter how divinely well-mated. Their marriage may have been made in Heaven, but their married life is brought down to earth. How will they bring it up a bit?

"It is not good for man to be alone." That is true, like so many things in the Bible. But God did not mean man and wife to be alone either. And there, I think, we discover the inside story of why the first young married couple moved out of their first happy home.

Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden were all alone from morning till night with nothing to do except love each other and name the animals. They got bored to death and could not stand the monotony. No friends, no new interests, no fresh ideas to bring into each other's lives, not even any work to do. Nothing but humdrum happiness and enervating idleness. That is not Paradise. That is Hell. So when the Devil in the guise of a serpent suggested trying the fruit of the tree, "they did eat." They wanted a new sensation. Well, they got it. We all know the results.

Married couples, whether they fight each other to death or merely love each other to death, ultimately rebel at either of these two horrible forms of cruelty. They cannot and should not stand being imprisoned and punished for doing right. "Doing right" in the eyes of man is not the same thing as doing right in the eyes of God. It always shocks us at first to discover this because we usually begin by living in the fear of Man, not of God. That is why so many of us die, die on our feet, unless we find God.

Boredom is not a mere affliction, it is a sin. It is a sin against—well, I must not say Evolution, because some readers still do not believe in Evolution, and I want you to believe in my doctrine, even though it may not sound orthodox. It is a sin against the Holy Ghost, the Creator's scheme for His creation—an active, revolving sphere in a whirling universe made by and for the exercise of the spirit of divine energy, a bit of which is granted each of us poor mortals and must be used, not neglected, or it will turn and rend us.

We are here for two purposes, work and love, production and reproduction. The true object of work is not to gain the power to loaf, as too many poor souls still seem to think. Nor is the true fulfillment of love attained by mere marriage and monotony, or even by acquiring children and progeny. Marriage, in any case, is not an end but a means.

At the risk of being excommunicated from the pulpit, I boldly reaffirm here what I have depicted elsewhere in my writings: The divine purpose of a spiritual union cannot be fulfilled by turning holy matrimony into a vulgar endurance contest.

But, the reader may urge, how about the possible risks in these so-called Platonic friendships? I do not consider them possible, but probable risks. The alternative, however, is a dead certainty. If you see too much of any one member of the opposite sex to the exclusion of every other member of that sex, you will inevitably spoil your potentially fine and useful relationship with that one.

I am not venturing to tell what to do about it or how to do it. I am merely stating what I believe about it.

I regard friendships between men and women as beneficial and desirable civilizing factors in a highly organized society, but I recognize the existence of obstacles to success—even when there is no real danger of the failure of the beneficiaries to remain mere friends.

I have already alluded to the chief one—gossip.

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person in the world resents a vulgar invasion of his privacy. The impudent indignity of being discussed and falsely accused is enough to arouse the rage of the most dignified and indifferent of us—especially when *falsely* accused.

I was speaking of actresses a moment ago. I remember a very beautiful and intelligent one whose good name, and it was a very good name, was dragged into a hideous scandal. All who knew her knew that she was innocent. But the world did not know her. The world merely knew her to be an actress. What could you expect?

The injustice hurt her horribly, as the sequel proves, but at the beginning she had not lost her charming sense of humor. She remarked one day, "If it were only true, I wouldn't mind. I would brazen it out and feel fine and defiant. But I have all the blame and none of the fun."

She tried so hard to be a good sport about it. But the hungry pack, once on the scent, pursued her. Their yelps preyed on her mind. It caused nervous prostration and she died in a sanitarium—all because she was a good woman.

The moral of this story may sound immoral, but the fact remains that she was hounded to death because she was innocent. Nor could she be blamed for not avoiding "even the appearance of evil." There was no appearance of evil. She was not even a Platonic friend to the man. She scarcely knew him and never liked him. He, however, being a cad, seemed to enjoy the prestige the story brought him. His final denial came too late.

I remember another case, of a man this time, and of a true Platonic friendship. He was a member of my own profession. He had many women friends, but there was only one woman he loved, and she happened to be his own wife.

Once upon a time, at a party with one of his best women friends, he was observed by another woman who was not a friend of his at all but had tried to be. She watched them laughing and talking together. She heard them call each other "darling," for they were the kind who kissed when they met, unless they met alone.

The woman was not only a Platonic friend but a painter, and frequently illustrated my distinguished colleague's work. They liked and admired each other enormously, as did their respective spouses. None of us who knew them well had heard a breath of scandal.

One day I was informed that this well-known writer, with whom I had lost touch since he had built a place in the country, had deserted his wife and children and was drinking himself to death. I scarcely believed the rumor, but I looked him up to see what I could do, because I thought the world of all the people concerned.

I shall never forget the way he received me, the messenger of bad tidings.

"Now that is very interesting," he said, after I had smilingly warned him he'd better nail the story before it went any further. "Lily"—that was the name of his wife—"has been urging me to take a trip abroad without her." Their children were too young to travel in Europe; and this wise wife knew that it was a writer's job to leave home as much as it was a mother's to stay there. "She says I have been sticking too close to the grindstone by day and the hearthstone by night, and as you know, she is always at me to join you fellows Saturday night."

I asked him if he had any idea who started the malicious gossip.

"No," he said, "but whoever it was must have been a prophet, because I've just decided to take my wife's advice!" He was not as indifferent about it as he wanted me to think. He knew how Lily would feel if the ugly story ever reached her pretty ears, as it did.

I found out afterwards that they had taken the matter seriously enough to trace the rumor back to its source. It started away down in some Central American republic, where the woman he did not like and had not noticed was stationed with her husband. She had sent the story home through another woman and it

had finally reached me through a classmate.

Fortunately, my friend's reputation was such that he could stand it. His nice wife was the more furious of the two, because the scandal-monger who started the story turned out to be a relative whom Lily had once befriended.

As for his Platonic friendship, it is still alive, and doing well, although gossip has frequently done its best to destroy it. The Platonic painter lady is also a friend of mine and I was once talking to her about it.

"Oh, but it is true that we are crazy about each other," she remarked, "and we've often thought how interesting it would be to have an affair, but the trouble is that it would spoil so many other things which are more worth while."

She meant her marriage and his marriage, I suppose, but also, perhaps, their good and useful friendship. For so often, aside from all considerations of morality, duty and obligation to others, a friendship with a member of the opposite sex is more to be desired than any other relationship.

That means, of course, when they do not fall in love. When this terrific condition arises, then, of course, the victims, happy or otherwise, are confronted with an entirely different situation, requiring entirely different treatment. In such cases, there are usually but two things to do, either go ahead with it or go away from it. Any middle course is too difficult or even if not entirely too dangerous, entirely too disquieting.

And yet, have you not known of cases where there was something that might even be called "real love," of a very fine and high type, but where the friendship was too important, not only for the two people immediately concerned, but for other people indirectly concerned, to be sacrificed? That, no doubt, is a most difficult situation, but I have known it to be faced and solved in other ways than the two generally used by fiction writers—"going the limit," as our young people call it nowadays, or going away. Conceivably there are times when it is impossible to take either of those roads.

I don't know what "sublimation" means or how to do it, but I suppose it is sometimes done. Something must be done. Perhaps the realization that the releasing of natural impulses would spoil a possession more precious than anything else that could be attained, under the circumstances, helps. But the trouble with the fundamental emotions is that they cannot see reason. They are blind. They do not behave logically, but psychologically.

It is to be observed in passing, however, that these so-called "irresistible impulses," so dear to our playwrights, poets and fiction writers, are somehow usually resisted when someone else comes into the room to observe them! Perhaps the thought of someone else coming into the mind may serve pretty well as a substitute for a while, but such a perilous course is hardly to be recommended. Not for long.

As a rule I should say that husbands, especially American husbands, are more tolerant of their wives' friends or even admirers (more or less mild) than the wives are of allowing their hard-working spouses to enjoy similar privileges, though such diversions may be as much needed and deserved by husbands as by wives.

For, even in this era of women in business and the professions, a wife's ability to "hold a man" is still regarded by other women as her most important achievement. In some cases, it is not so much fear of unfaithfulness as it is a fear of her own reputation as a failure among other women that causes a wife to interfere with harmless and possibly helpful friendships.

But on both sides of the family, I suppose the greatest detriment to the enjoyment of a perfect friendship with an outside member of the opposite sex, is that so few of them really want it to be perfect—as a friendship! And so many of them are too "good" or too cowardly to let it be anything else.

And yet friendship is as well worth preserving as marriage itself, unless the friendship like the marriage proves a failure.



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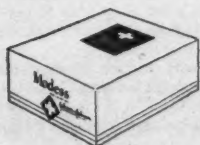
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## Absent-minded Beggar (Continued from page 71)

he had also lost his trunk check, it was some days before he really got settled.

We will be brief about his one year in college. It was terribly hard to escape a complete flunk. It was harder to live alone. He never remembered to send out laundry until there was nothing left to wear. He was never able to concentrate on what went on in the classroom and never listened to a lecture. One day he wore one black shoe and one tan shoe, and four or five of his classmates followed him across the campus, reciting:

"Diddle-diddle dumpling, my son Jack;  
One shoe brown and one shoe black."

He was always late in paying for his board and lodging because his mind was on something else.

He went home at Christmas and for spring vacation, but forgot to take along certain garments in need of a woman's tender care.

June came at last and John miraculously managed to get away from Ann Arbor with the loss of one spring overcoat, four shirts, a pair of shoes, half a dozen ties and the mates of a dozen socks. He had packed in a hurry because he knew that a co-ed living next door would be over to bid him good-by if he didn't leave way ahead of time. She was not the only co-ed who had tried to become friendly. In spite of the occasional eccentricity of his attire, the girls were strong for him.

One day in July, John read in a Chicago paper that a famous American composer, whom we will call Deems Taylor, had sailed for Europe, where he intended to hide until he had written a libretto of his own.

John excitedly summoned his mother, asked her whether she could afford to send him abroad, told her why he wanted to go, gained her consent and bought his ticket for New York. This time Mrs. Knowles and Charlotte put him on the right train.

The paper had not given a hint of the composer's hide-away excepting that it would be somewhere in Europe, but to John, Europe and Paris were synonymous and he went direct to the steamship offices to find out when the next boat left for Cherbourg. It was there that he learned he must have a passport, and at the passport office that it was necessary to supply a certificate of birth. It was five days before he had received the document from his mother, had got his passport and passage and was ready to go.

The boat was to leave at midnight and to make sure of being on time, John left his hotel and entered a taxi at half past ten. That is, he thought it was half past ten. His watch had always kept perfect time and he trusted it implicitly, paying no attention to the New York clocks. Actually it was half past eleven in New York, whatever it was in Michigan.

Moreover, the driver of the taxi he selected was very drunk. He did not help with the baggage; merely waited till John had put it in the car and then asked, "Where to, buddy?"

"The Cunard docks."

"Oh, crossing the old pond, hey?"

"Yes."

"America's good enough for me."

The starter wouldn't work and the driver had to get out and crank. The first three attempts resulted in the crank slipping out of the cranker's hand and the cranker sitting down abruptly on the pavement. In about twelve minutes he had the engine going.

"Now then, where did you say?"

"The Cunard Line."

"Where is it at? What street? What pier?"

"I suppose I've got the number of the pier on my ticket, but it's a lot of trouble to get it out. I don't know what street it's on, but you certainly ought to."

"What do you want to see Europe for? Ain't America good enough for you?"

"Come on; let's go."

"What's the use of going if you don't know where?"

"Ask somebody where the Cunard pier is." "Oh, we can do it easier than that. Let's see, we're at Seventieth Street. I'll run over to the river and then cruise downtown till we see the sign. We can't miss it that way."

Well, the story goes that they got as far as Pier 97 and a big liner was just whistling its last warning, and by running as fast as he could with his heavy bags, John just managed to dash up the gang-plank before they pulled it in.

In five minutes he learned from the purser that his watch was an hour slow, that he was aboard an Italian boat bound for Naples and that under no circumstances would the boat stop at any port in France and drop him off.

We know nothing of his experiences abroad excepting that he spent four months searching Paris for the composer and learned later that the latter had been in Naples all the time, but had completed his libretto and gone back to America; that this was such a blow to John that he stayed in Paris four years, drinking and writing French libretti, two of which were accepted, set to music and tried out at the Opéra Comique, where they were terrible flops; that he never found his trunk which had come to Cherbourg on the Cunard Line, and that he grew better-looking and more absent-minded every day of his life.

He finally went to Havre and boarded a boat for home. Some of his friends said he probably thought the boat was bound for Finland. But the truth was that his mother had written to warn him that her investments had gone bad and she couldn't send him any more money.

At the home-town station to meet him were his sister Charlotte and Beth Beasley, the latter squeezing his hand until it hurt and giving him a barrage of adoring looks that made him feel silly. He learned from Charlotte that his mother was bedridden and nearly broke. (She did not add that a great deal of the Knowles money had been burnt up in supplying her with sport cars, sport clothes, evening gowns and liquor with which to entertain her boy friends, notably Wallie Blair.) It was, however, Miss Beasley's car that they were using now, a car that couldn't have cost under twelve thousand.

For Miss Beasley was the daughter of one of the town's two wealthiest men, J. L. Beasley and H. N. Comerford. I mean she was J. L.'s daughter and not the daughter of both of them. H. N. had a daughter of his own, Irene. The Comerfords had moved to town a year or so after John Knowles' departure, and Comerford and Beasley had established a brokerage office, with ticker service and a blackboard and everything. They couldn't count the money they were making.

"Wait till you meet Irene Comerford," said Charlotte. "She's simply beautiful and all the men are crazy about her."

"But you'd better not let yourself be," said Beth. "She's engaged to Sam Drake."

"How long has Mother been sick?" asked John.

"Oh, since last winter."

"Sam Drake is a regular Ed Wynn," said Beth. "You'll die!"

They were at the house. John jumped out, corralled his baggage and rushed in, forgetting to thank Miss Beasley for the ride.

"He's just as absent-minded as ever," said Charlotte apologetically. "More so, I believe."

"But oh! how wonderful-looking!" said Beth in a voice that contained a tear.

"You'll come in a minute, won't you?"

"Well, only for a minute, if you think I won't be in the way. I've got to go for Daddy in a quarter of an hour."

But if "Daddy" was really waiting for her, he waited two hours and a quarter, for Beth was not going to leave until she had seen John again, and John was upstairs a long time, talking to his mother.

When he came down, Charlotte went up, leaving Beth and him alone.

"Oh, John, it's so heavenly to have you home again! We all missed you terribly,

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*They may offend others as much as these offend you*

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make different mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To you they may seem correct, but others may know that they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think.

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and I guess you know who missed you most."

"Mother did seem glad to see me."

"I wasn't speaking of your mother."

"Did you get over to Chicago during the opera season?"

"No, I didn't."

"I was wondering if they did Taylor's new opera there and how it went."

"Did you fall in love with a French girl?"

"The only ones I saw were opera-singers and I'm not blind."

"You'll fall head over heels in love with Irene Comerford. She's the most attractive girl I ever met."

There seemed to be no reply to this.

"John, tell me who's the most attractive girl you ever met."

"I never thought about it."

"Do you think I'm terribly unattractive?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Why, John! I believe you're warming up."

"A fella that's lived in those Paris pensions four years won't have any trouble warming up over here."

"John, will you bring me an ash-tray?"

He wasn't listening and Miss Beasley had to get it herself. But when she sat down again, it was in a chair almost touching his and an instant later she was holding his hand.

"John, dear, I want to know all about you. I want to know your plans."

"Well, we don't seem to be overwhelmed with money, so my first plan is to get a job."

"That's just what I wanted you to say."

"Why?"

"Because it gives me a chance to help you."

"How?"

"Daddy wants a young man in his office and I'll see that you're the one."

"Me in a broker's office! I'd certainly go over big!"

"You could learn. Besides, the work wouldn't be hard. It's youth and good looks he wants more than anything else."

"What for?"

"To attract women customers."

"Listen, I'd drive more of them away than I'd attract. I can't talk to women."

"Oh, Johnny, not even to me?"

Charlotte had descended the stairs quietly and Beth, seeing her, released John's hand.

"You caught us in the act, Charley," said Beth, trying to be embarrassed. "But it isn't really serious. Just a reunion of two good pals." She glanced at her watch. "Oh, I must rush! Daddy will kill me! Good-by, Charley. Good-by, John. You might tell your sister our scheme."

"What's the matter with her?" asked John.

"You know perfectly well," said Charlotte.

"But tell me, what's the scheme?"

"She said her father wanted a young man in his office and that she could get me the job."

"Are you going to take it?"

"No! What do I know about business?"

"John, you've got to take it! It doesn't make any difference what you know. They'll tell you what they want you to do. And they'll pay you good money. That's what's important right now. Mother is flat broke and she needs special food, special nursing; she'll worry herself to death over our financial status. You can save her, John, and you've got to do it! It would be criminal of you not to. Oh, Johnny, please! Say you will!"

"I'll think about it."

"And I know you'll think right. Now I've got to run over to Butch Harper's and get some gin. Wallie's coming in from the lake for dinner. And Irene Comerford and Sam Drake said they might stop for cocktails. It's a shame Irene's engaged, though I'm afraid she wouldn't—I mean she likes men who talk a lot and are funny. That's what attracts her to Sam. He's full of the devil, telling stories all the time or getting up practical jokes on somebody. If they should come before I get back, you'll entertain them, won't you?"

"I shouldn't think she'd need any more entertainment than he can give her."

"Well, don't forget to laugh at his stories. And another thing, John. If Wallie should

call up while I'm gone you take the message. And please, John, decide to accept that offer."

John, left alone, sat and stared at the empty fireplace for five minutes. Then he went to a table, took a cigaret from the box and lighted it. A few puffs and he took another, igniting the second from the first. It surprised him to find he was smoking two at once and it embarrassed him when a young couple entered without knocking and caught him at it.

"And I thought I was a fiend!" said the man who John knew at once was Sam Drake.

"Honey," he said to the girl, "you get sore at me lots of times for smoking one cigaret after another. What would you do if I smoked them in pairs?"

John was looking into the girl's eyes. Beautiful! Attractive! What silly words!

She spoke: "I'm Irene Comerford and this is Mr. Sam Drake. I presume you are Mr. Knowles. Charlotte asked us in for a cocktail."

John was dumb.

"Is Charlotte out?"

He managed to answer yes.

"Oh, then we'll run along."

"She told me you were to wait," said John.

"Well, if we're going to wait, let's sit down and take a load off our dogs," said Sam.

The callers seated themselves on the couch and John, after laying both his cigarets on the tray, sat in a chair facing them. Never once did he take his eyes off Miss Comerford's face.

"You're just back from gay Paree, I hear," said Sam.

"Yes."

"How long were you over there?"

"I don't know."

Irene suppressed a smile at Sam's evident discomfiture. Then she spoke again:

"I think Charlotte was right."

She waited for John's question, but he asked none.

"Beth and I were talking one day," she continued, "and we were talking about men, for a change. We agreed that they were all alike. Charlotte said we would eat our words if we knew you as well as she did. Then Beth said that— Well, I won't make you blush."

The telephone rang, but John made no move. It continued to ring and Irene asked whether he intended to answer it. He was still silent.

"Shall I answer it, then?"

"If you like."

It was Wallie Blair and he wanted Charlotte to be told that his boat had been stalled on the lake for two hours and he couldn't possibly be there before half past eight. Irene sat down again and delivered the message to John, in case she and Sam would have to go before Charlotte came back. John seemed to be paying attention, but he was not.

"Well, Knowles," said Sam, "if you're just back in the country, maybe you haven't heard all the new stories; I mean parlor stories; Irene won't let me tell the other kind. Did you hear the one about the two colored caddies at Palm Beach last winter?"

"No."

"Well, a couple of the big boys—I think it was Replogle and Hutton or somebody like that—started a round out at the Everglades Club and they happened to get two caddies who were twice as big as they were."

He was interrupted by a laugh, John's laugh. It came so unexpectedly that Sam and Irene Comerford were frightened.

"Not time to laugh yet," said the raconteur.

"I'm sorry," said John.

"Well, one of the players hit the ball into an unplayable lie and asked his caddy to pick it up. The caddy grinned at him and said—"

Again an interruption, but this time not a laugh. John, looking straight at the girl, softly recited:

"I'll never know the glory of the moon

Until I see it shining in your eyes;

I'll never know the loveliness of June

Till we look up together at its clear, magni-

cent, azure skies.

Each day will be just morning, night and noon

"Till you are mine, my loved one, sweet-heart, wife,  
And then I'll know the glory of the moon,  
And then I'll know the loveliness of life."

"Well, for—I!" exclaimed Sam Drake. "Come on, Irene. I want to get you away from this bird. I can't compete with Eddie Guest."

Miss Comerford got up. "I do think we ought to go," she said. "Please tell Charlotte how sorry we were not to see her."

John rose and began to act the polite host. "Don't let me drive you away with my doggerel! Charlotte won't forgive me."

"Honestly we must go," said Irene. "I would like you to tell me what that was."

"I think it will be part of a libretto I'm writing, a libretto I've been writing for five years."

"When did you make up those lines?"

"Since you came, most of them."

"Hot apple sauce! Come on, Irene. You're supposed to be my inspiration, not his," said Sam.

"Just a second," said John. "Do you often go to your father's office?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Oh, never mind."

"I go there once or twice a week."

"Whenever she's flat," said Sam.

They saw one of John's infrequent smiles.

"Here's hoping you're frequently flat."

"Why?"

But he had started up the stairs without waiting to bow them out.

Charlotte came home about half past six, hot and in a bad temper. She had had two blowouts, one of them half-way home from her bootlegger's, two miles out in the country, and five cars had disregarded her SOS. The sixth one's occupant was an old farmer who knew as much about changing tires as she d'd. It had taken them half an hour to do the job.

John told her Miss Comerford and Mr. Drake had been in for a while. She asked him what he thought of Irene. He made no reply at all, but Charlotte was used to that. Then she asked him whether Wallie Blair had telephoned and he said no, really thinking he was telling the truth.

At seven she gave Wallie up and dined alone with John. But when Wallie came a little after eight swore he had talked with Irene and that the latter had promised to deliver the message, there was a further display of temper, first directed toward Miss Comerford and then toward John, when John, to save Irene, admitted that she might have given him the message and he might have forgotten about it. Charlotte was pacified by his promise that he would accept Mr. Beasley's offer if Mr. Beasley made one.

Mr. Beasley made one next morning, a salary of two hundred dollars a week for work that could be taught him easily. He was given a private office with a desk and two chairs. No one came in to instruct him in his duties and he would have been happy polishing up his libretto if Beth Beasley had not made his room a second home.

"Do you like me now?" she asked, perched on his desk too close for comfort. It was his fourth day on the "job."

"Why now?"

"I mean because I got you this chance."

"I liked you before that," he said.

"Dear, do you know what you're saying?"

"Certainly."

"Can't you say it more plainly, that you're fond of me, that you care a little? I know how shy you are and I have to do the talking for you. I hate to. But you won't do it yourself."

"What am I to say?"

"Just that you care for me."

"I do."

"John, does that mean it's an understanding?"

"What kind of understanding?"

"That we care for one another."

"I guess we do."

"Aren't you going to be—not so cold and distant?"

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## FROSTILLA for exposed and irritated skin

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"Listen, Beth," said John nervously, "I don't know whether I can make good here or not. And until I am sure of myself and where I stand, I can't think of—of other things."

"Daddy would never turn you out."

"I'll turn myself out if I can't do what he wants me to. I've got to make good on my own account, without any outside influence. If you'll just understand that!"

"I've waited this long, I guess I can wait a little longer," said Beth, and left him.

Well, the fifth day was something entirely different. One of the partners, H. N. Comerford, was in Chicago. At a quarter of nine, the other partner, J. L. Beasley, called up to say he was going fishing; he knew that old Fred Howard, his chief and only clerk unless you counted John Knowles was capable of running the whole works single-handed. The rest of the office force was made up of the telegraph operator, the telephone girl, the marker and the pretty new stenographer Miss Davenport.

Old Howard was usually on deck at nine o'clock sharp. This morning his wife telephoned at ten after nine that he had broken a leg trying to get on a street-car. Miss Davenport came into John's room to tell him the news and he nearly fainted. When he had pulled himself together, he rushed into the main office and instructed the telephone girl to put all calls on his wire; he would keep Miss Davenport with him and when orders came in, he would write them down and repeat them aloud so she could write them down, too, and there would be less chance of mistakes.

The telegraph operator reminded him that the daily market letter must be got out and sent to all customers and prospective customers. John decided that it was best to start this letter at once; his ignorance of what a market letter should contain was colossal and it would take all his spare time to write it.

"Make it optimistical," was the only hint the operator offered.

He hoped for help from Miss Davenport, but that good-looking young lady was proof of the saying, "You can't have everything."

"Did Mr. Howard ever dictate one to you?" John asked her.

"Yes, every day since I've been here, but that's only a week."

"How does he start them?"

"I forget."

It never occurred to John that there must be dozens or hundreds of old ones around the office. He must work out one of his own.

"Well," he said, "get me a paper with the market report's and we'll see what we can do."

She brought him the paper and sat down at the desk opposite him ready to take dictation.

"Here we go," he said. "To customers of Beasley and Comerford: We do not like to advise you to buy stocks that are not likely to go higher or at least not go lower—"

The telephone rang. It was Wallie Blair asking him to come to the lake Saturday afternoon and stay over Sunday. He said he couldn't leave his mother alone.

"Charlotte's going to stay with her."

"Well, let me think it over."

"No. You've got to say yes right now. You've got no excuse in the world. I'm in the Maynard cottage and anybody can tell you where it is. I'll expect you Saturday afternoon."

Perhaps if it hadn't been for the market letter, John would have argued. As it was he said all right, so he could go on with his work.

"All right, Miss Davenport. What have we said?"

"We do not like to advise you to buy stocks that are not likely to go higher or at least not go lower."

"But we cannot help feeling a feeling of optimism."

"How do you spell that last word?"

"O-p-t-i-m-i-s-m. As the summer promises to be hot, we might recommend the purchase of American Ice preferred; still, one cannot always depend on the weather predictions. General Motors is another good stock."

The telephone rang.

It was J. M. McNerny and he wanted to

place an order for two hundred shares of Murray Corporation at the market. John wrote down the order, repeated it aloud as it was given to him so Miss Davenport could get it, too. She took the slip to the telegraph operator and returned for more dictation. But the telephone was ringing again.

"This is Irene Comerford."

"Yes," in a voice that shook a little.

"I just wanted to speak to the telephone girl, but she gave me you. Aren't you Mr. Knowles?"

"Yes."

"Well, I expected to drop in the office today and my father was going to send me a telegram there. If one comes, will you mail it to me at the lake? In care of Mrs. Charles Parrish. I'll be there over the weekend."

"I'll attend to it, Miss Comerford."

"Thanks. Good-by."

He wrote down Mrs. Charles Parrish's name and then looked out the window. Miss Davenport waited five minutes before she asked whether the market letter was all done.

"No. I was figuring what to put in next."

The telegraph operator came in and suggested that as business seemed to be slow, the telephone operator might call him instead of John to take the orders and he would keep a record of them and give it to John later.

"I'll just take this one," said John as the telephone rang again. "Then you can handle them the rest of the day."

"K. O.," said the operator.

A man named Francis Elliott wanted six hundred shares of American Linseed. John and Miss Davenport wrote it down. Then John looked at the paper to be sure there was such a stock.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "There are two of them, common and preferred. I'm pretty sure he said common. No, I'm sure he said preferred."

"Why not call back and ask him?"

"That would be silly, because I'm positive he said preferred."

Miss Davenport took the order out to the operator and came back to John's desk.

"Where were we?"

"General Motors is another good stock," read Miss Davenport.

"Oh, yes. Well, U. S. Steel is always a good buy. So are the railroads, as people do a great deal of traveling these days especially during the summer. People go south in the winter and north in the summer, so at this time of year the stocks of the north-bound railroads would be the best ones to buy. Automobile stocks are also pretty good stocks to buy at this time of year as many of the tourists and vacationists travel by motor rather than by rail. They prefer it. Railroad travel is perhaps safer, but that does not affect the value of the stocks."

He ran on in this way for nearly a thousand words, four times as many as the letter usually contained. He made a tremendous effort to talk sensibly to customers and was immensely relieved when four o'clock struck.

On the way home he worried a little about that American Linseed order, but decided that a man who would order as many as six hundred shares would certainly deal in preferred stock instead of common.

He told Charlotte about his invitation from her friend Wallie Blair. It was no news to her. He didn't want to go, but she said he must or Wallie would feel hurt.

Mr. Beasley was back next morning, which was Friday, and congratulated John on his smooth work in a pinch. Luckily, he did not see the market letter and more luckily he was shut up in his office when Francis Elliott came in to see how his Linseed was going. The telegraph operator told John who he was and John invited Mr. Elliott into his own room.

"Mr. Elliott," he said, "I'm a novice at this game and I am likely to make mistakes. Would you mind telling me what your order was yesterday? Was it for the common or preferred?"

"For the common, of course," said Mr. Elliott, "and it's off two and a quarter points."



"But the preferred," said John, "is up eight points, and that is what I bought you."

For an instant young Mr. Knowles was in imminent danger of being kissed by a man with a mustache. But he dodged behind the desk and asked Mr. Elliott if he would mind not telling either of the partners of the error.

"Tell! No, sir. What I'll do is sell. And you're going to get a hundred dollars for being a novice."

At three o'clock Saturday afternoon, John started for the lake in Charlotte's car.

He had not foreseen the problem that would upset him almost as soon as he had left the city limits; namely, which cottage Wallie Blair was living in, the Maynards' or the Parrishes'. He knew he had made notes of both those names, but simply could not remember which one had been told him by Wallie and which by Miss Comerford.

Two miles from the lake he was sure his destination was the Maynards'. A mile more and he was convinced it was the Parrishes'. This conviction held and after asking directions from a cottager mowing his lawn, he soon pulled up in front of the wrong place.

A male servant came out to the car and grabbed the two pieces of baggage.

"What name, sir?"

"John Knowles."

Without another word, the servant carried the baggage onto the porch, opened the screen door to permit John to enter, and followed him in. A woman rose at his entrance.

"Mr. John Knowles," said the servant. "Is he to have the south room?"

"John Knowles!" said the woman half under her breath. "I'm afraid there is some— But wait a minute till I run upstairs."

Upstairs she rapped briskly on Irene's door and went in. "Dearie," she said, "did you invite here a beautiful sheik named John Knowles?"

Irene gasped. "I did not!"

"Well, he's downstairs and he's brought his baggage and he seems to think he was expected."

"Heavens! What in the world could make him think that?"

"Do you know him?"

"I've met him once. He works in Father's office. But I certainly never asked him to come here or anywhere else."

"Well, there's evidently a misunderstanding. I wish you would go down and talk to him."

"I'll see him and find out how it happened," said Irene.

She was cross with him for what she believed his freshness and thought of sarcastic things to tell him as she hurried downstairs. But when she saw him, with the servant near by standing over his bags, she knew he never could be a "crasher" and that it was truly a mistake that had brought him there. She smiled and said:

"It's nice to see you again, Mr. Knowles."

John stared at her as if she were a ghost. Then he found his voice.

"I suppose I'm the world's biggest sap. I want to explain this intrusion and then I'll get right out. Last Thursday, the day you telephoned, a friend of mine here at the lake also telephoned and asked me out for the weekend. He gave me the name of the cottage where he is staying and you gave me the name of yours. I wrote the names down, but left the slips in the office and I couldn't remember which was which. The two names were Maynard and Parrish. On the way out here I thought and thought and thought, and of course came to the wrong conclusion. And I never can tell you how sorry and humiliated I am."

Irene heard herself saying: "But I'm glad you did guess wrong because now we can have you and you can visit your friend some other time."

"Not for anything in the world!"

"Not even if I beg you?"

"There's no reason you should beg me, no reason you should want me."

"It happens that I do."

"If I could believe that, I'd tell my friend to let me off."

Irene noticed the servant still hovering.

"Edward, take Mr. Knowles' bags to the south room." And when Edward had gone upstairs, "We're going on a party tonight, you and I and Mrs. Parrish and Sam Drake. It won't be a late party and I don't believe it will bore you much."

"I can't do that, Miss Comerford. I brought no dinner clothes."

"Nobody will care."

"I would. No, Miss Comerford, you'd better let me take my bags and go over to Wallie's."

"It's already settled. You're not going there."

"And I'm not going to any party."

"All right then. Sit here quietly and read. No. Write more of your libretto and I can boast that you got your inspiration from me."

"I'm afraid it won't be much to boast of."

"Oh, hush! Come up now and I'll show you your room. And of course you won't have to dress because you'll be dining all alone."

He followed her up the stairs and was properly introduced to Mrs. Parrish, whom they met in the hall. Explanations followed and the hostess acted as if she were glad he had come.

John went to his room, changed into some clothes that were not quite so wrinkled, then sat and waited for events. He was not in the least conscience-stricken about Wallie Blair.

He would go over after dinner and give a special version of what had happened. What really had happened was that he was in love for the first time in his life and it was impossible for him to resist Irene's voice and eyes.

He was summoned downstairs, where he found Mrs. Parrish, Sam Drake and Irene in evening dress. They all had cocktails, Sam drinking five as fast as he could get them down. He had greeted John very coldly and had not uttered a word during his exhibition of rapid guzzling. Mrs. Parrish took him to task:

"Sam, you're an old grouch! Get happy and tell us a story."

"I'll tell no story in the presence of a so-and-so cheap poet who hasn't the manners to keep his mouth shut."

"Sam!" said Irene sharply.

"I don't like to be around with a so-and-so tramp and grafter who crashes into places where he is not invited or wanted."

"I assure you he is wanted."

"By whom?"

"By me!"

"Well, you don't want me if you want him. We may as well get that straight right now!"

"Just as you say."

"Miss Comerford," said John, "I really ought to go over to my friend's."

"I want you to stay right here, and what's more, I'm going to stay here with you. I don't intend to go anywhere with Sam in his present condition."

"If I leave here without you, I'll never come back."

"Suit yourself about that. I'm not going!"

"Irene, dear," said Mrs. Parrish, "you know I've got to go, don't you? It's the Tuttles and I've refused them so often."

"Of course, Ellen, you must. I'm only sorry you haven't a decent escort."

"Her escort," said Sam, "is at least as decent as the snake you're throwing him over for."

"I'm not throwing anyone over."

"You are! You love this gutter-snipe and I guess you're welcome to him."

"Come on, Sam," said Mrs. Parrish.

"And in parting, Mr. Drake," said John, "let me warn you that the first time we meet where no ladies are present, you'll go home looking like the late Tom Heeney."

Irene Comerford and John were alone.

"Mr. Knowles, please tell me you didn't believe what he said about my loving you."

"He said you loved a gutter-snipe."

"He was referring to you and you know it. And I don't want you to believe him."

"There's no danger, dear. But oh, how I'd like to!"

"Why?"

"Because I love you so."

"And what about Beth?"

The man servant announced dinner.

# when winter POLISHES your face!



**T**HERE is malice in a cold winter wind. Though it brings a glow to your cheek and a sparkle to your eye, it robs your complexion of loveliness. Sets a gloss upon your nose.

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"Well," said John when they were seated at a table too big for two, "what about Beth?"  
"She told me you were engaged."

"She told me that, too, but I was in a position to know better."

John asked the servant where the Maynard cottage was and learned it was only four cottages away. "I'd like to go down there and square myself with Wallie Blair."

"You must go right after dinner," said Irene, "but you mustn't stay too long."

"No danger."

But there was danger, danger John should have foreseen and avoided by staying right where he was. He mixed with Blair's ribald crew for only half an hour, but on the way back the moon on the lake brought the accursed libretto back into his head and drove Irene entirely out of it. He sat on somebody's dock and outlined a whole new scene, and when he finally returned, it was eleven o'clock and Miss Comerford had disappeared.

He was sorry, but it didn't seem strange to him. Nor did her failure to acknowledge his greeting when he found her alone in the dining-room next morning strike him as queer. And after five or ten minutes of silence, he said:

"You're a lot like me. There are times when you don't want to talk to anybody."

"Mr. Knowles, it isn't 'anybody' I don't want to talk to. It's you."

"But why?"

"Can you ask after what you did last night?"

"Do you mean my staying out so long?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what I was doing?"

"I can imagine."

"Well, I wasn't at Blair's, drinking. I was sitting on a dock, blocking out a new scene for my silly opera."

"Couldn't you have done it here?"

"Do you think I could concentrate on work if I were with you?"

"You did, at least you said you did, the other day. You said you made up that verse while I was right there with you."

"Dear, you know I am crazy and absent-minded and of a queer temperament. Can't you care for me as I am?"

"I'm afraid I can."

"How soon will Mrs. Parrish be down?"

"Any minute."

"Then let's settle this thing quick. I'm not engaged to Beth. You're not engaged to Sam. Let's be engaged to each other."

"I'm afraid you're engaged to your work."

"I'll tear it up."

"I won't let you do that. But I'll insist on your doing whatever is left to be done right in my presence, looking right at me."

"I don't believe it's possible, but I'll try."

"Then we're engaged."

"And remember, Miss Comerford, that being engaged to you means the loss of my job."

"What for? Maybe you don't know it, but my father owns more stock than Mr. Beasley."

## Afterthoughts of Lady Godiva (Continued from page 35)

sacrifice which the wife of our earl recently made, in order to lift the tax. You know about it."

"Madam," said the wretch, "I'm in serious trouble, and miscellaneous conversation is inappropriate. I don't know what the earl's wife did, and it's surprising how little I care."

Godiva wondered whether he had recognized her and was doing the chivalrous thing.

"I thought everyone knew the earl's wife rode through the streets yesterday afternoon, dressed in nothing at all."

The fellow looked interested, but not pleased. "It's the first time I heard anything like that about her. If that's the way she behaves, I'm glad the earl has to do the worrying, not I."

Godiva held on to the cell bars, to stand firm. "She rode to save the people from the tax."

"Which one?" said the man.

"The heavy one."

"They're all that."

"And she told the people to stay indoors and not look at her."

He laughed again. "Why should they? I mean, look at her? What's the point?"

Godiva lowered her voice. "If a woman were beautiful, and her beauty encountered an admiration worthy of it—"

"She'd probably behave herself, for all that," he said.

She started to walk toward the sheriff's office, but on second thought turned back.

"I came here to help you," she said. "Perhaps I can guess why you are here. If you are frank with me, I may establish your innocence. Yesterday afternoon you were leaning out of the window, in the house at the corner."

"Leaning out? I nearly fell out! I was trying to find the door."

"The door?" said Godiva.

"Madam, I'm so near-sighted I can't see three feet in front of me. I thought it was the door till my knees hit the sill."

"Tell the truth!" said Godiva. "You were down on your knees, gazing at the beautiful woman who revealed herself to you."

"One of us must be crazy," said the man.

"It really doesn't matter which. Yes, I was on my knees. I had nearly pitched out on my head. Before getting up I paused a moment to say a prayer of thanksgiving."

On her way to the street Godiva met the sheriff.

"How are your charges coming on, my lady?"

She looked out of humor even with her own charities. "I spoke only to the first prisoner," she said. "He's a sad case. I'm exhausted."

"He's the one who needs you," said the sheriff. "The others are excused."

## Son of the Gods (Continued from page 75)

"I'd better say, what does she want?" he said.

"You've struck it. She doesn't want much. She merely wants to marry you."

"Are you joking?"

"Those are the very words I put to Himes. He tried to look offended and to tell me he was acting wholly upon instructions, but of course it's his doings. It seems they met over there and became fast friends; however, he was honest enough to confess that he resented your father's rough treatment. A plain case of malice."

"Still I don't get what you're driving at, Mr. Carter."

"Alice Hart is back here in New York and threatens you with a breach-of-promise action. Blackmail, of course. Settlement out of court."

"Is there another 'child'?" Sam's lip curled.

"No. The young lady isn't trying to force

that issue. There's no hint of wrong-doing, in the usual sense; she's just a shy, shrinking country girl who trusted in your protestations of love and relied upon your promise to wed. Did you ever write her any letters?"

"No doubt."

"Himes referred to several which breathed poetic devotion of an exalted and embarrassing nature, also to pointed attentions, expensive gifts. He says you entertained her for a week or more at a New York hotel and that she visited your home."

"All true."

"There's no denying the fact that your father sent her to Paris and footed her bills up to the time of his death. Himes contends that a jury would construe such an action as due to the interest of a prospective father-in-law. It's all rot, of course, and there's no cause for



concern, but I'm tired of seeing you shot at by snipers."

There was a peculiar light in Sam's eyes when he said: "Miss Hart is a very charming girl and I was more than fond of her. What's more, I would have married her gladly. I infer that she has analyzed her feeling for me and discovers it to be love."

"Analyzed your bank-account!"

"Anyhow, she consents to become my wife."

"She does more than consent. She demands."

"Very well. I'll marry her."

For a moment Mr. Carter stared at his client as if waiting for him to finish this questionable pleasantry. Sam smiled imperturbably.

"As I was saying," the lawyer resumed, "it's an absurd demand and not made in good faith. I advise handling it without gloves. No quixotic notions, understand: forget she's a former sweetheart and leave her to me."

"But wait! I flattered myself that I have charm; you destroy my illusion by assuming that the young lady is animated purely by selfish motives. I prefer to believe that love, not greed, moves her."

"What are you trying to say?"

"Put it this way: Miss Hart is a white girl, she is young and beautiful and talented. She is willing to marry me, a Chinaman, and become the mother of my children."

"You say she's after my money. All right. I never dreamed I could buy an American wife. Of course my ancestors bought their women as you buy cattle. They took several wives as a matter of fact and there's a manifest disadvantage in being limited to one, love is so fickle. But times change. On the whole, I must say that Chinamen then seemed to fare as well under their system of blind selection as you Occidentals do now in choosing your wives with open eyes."

"After all, one wife is about like another. Remember, I'm an inferior and offensive person: a naked worm, a putrid stench in the nostrils of your people. This jewel of your superior race, this intoxicating creature stoops and lifts me in her arms—white arms, full of love. She raises me to her perfumed bosom. Shall I deny myself that ecstasy? You ask too much."

"You can get white women without marrying them, if that's what ails you," Carter said stiffly.

Without heeding this remark, Sam continued: "The honorable Himes plays the part of *mei-jen*—what you'd call a match-maker—so the affair takes on a real Chinese flavor, doesn't it? Assure Miss Hart, through him, that her gracious condescension makes me her servile and obedient vassal for life, it overwhelms me with undeserved happiness."

"Promise her that she shall be the proud mistress of my three-roofed house, that she shall wear robes spun from shimmering moonlight and eat delicate foods from the thinnest of imperial porcelain bowls. A hundred docile servants shall bow to her. But no, my ardor runs away with me. Tell her merely to come and see me, so that my heart may speak its own message."

"Come here!"

"Oh, the illustrious *mei-jen* may come with her! He should do so. He's the one to discuss the wedding arrangements, the bridal settlements and such things. A quaint and amusing custom, isn't it?"

"You'll get yourself into trouble if you take this out of my hands," Carter warned with some heat. "Frankly, I'm not sure just how much you mean and how much you don't mean—you've been acting so queerly. Anyhow, she wouldn't have the nerve to meet you."

"Then, alas, I would be forced to doubt her sincerity. The issue would be left open and she could not go to court. Am I right? . . . Very well. You have only to state that I insist upon dealing directly with her. Tell her, if you please, that I have lost faith in lawyers."

"Humph! I believe that's a fact."

"Good! Let's conduct this delicate negotiation in all frankness and honesty."

## She still looked exquisite ~ but...!



You never know  
when a temporary  
deodorant will  
cease to protect  
you . . .

**N**EVER had she taken more pains with her toilette—the evening promised many things.

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Mr. Carter left in a good deal of a huff. Sam's message, as relayed by his attorney, was not wholly pleasing to Everett Himes, but Carter declined to do more than repeat his client's demand so an appointment was finally arranged, and on the afternoon set Alice and her companion appeared.

Moy, smiling, roguish and benign, admitted them. He was in a purple pongee suit and he ducked and bobbed deferentially; having seated the callers in the reception-hall, he trotted away on his noiseless felt soles. As he opened the carved door into the living-room they heard a high-pitched, singsong female voice and the plunking of a Chinese banjo. Moy was gone for several moments; several voices sounded.

Miss Hart, who was under a high nervous strain, rose and peered furtively through the half-open door, then she motioned to Himes. Sam Lee was sprawled on a couch at the far end of the room. He was in a magnificently embroidered robe and one languid arm was around the waist of a sh'ny-headed Chinese girl. Another girl, who held a thin-necked stringed instrument in her hands, sat cross-legged on a cushion; both were in loose Oriental jackets and pajamlike trousers, both were giggling and tittering.

Alice was both shocked and offended; she sniffed suspiciously, for she had become aware of a peculiar sickly-sweet odor. "What's that queer smell?" she whispered.

"Don't you know?"

"Is it—?" The questioner's eyes dilated. Himes nodded, laid a finger on his lips and motioned for silence. Then he cautioned softly: "Understand, now, I do the talking."

Alice faintly signified her assent.

Moy returned; he bowed them into his master's presence. Sam Lee had risen from the couch and he invited them to be seated. He took Alice's hand and kissed it. He ran his gaze over her and in a voice unnaturally thick and queerly disconcerting he began a ceremonial speech of greeting and of welcome.

Miss Hart's attention was divided between him and the two Chinese girls who had retreated across the room and were pretending to look out of a window into the roof-garden. They stole occasional glances over their shoulders and exchanged embarrassed giggles.

With their calcimined faces and carmined lips, their long jackets, embroidered trousers and tiny slippers they looked like two pretty little Oriental dolls. Their hair was stiffly pomaded and pierced with stick-pins and jeweled ornaments. Bangles hung at their throats; on their wrists were many bracelets.

Sam quite ignored their presence and continued to shower his visitors with compliments.

Alice noticed something else, too. On a tabouret beside the couch was a queerly shaped pipe, a peanut-oil lamp and other articles which evidently went with 'hem. An opium layout! The fellow was drugged. That accounted for his behavior, for his heavy-lidded eyes.

Yes, and for the presence of those simpering creatures with the shoe-button eyes. Opium-smoking was accompanied by bestial orgies. No wonder he looked at her in a way that made her flesh creep.

Everett Himes was speaking now; he and Sam were saying something about that Stevens girl. Heavens, how Chinese Sam had become! And what a change in this place since that night long ago. For the moment Alice Hart's mind reacted only to physical stimuli, to sights, sounds, smells. So that was opium. It was breathless and hot in here. That's how the drug affected people.

Sam at the instant was overriding some protest of Himes'—something about refreshments. "I insist," he repeated in that queer, thick voice. "On an occasion of this sort it would affront my household gods to ignore the ceremonies." He clapped his hands and called out something to Moy. "The best I can offer will be tasteless and unsavory but—"

Himes interrupted: "Miss Hart is pretty nervous. She didn't want to come here but I prevailed on her. This is a matter of some

delicacy and you understand my position in it."

"Perfectly!"

"I'm just a friend of hers. I thought Carter and I could—"

"No, no! Lawyers and undertakers are melancholy crows. Who would have a raven at a feast? In China when a man of means arranges a marriage or the purchase of a concubine he invariably treats with a go-between. Your presence lessens my embarrassment."

Alice Hart stirred and uttered a sound. "This is—something we can't discuss in public." She turned a meaning glance towards the Chinese girls.

The master of the house waved an indifferent hand. "Oh, don't mind them; they understand no English. They are merely my posture-girls, my playthings. Pretty little dolls. I bought them in China." At a word from him they came running and knelt at his feet. He said something more; they nodded and tittered. "They consider you very beautiful."

"I—suppose they're your affair," Himes said with an effort. "I'm used to such things but Alice—"

"We don't seem to be getting anywhere," that young lady broke in, more nervously than before.

Again Sam smiled, almost leered, at the speaker. "Patience! We have time. Let's sip our wine, exchange compliments, fling peacock-feathers back and forth."

"This isn't the time or the place," Himes asserted gruffly. "What is it, yes or no? You asked her to marry you—am I right? She wants to know what you propose to do."

"I have enough evidence to convince any court," the girl asserted.

"But why speak of courts, my dear? You long for me, I yearn for you. I bound forward with a shout. Marry you? Well, rather!" Once more he spoke, in some excitement, to the Chinese girls and they uttered thin squeaks of delight and chattered something to him. "See! It pleases them, also. You fill their hearts with joy and they surrender first place in my affections to you. They'll be like sisters to you."

"What the devil?" Himes exploded. "Are you drunk?"

"With happiness, yes. All my life I've wanted a white woman. The thought sets me wild. We Asiatics pay high for what we want and marriage is a cheap price for—Alice!" Miss Hart had risen with a strangled cry, but Sam leaped forward and clutched at her.

"Let me go!" she gasped.

"Never!" He drew her to him and his face was ablaze. "I'll marry you today, this hour."

"Let her go, d'you hear?" It was Himes speaking, and he, too, had risen.

But Sam ignored him, hoarsely he ran on: "I'll smother you with jewels, with love, with passion!"

"Let me—go, you beast!" Alice struggled, her face distorted with loathing.

"My arms are hungry for you. I'll make you forget you're white."

Himes seized the half-demented youth and flung him aside.

"Alice! Wait!" the latter pleaded wildly. "If it's these girls, I—I'll send them away. I'll find another home for them. I'll promise not to see them often. For heaven's sake, don't look at me like that! I'll be good; I won't touch you until tonight. See! I'm calm! It was only a frenzy at the feel of your flesh. I'll be your slave, this home will be yours, I'll choke it with the richest treasures."

Miss Hart had found her voice and hysterically she reviled him. Himes was storming at him, too, but Sam only raved the louder. The "posture-girls" screamed and cowered.

Alice ended the scene by suddenly turning and fleeing from the room. Himes followed her, cursing; he overtook her at the door to the steel stairway. She was sobbing and she cast terrified glances over her shoulder.

When the pair had gone, Sam shouted to Moy, saying: "Open the windows, quickly, and air this place out."

The singsong girls, his Oriental slaves, flung themselves upon the couch and rolled in

convulsions of glee, and he joined in their laughter. One of them managed to gasp:

"Oh, Mr. Lee, you're wonderful!"

"I surprised myself," he admitted.

"Alice! I bound forward with a shout. 'Posture-girls!' He bought us in China. Wouldn't that slay you, Iris? Do you mind if we tell Father and Mother?"

"Of course not. It was nice of them to let you play in my comedy. Burlesque, rather. I wonder that those people swallowed it."

"Why, they swallowed every word." The second girl was speaking now and wiping her eyes. "I thought I'd die when Hyacinth tried to play that banjo. And that opium!"

"Yes; and what fun to wear these darling costumes," the second sister agreed.

"Will you permit me to send them around to your home, along with the bracelets and the hairpins and everything?"

"Oh, no!" . . . "They're much too valuable" . . . "Father wouldn't let us," the girls protested.

"I beg of you. They'll come in handy for some fancy-dress party at your school. I'm sure it would please your parents to see you in old Chinese dress. I shall apologize to them in person for bringing you into contact with a degraded white woman, and now—could you bring yourselves to tackle that ceremonial repeat which I ordered for my other guests?"

"I'll say we could tackle it." . . . "Gosh, I'm starving!" exclaimed the girls.

Late that night Sam went alone to the house on Riverside Drive.

Renegade is not a nice word but the time came when Sam took a certain satisfaction in applying it to himself. He was indeed a renegade, a deserter, but he assumed no blame therefor inasmuch as he had been drummed out of his own camp for an offense of which he considered himself guiltless. Harsh treatment had destroyed all his liking for, had perverted all his faith in, everything American, everything white, and having been fed forcibly on nothing but indignities, it pleased him now to give his self-styled superiors a taste of his diet.

Of course there was precious little comfort to be had out of passively hating a whole race, but a good deal could be derived by actively venting his spleen against certain members of it. He was already at war with white men; his last experience with Alice Hart induced him to widen the scope of his hostilities so as to include white women.

It struck him as unmanly and unbecoming to avenge himself upon the weaker sex as such, and he did not undertake to do so, but the women he had known were, for the most part, mercenary, avaricious, depraved creatures and he took a malignant satisfaction out of exploiting them and exposing their vices. They pretended to scorn him, they shrank from his touch, but they did not scorn his money.

All right, it was his cheapest possession; he proceeded to use it in humiliating them as they had humiliated him.

Sam became a regular and an extravagant patron of the Oriental amusement places. He became the prince of spenders. The girls did not interest him greatly, for they were ignorant, coarse-fibered creatures and the best of them were conscienceless grafters.

Heretofore they had been able to handle their good-natured and excitable dance-hall partners about as they chose, but Sam did not permit them to handle him in any such manner. Prompted by his example and aroused by his derision, his fellow Asiatic amusement seekers took on the masterful ways of American men, with the result that the "clubs" and other resorts became nightmare places to the women.

Sam's loyalty was wholly racial, he assured himself, and yet for some reason it still angered him to see white girls in bodily contact with yellow men. It immeasurably degraded them, to his way of thinking. He tried to tell himself that quite the opposite was true but here again he collided head on with his Western training, his acquired prejudices. What ailed him, anyhow?

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The occasional marriages, of which he heard, actually shocked him; here was a positive abnormality, as he saw it. The women, of course, were rapacious, unmoral and wholly undeserving of wifehood; nevertheless he felt something akin to compassion for them. Miscegenation meant ostracism: their own people scorned them, as did their husbands' people. They became mere legalized concubines. And what about the children issuing from such unions?

He asked this question of a Filipino one night and received information that amazed him. Yes, children were a problem, especially among men whose pay was small. But fortunately, there was a simple way to get around that. Many Filipinos, and Japanese, too, had their white wives sterilized.

Sam stared at the speaker uncomprehendingly. Oh, it was easily done. It was an expensive operation, but cheap in the long run, for it enabled the wife to go on with their work. Consent? Sam's informant laughed. The women never knew what was going to happen to them: they were merely sent to a certain hospital on some pretext and when they came out from under the ether it was all over.

So, this racial repugnance which the white people jealously cherished recoiled upon certain of their own. Vice did not prosper them; greed, indolence, depravity led them into deeper sin and the race suffered. Good! It served them right.

Entertainment was in full swing, excitement was high in the place on the Drive one night when Moy sought his employer. This was not Moy's night off and Sam was surprised to see him, but the Korean explained that he had been forced to come.

A gentleman had called up Sam's house on the telephone an hour or so before and had insisted upon speaking with him. Moy had said that his honorable boss was meditating and could not permit his thoughts to be disturbed. Then he had politely hung up.

But the stranger had called him back again, not once but repeatedly, and had made blasphemous remarks about Sam's meditations. Moy had told him to go to the devil.

After a lapse of time the person had appeared in the flesh; he had stormed into Sam's house, with strident demands for immediate audience with the owner on a matter of life and death.

Moy had then admitted the truth that Mr. Lee was not at home.

But the person had roared louder. He had finally given Moy a hundred-dollar bill and begged him immediately to lead the way to his employer. He was below at this instant.

"Who is he?" Sam inquired.

Moy looked blank. American names were so outlandish.

Sam rose and went downstairs. In the ballroom, staring with amazement and incredulity at the scene before him, stood Albert Wagner. His face was haggard. When Sam spoke to him he started; he mumbled a hoarse apology at intruding. His expression was one of mingled loathing and entreaty as he said:

"I've been looking all over—I've got to see you alone."

"I assume it must be something important."

"Alanna's sick. Terribly sick. She—she's calling for you."

Sam closed his eyes. Through the blaring of horns, the din of frenzied voices, the scuffling of feet he heard Wagner imploring him, "For heaven's sake, come with me! It won't take long. Hurry, please! I'm afraid she's—dying."

On legs that threatened to give way under him Sam followed the older man down and out into the street. A car was waiting and into this they hurried.

Sam inquired through numb lips, "What has happened? Why does she want to see me? What can I do?"

"She doesn't know she's calling for you. She's delirious. Rest assured I'd never have looked you up if it wasn't necessary! It came hard, I can tell you. But I'll pay you liberally; you can have—anything." Wagner was too distracted to note the sudden stiffening of his passenger.

Sam spoke in an icy tone. "Don't torture yourself. I don't like you any better than you like me."

"Oh, I don't mean to offend you, but—you know how it is! I merely want you to understand that she doesn't know what she's doing. When people are out of their minds like that they're liable to—to do anything. That's what the doctor says."

"You'd better tell me what happened to her."

"I don't know exactly. She's been hitting it up, running wild, for months. I couldn't do a thing with her. I just—worried. I suppose she wore out, burned up; anyhow, she collapsed, all of a sudden. That was several days ago. I didn't think much of it at first. Of course I got the best doctors, and a couple of nurses. Some time yesterday she began—er—somehow your name popped into her mind. It stuck there. Not that it means anything."

"I understand."

"Well, the nurses began to ask who Sam Lee was, and if I couldn't get hold of him just to quiet her. She doesn't know what she's saying any more than a parrot; she hasn't mentioned your name in months. Anyhow, the doctor seemed to think—I—I'm acting on his orders, see? He said he often had to humor people with brain fever, give 'em what they wanted. Sometimes they call for people they scarcely know. Just a sick fancy."

In a sudden fury of resentment Wagner cried: "Believe me, it was a bitter dose! Going down to Chinatown! Chasing you from one dance-hall to another. You've got even with me for what Alanna did to you. Here I am asking a favor of you. It's hell, that's what it is." Wagner leaned forward and took his head in his hands.

Sam spoke, as coldly as before. "P'an-ku built the universe in fifty-one stories. Thirty-three are heavens and eighteen are hells."

"Huh? What?"

"You have touched only the uppermost bell. I've been through all of them."

For a while the two rode in a silence broken only by an occasional incoherency from the father and by his heavy breathing. "Tonight's the crisis. The doctor says—"

"So! You let it go as long as you dared."

Oblivious of Sam's words and his tone Wagner talked on:

"—through till morning she'll be all right. Or if we could get her to rest; to quit muttering, even for an hour or so. They don't know who you are—the doctor and the nurses, I mean, and I didn't tell 'em."

"Don't worry: I won't tell them, either. And you needn't fear that I'll presume when she recovers. I appreciate your embarrassment and I shall try not to add to it."

Wagner was plainly relieved, but the next instant he broke out in a panic, "She's all I've got. I can't lose her. I—I'll pay you anything, Lee. I'll bless your name."

"How can a hand be raised in blessing if it is filled with gold?" the younger man inquired.

A nurse met the two men as they entered the Wagner suite; she said there had been no change, she and the father left Sam alone. From the direction in which they had gone came a voice which the younger man did not at first recognize as Alanna's. It was throaty, flat; it droned along monotonously. Sam strained his ears but he could make out no words, all he could hear was an expressionless, unceasing rivulet of sound, the very quality of which affrighted him.

The nurse reappeared, after a few minutes, and beckoned to him; on tiptoe he followed her down a short hall and into a bedchamber. Near the window a doctor and a second nurse were whispering with Albert Wagner; when Sam appeared the doctor moved to the bedside and spoke in a natural voice.

"Here he is, Miss Wagner. Alanna! Here is Mr. Lee. Don't worry any more: he has come to see you. Sam Lee! Don't you understand? He's right here in the room." The sick girl continued to mutter.

Sam's breath lay still in his lungs, he gazed at the flushed face on the pillow, a prey to



emotions suitable only for his soul to experience and for the gods to see. Anguish and compassion peered from his eyes.

At a motion from the physician he moved forward to the latter's side, but Alanna did not recognize him; her lips babbled; her expressionless stare was terrifying. As the doctor ran on, repeating Sam's name over and over, the girl frowned in a troubled manner, her hands moved restlessly. Sam lifted one of them in his and it burned him.

"Speak to her," the physician directed. "Perhaps the sound of your voice—"

"Alanna!" Nothing is more appalling than a vacant mind: the total blankness in Alanna's glassy, unfocused eyes invoked a terrible fear in the speaker and a desperate yearning to aid her. His voice issued strongly but tenderly from his aching throat. "Alanna! Wake up, O Thousand Pieces of Gold! I'm here and your hand is in mine. Don't worry any more, Alanna! Sam is here."

Her hot fingers closed over his and pul'ed weakly at them; she uttered a peevish complaint. One of the nurses whispered:

"She wants him to hold her. Put your arms around her, Mr. Lee."

Sam turned a white, tortured face towards the father, who closed his eyes and nodded. "Your pardon," the young man said.

Alanna's head rolled, she cried out fretfully and lifted her arms. Sam bent lower and they encircled his neck, he felt her feverish cheek touch his. Promptly he forgot everything else. A wave of tenderness swept over him; gently he seated himself on the edge of the bed and took her to his breast. He murmured to her in a tone softer than any caress and she breathed a sigh of contentment, her lids closed.

The nurse who had spoken before whispered: "Hold her as long as you can, and keep talking to her. It's the first time in twenty-four hours that her tongue has stopped. Don't let her begin again. It burns out her vitality."

It is doubtful that Sam heard the admonition. In the agony of this heart-break, he and Alanna were alone.

Dazedly he asked himself what punishment was this that the gods had put upon him. Were they utterly implacable? But thoughts of himself were less than momentary; this suffering wisp of a creature in his arms was being tortured, too; she had endured flames hotter than his. Pity dissolved him. Poor little scorched wild rose! Brave little white rose! She had faced the fire until it withered her; she drooped now and perished for the dew. She found coldness only in his touch.

Punishment? This was no punishment it was reward! Do not the spirits who dwell in perpetual bliss envy man his pain? The compassionate gods had smiled upon him finally, they had given him his hour. Yes, and they had given him work to do.

Headless of listening ears, he spoke to those that were deaf and some faint echo of his voice must have reached the wandering mind of the sick girl, for it paused. She harkened. The doctor and the nurses apprehensively and yet with growing relief looked on.

Alanna had strayed a long way and she was very tired. Sam strove to rouse her, to lead her back. It was a task, however, almost beyond his power. Realizing her desperate need for aid, he called upon his father and his gods for help.

He was not aware of praying: in reality it was less a prayer that he uttered than a cry for assistance—a Chinese cry—and certainly it was unlike any prayer these other people had ever heard. He spoke to the girl and through her to that benevolent person who had never failed him in his hours of want; he called to the powers beyond. He implored Kwan Yin-ko, Goddess of Mercy, the one celestial being who is faultless, to show compassion to this child as she had shown it to that little girl-goddess long, long ago when China was young.

In a way Sam was repeating that story he had told Alanna, striving thereby to arouse her sleeping memory. Like Wilful she was lost and crying for her home; she was bruised and faint



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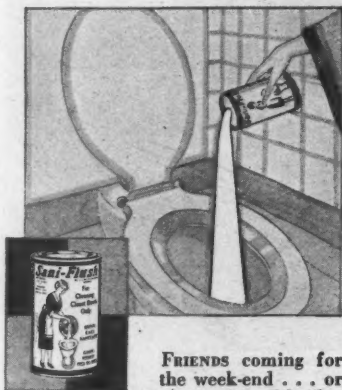
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but she was young, and her runaway journey was at an end. The gentle goddess had woven, for her bleeding feet, another bridge of bright-winged birds and butterflies.

Kwan Yin-ko! China! Girl-goddess! The physician and the nurses exchanged startled glances. They stared at Sam with a new and fascinated interest. Albert Wagner huddled in a chair, his elbows on his knees, his face hidden. He knew now, beyond all doubt, what had driven Alanna to this extremity and the most terrible part of it was that Sam Lee knew, too. This China boy! This yellow man!

She was lying on his breast. Smiling! At rest! He was coaxing her back, helping her along the path. But—the fellow was an out-cast, a leper. He smelled of the pit. An hour ago he had been holding other white women in his arms—despicable harpies! Alanna's face touching his! Feebly the father rocked his body.

Now and then Sam spoke in Chinese: that was when his mind, his boy-mind, unconsciously sought the deep-cut channels fashioned in his youth. He talked feverishly, continuously; he dared not stop, for he knew now, as did the others, that the sound of his voice was the one, the only thread to which this girl clung. It was thin and it was strained to the snapping-point.

Alanna's body lay quiet enough, but Sam was aware that her mind was a long way off and unable to grope its way back unaided. It was dark out there, she was over the hill and she heard him only faintly. In his love alone could she find stimulat on and so, in a thousand ways, he to'd her of it.

He called to her tenderly as his Silver Tulip, his Priceless Vase of Sat uma, his Exquisite Fragrance of Hyacinth. She was the flesh and the soul of his desires. Her voice was the laughter of tinkling silver bells stirred by the joyous wind. This was the poet-mind of an anguished Chinese lover speaking now.

He summoned the spirit of Lee Ying from its bamboo groves beside the bright celestial streams and implored it to 'lead this truant Willful back to earth.

Sam had never dreamed that the chance would come to voice his yearnings; he knew them to be futile but like the nightingale that pierced its bosom with a thorn when it sang its love-song, his ecstasy at this moment was greater than his pain.

The younger of the two nurses, the one who had directed Sam to take Alanna in his arms, listened intently. She thought it a very beautiful and affecting. Here was romance and tragedy; and how he loved her! It is every woman's dream to be loved like that. Surreptitiously the nurse blew her nose.

A considerable time passed, then the doctor spoke cheerfully to Albert Wagner, saying:

"Well, I think I'll pop off to bed. I'm pretty well done up. She's sleeping and there's nothing more to worry about. You'd better get some rest, too."

An hour later when Sam left the sick-room he found Alanna's father waiting for him. Wagner mumbled certain awkward words of gratitude, but he received a wintry smile.

"Don't thank me, sir. What little I did was not done for you."

"All the same, you've got to let me show my appreciation. I can't stand obligation. I'd go crazy owing you for—for a thing like this. You've got me down, with my face in the dirt. I'll give you every dollar I've got."

Sam winced, then his face hardened unpleasantly. "Money! Money! It buys everything, doesn't it? It makes everything easy. Well, I can afford to pay as high as you, so let's make a bargain. I'll give you all I've got for Alanna! That hurts, eh?"

"That's not the point. You misunderstand me." Wagner struggled to express himself. "I can't bear to be indebted to anybody, and to you of all persons." The speaker smote his hands together and began to curse impotently.

"He who gives you a serpent when you ask for a fish may have nothing but serpents to give." Sam uttered the quotation evenly but of a sudden his voice changed, it grew exultant.

"She's asleep at last. She has come home. I brought her back. I, the man you despise. She wanted me! Do you think you can pay me for that?" He opened the door and passed out.

It was daylight when Alanna awoke; that young, romantic-minded nurse was in the room. "Gee! I feel as if I'd been awfully sick," the girl said faintly.

"You have been sick, dear, but you're all right now."

"I had the most—wonderful dream."

"Yes, a wonderful, a beautiful dream. But we won't talk about it yet. Go to sleep again, if you can."

Alanna wondered drowsily why there were tears in the nurse's eyes.

Eileen Cassidy arrived home one evening, late for dinner, and as she scurried up to her room her mother called after her.

"Change your dress, dearie, somebody's coming after supper."

"Who is it, Ma?"

"Never mind. Put on that new blue thing and look your best. Make haste, for I want to clear off the table and everything's getting cold. Of course you'd be late the one time I'm in a hurry."

Eileen slipped out of her street dress, scrubbed her face and hands, then put on the "new blue thing," muttering the while. Callers! Of course they'd have callers tonight. A hard day at the office brought visitors as sure as hot weather brought rain.

"Sorry I'm late but I had to go uptown after I quit work," she explained when she seated herself at the supper table. "Who's coming, and why? I'll bet it's some of the family."

"Your cousin Peter Daly is in town."

"Peter Daly? My cousin? Who is Peter Daly?"

"Well, my cousin," Mrs. Cassidy said. "Peter went West before you were born. He was here this afternoon and he's coming back to see Dan and you and Jim."

"He'll have to wait up late if he sees Jim. I haven't seen him in a week."

"I remember Peter well," Mr. Cassidy announced. "He was on the force in Frisco the last I heard of him."

"Isn't it funny that we never hear from our relatives while they have jobs? He must be in dire need, to look us up. Gee! Ma can go farther West for her kinsfolk and dig up the sorriest specimens—"

"Peter's a prosperous man," the mother asserted. "He's on his way back to Ireland for a visit and he's sailing tomorrow."

"Ticket all bought?"

"Of course. He's a—"

"Glory be! What a relief to meet one with car-fare. He's the first one to claim kinship with us until driven by want. Usually it's 'Hello, Dan! Hello, Sheila! You're a sight for sore eyes, the both of you. How long since we saw you? Twenty years? Tse! Tse! And us living on the next street all that time.' Ten minutes of Irish folk-lore and then the family prayer, 'Give us this day our Daly bread.' The Cassidy and the Daly blood is thicker than glue. Take it from me, if Cousin Peter has a dollar in his pocket, he borrowed it."

Mrs. Cassidy was offended; she rebuked her daughter. "And who are you to be so snooty? Where would we be if—? And by the way, that's a thing I want to speak about. Malachy Daly, God rest him, was Peter's first cousin and he knew him better than I did. I was bragging about our good luck and he—"

"About our legacy?"

"Exactly." He thought I was kidding him and he laughed his head off."

"We should worry about Peter's sense of humor." Eileen spoke with her mouth full.

"He declares Malachy died stone broke."

"Humph! It's our turn to laugh."

"He says there's something queer about that money. I never could understand it, myself, with me a total stranger to Malachy, you might say. Peter swears Malachy never laid up a dollar in his life."

"What's his idea? Does he think there's



some mistake?" Dan Cassidy asked her. "Mistake nothing!" Eileen cut in sharply. "Banks don't make mistakes except in their own favor."

"I don't know. He worried me with his talk. I made him promise to come back and see you, Dan. Wouldn't it be our luck if it wasn't my cousin Malachy at all and if there's another Sheila Cassidy? God forgive me for such thoughts! And yet those letters from the bank were—"

"Peter would do well to mind his own business," said Cassidy, with a frown. "Malachy may have played the races, for all he knows."

Eileen nodded vigorously. "Sure! Or maybe he ran a little cutting plant in his basement. Just a case a day to keep the doctor away. Wait! Don't speak. I'm thinking. Oh, my Lord! I'll bet he's right. I know he's right!"

"Do you, now?" her mother exploded. "You read the past, the present and the future, don't you? Why don't you open a palm-reading parlor, Madam Thebes?"

"Don't call me smart: I'm not even bright. Gee, I've got a head like a hammer." The speaker rose and rushed from the room; her parents heard her at the telephone.

"Well, Cousin Peter said something. He bears out my opinion of relatives," Eileen proclaimed when she returned to the dining-room. "Now don't get excited; it's all right. I started to call Sam Lee but I knew he wouldn't tell me anything so I called Mr. Carter."

"I heard you asking something about Lee Ying. You don't mean—?"

"I do. I was a fool not to guess, but I made Mr. Carter tell me."

"Lee Ying!" The father was astounded.

"That old Chinaman!" the mother gasped. "God rest his soul! He was always doing something nice."

In much excitement Eileen explained, "I happened to think it was fifty thousand dollars those blackmailers tried to nick him for, and how he asked me a million questions about the family—your people, and everything—and it came over me in a flash. There's Chinese gratitude for you! Dear, generous Lee Ying."

Alanna Wagner should have been completely cured of her breakdown by this time, but she was not. Her strength returned slowly and she could not manage to take interest in anything; in consequence she was a very real source of worry to her father.

He had purposely avoided all reference to the happenings on that night when her illness had reached its crisis, for he did not like to recall them and he prayed devoutly that they never would become known to her, therefore he was immensely dismayed when she languidly told him one day that she considered it a pretty mean trick on Sam Lee's part to bring her back to life after she had so agreeably passed out. It would have been so much simpler, she said, to let the chapter end right there than to struggle on with it to an anticlimax, drinking quarts of milk and eating nauseating foods just because they were nourishing. Sooner or later it would all be to do over again, anyhow.

Wagner learned by judicious questioning that one of the nurses had let her tongue wag, so he discharged her and determined to have a heart-to-heart talk with his daughter as soon as it was safe to do so. In that conversation he promised himself to be ruthless and frank, and to make an end of this affair, once for all.

Such an opportunity occurred this evening. They had been discussing plans for the future and for once Alanna appeared to be in a pliant and an agreeable mood; she assured him of her willingness to do anything or to go anywhere he wished.

He began, after a few well-rehearsed preliminaries leading up to the subject, by assuring her that he realized exactly how matters stood between her and Sam Lee. He was deeply sympathetic, but it was a hopeless situation and she must make up her mind to face it.

Alanna listened with a faint glow in her dark eyes. "Um-m! You've finally decided to operate, eh, doc?" Then, when he raised his

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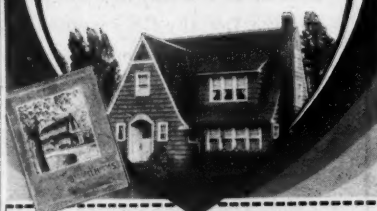
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brows, "Oh, I've seen you scrubbing up and getting ready for days. You're going to cut clean and deep and either kill or cure me. Is that it? Well, where's the ether cone?"

"Call it an operation, if you like. You must know it's utterly impossible to go on like this. There's absolutely nothing to be done and you're merely making yourself miserable by brooding over the fellow."

"Something could be done," she told him listlessly, "if I had the courage of a whipper-will."

"What?"

"Precious jellyfish, I could shut my eyes and marry him. I wish I had the grit, but—jellyfish don't have grit, do they?"

"You couldn't even do that, not after what I'm going to tell you. I hate to shock and disappoint you, and it sounds awfully hackneyed to say he isn't worthy of you, but it's true. He's a rotter. He's a dissolute, dissipated—"

"Darling! You tempt me to defy the world."

"I got the surprise of my life that night I went looking for him. I always figured he had some pride and decency; I assumed he was a Chinese gentleman, but he isn't. D'you know where I found him? In a rotten Filipino dance-hall! The most terrible place I ever saw."

"Yes? Where? Tell me about it."

Wagner acceded willingly enough to this request; in considerable detail he described not only that "hell-hole" on Riverside Drive, as he called it, but also the other haunts he had visited in company with Sam's valet. The picture he painted was vivid enough; Alanna listened with interest. When he had finished she astounded her father by saying:

"Poor Sam!"

"'Poor Sam!' Good heavens, he needs no sympathy! He's having a wild time with those white girls. *White girls!* And yellow men! Imagine it. That filthy joint sickened me. I never saw anything so disgraceful, so vile."

"I wonder if it's any worse than some I've been in. Have you seen those black-and-tans in Harlem?"

"Never. What are they?"

"Colored dance-halls. They're quite the smart thing and everybody goes."

"Did you go?" Wagner gasped.

At Alanna's nod he swore colorfully and with eloquence until she exclaimed, "Naughty, naughty words! Remember I'm still your daughter and blasphemy is horrifying to one of my age. Yes, I went everywhere, tried everything, but it can't work. Sam's doing the same; I know all about him. I hear every day. Now don't jump at conclusions. I haven't spoken to him and I don't intend to."

"Then how—?"

"He asked a friend to telephone the nurse every day and report to him on my condition. He couldn't do any less, could he? Well, I got her on the wire finally—she's a girl he grew up with—and we've become good pals. She was here to see me this afternoon. I think she's in love with him, too, so we have plenty to talk about."

After a moment Wagner said more calmly: "I'm awfully sorry, dear. You don't know how miserable it makes me to see you unhappy. But what are we going to do about it? Nothing. I wish I could help you break the thing up, but—"

"I broke it up once, in the only way possible," Alanna smiled forlornly, "but you and Sam spoiled it. Let's not talk any more about it. Run along, now, and amuse yourself. Please! I'm tired and I'd rather be alone. Honestly!"

"Very well," Wagner stooped and kissed the thin, listless face of his daughter. "I'd like to help you fight it out if I could, and if you'd let me. You're all I care about and I'd give everything I have to see you happy. You're hurt—awfully hurt—and I'd kill anybody that dared to hurt you, but—I'm helpless."

For a while Alanna tried to read but the book was heavy. Her eyelids were heavy, too, and her brain was weary. She was tired all over, and yet the doctor pronounced her well. How stupid doctors were. Fixed despondency like

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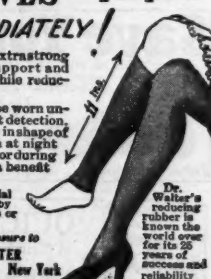
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hers, she assumed, not infrequently led to a permanent mental unbalance, and she should make an effort to shake it off.

On the other hand, insanity might be a relief: as a matter of fact, it would be rather nice to be pleasantly demented and have a comfortable padded cell of her own. Padded in lavender. How useless of Sam to try to forget: she had been through all that. The thing to do was to keep on remembering until you went blooie and couldn't think any more. Rotten luck for two people who had everything.

Her telephone rang and with an effort she lifted it. Eileen Cassidy was calling her but in such a flutter of excitement that Alanna did not at first recognize her voice. Even then it was hard to understand her. Speaking of insanity, this Cassidy girl was plainly cracked, mad as a hatter: there was no sense at all to what she was saying.

A white man? Sam a white man? The poor child was daft; hysterical, too, for her voice was shrill, she was laughing and choking and her words fairly piled up on the wire. Sam was not Lee Ying's son! That old Chinese importer was not his father! No, Eileen was probably all right, it was her own reason that had fled.

Alanna clung dizzily to the instrument; her mouth turned dry and she could utter nothing but broken sounds; her ears began to roar until she completely lost what was being said.

Well! It didn't take long to go giddy when a person started. A moment ago she had been sane enough, now she was in the midst of the most fantastic mental tumult. And yet the Cassidy girl was actually speaking; that was her voice; this telephone was cold and solid and she didn't feel at all strange in her head. She was awake, right enough; the lights were burning, her heart was beating. It was beating terribly, as a matter of fact, but otherwise she was perfectly normal.

"Wait! Please!" she managed to gasp. "I don't understand. Say it over again, slowly."

"Sam is an adopted child, or practically that. Anyhow, he isn't Lee Ying's son."

"I can't believe it. How do you know?"

"It's the strangest thing. No wonder you think I'm raving. Well, a relative of Mother's came to see us tonight, he's here now. His name is Daly, Peter Da y, and he knew your father when he was a police inspector in San Francisco. You see, Lee Ying came from there and Cousin Peter knew him, too. He says Sam was a founding. Lee Ying picked him up on his doorstep. There's no mistake about it. That explains everything, doesn't it? I mean about Sam's looks and— Hello! Hello!"

"Yes."  
"Did you hear?"  
"I think so. What does he say—Sam? Why hasn't he told me?"

"He doesn't know. I called his house a minute ago and he's out. Then I called you."

"Are you—sure?"

"About the news? Good heavens, yes! That's why I'm so frantic to find him tonight. Peter's sailing the first thing in the morning and it would be dreadful if— Sam's off hitting it up somewhere, I suppose. No telling when he'll be back. He ought to know right away."

"Yes. Yes, of course. Father must know, too. Could you come up here right away and tell him? I—I'm shaking so I can't hold on. Oh, Miss Cassidy, p-please come!"

"Why, sure. Now, don't let go of yourself. Stop it! Wait till I get there and we'll cry together. . . . We'll find Sam somehow. It all came out because Lee Ying left some money to Mother and we were telling Cousin Peter. Oh, it's too wonderful!"

Alanna did not remember who had the last word because for once she completely lost control of her emotions; she laughed and she cried, she stuttered and she choked.

That mental upheaval did not last long, but it served to galvanize her into something like her old self and she began to dress for the street almost before she realized why. Tears were still flowing and she was talking aloud when she faced her mirror and pulled her hat down. Sam was white! This nightmare had ended. She'd



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find him. He was probably at that place on Riverside Drive and thanks to her father she knew exactly where it was. She must hurry! She'd snatch him away if she had to wreck the place. The dissolute wretch! The darling!

Who were those female warriors who rode out and seized their men and brought them in across their saddles? Amazons! She was a bit weak in the legs and underweight for an Amazon, but that didn't matter. She laughed uncertainly as she hurried down the hall to the elevator. A wobble-kneed Amazon. Gosh! What a kick Sam would get out of this!

Her father's circumstantial description of that Asiatic club enabled her to find it without difficulty and she was admitted readily enough when she arrived there. The smiling Oriental on the door told her that Sam Lee was inside.

From the floor above came a babel of voices and the sounds of a restless, moving crowd. There was a reception-room at the right of the entrance-hall, which was now used as a smoking-lounge, and there several undersized Filipinos were grouped around a white girl. Alanna paused in the doorway and looked in; they turned eager faces towards her and when she moved on to the stairway a couple of them followed her.

An orchestra started playing, the dancing floor was filled with couples when the visitor mounted to its level; she pressed forward until a Japanese in dinner clothes halted her. She rightly assumed him to be the manager.

"Hello!" he said. "You desire seeing me?"

"Yes. I'm looking for Sam Lee."

The fellow eyed her inquiringly. "Ah! You friend of Mr. Sam Lee? You acquainted of Mr. Sam Lee?"

Alanna nodded impatiently, eagerly she scanned the moving throng. Her pursuers from the smoking-room were at her side now and both men were asking her to dance; she ignored them and spoke again to the manager:

"I must see him at once. Tell me where he is. It's a matter of importance. Quick! I'm in a hurry."

One of the Filipino boys addressed her brokenly but she disregarded him until he seized her hand, slipped his arm about her and undertook to guide her into the revolving crowd. She resisted and escaped only to find herself in the embrace of his companion.

"Let go, please," she said. "I'm not dancing."

"What's the matter you not dance?" queried the manager. "No other business is engaged here but dancing."

"I don't feel like dancing. I must see—"

"What you come here for? Maybe you representing police department? Everything here is conducted excellently."

"No, no! I'm a friend of Mr. Lee's and I must speak to him."

"So? Well, I don't see him tonight."

"But I'm sure he's here. The man at the door just told me."

"Mr. Sam Lee is not here."

This conversation had been carried on not without difficulty, for Alanna's Filipino admirers were insistent and they continually interrupted her; other patrons, too, were attracted by her appearance, for she was pretty, she was young, she was new. There sprang up an eager rivalry for her favor.

Alanna was accustomed to servility from Asiatic men, but these fellows were anything but servile, they were not even polite; they almost fought over her, and she was crowded this way and that. She began to feel utterly helpless and more than a little bit frightened. The proprietor was plainly suspicious of her and her appeals only evoked a shrug; then he made off.

The handling of men never had been much of a problem to Alanna Wagner, she never had experienced the slightest difficulty in keeping the most impetuous of her acquaintances within bounds, but these were not men such as she had known. They were grimacing apes, repulsive jumping-jacks with grotesque yellow faces. They leered at her, pawed at her.

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wandered in there by mistake. This inflamed the more. Beasts!

Her heart was pounding horribly and it hurt her. She wanted to strike out at these grinning, lustful faces. She was growing faint, too, and there was no breath in her lungs. But she couldn't faint here—not among these animals. The very thought terrified her. What a fool she had been to come here; she should have sent her father or waited. A wave of blackness rose and threatened to overwhelm her, but she fought it down. If she lost consciousness here what would happen?

In desperation she stretched herself higher and looked over the crowd. She saw Sam almost at once; he was coming down the stairs, but her thin cry was lost in the hubbub. Then the music stopped. Alanna screamed his name again and pushed towards him. But her knees bent, her bones were like rope. A fine Amazon she was! A—swooning warrior.

Never mind, he had heard her: he was charging in her direction. She could see the top of his head. She was growing numb and that black wave was rolling over her again. . . . No need to fight it down. Sam was coming. . . .

The room, the world was revolving, it was falling away and she floated over it. Higher and higher she was borne. Nice and comfortable up here riding on a cloud with Sam. Nothing to worry about with his arms around her. . . . Alanna sighed in exquisite contentment.

That downy cloud upon which Alanna rode ran aground, it began to bump and to jolt her roughly. A flat tire probably. What filthy luck! A voice was calling her over and over: it was Sam's, and he was shaking her. How rude of him! Why was he rushing her through a blinding flicker of lights and shadows? The film had run off its sprockets perhaps; anyhow, the whole theater was rocking and swaying.

Pshaw! This wasn't a theater, she wasn't riding on a cloud; this was a taxicab. Yonder was the glow of the meter and the back of the driver's head. That air felt good and those incandescent flashes that came and went were—street lights. Certainly. Whizzing street lights and this was Sam at her side. Probably she had fainted.

"Yes, you fainted." It was Sam's voice speaking. "Thank heaven you're better! Do you hear me, Alanna? I'm taking you home."

Her senses returned with a rush. "I remember now. How did I get away from that place and—those men?"

"I carried you out. Tell me how you got there? What a terrible fright you gave me."

Alanna was fully conscious at last. Feeling fine, too. How silly of her to faint.

"Sam!" she broke out. "You're white! White! That's why I went there."

"Yes, yes! We'll be home in a minute."

"I'm all right, honestly! I couldn't wait to tell you and—the man is sailing in the morning, so I had to hurry. There's nothing in the way, no barrier at all. Oh, Sam! Sam! You're not Lee Ying's son. It's a mistake. You're white, white, white! Don't you understand?"

The listener was agast. This was dreadful. Poor sick child!

"I understand," he said soothingly. "But please don't excite yourself. Close your eyes, we'll be there in a jiffy."

"No, no! Listen to me." Alanna struggled out of his arms, agitated words poured from her lips. She clutched at him and shook him feebly, babbling meanwhile something about Eileen Cassidy, a police inspector, San Francisco, Lee Ying, a white baby.

How could he face Albert Wagner? How could he explain where he had encountered Alanna? Questions like these raced through Sam's mind. It was bad enough to find her in that infamous resort, but this was ten times worse. Well, he had saved her reason once, perhaps—

He pricked up his ears and turned a startled face towards her, for she had ceased her gibberish and was speaking in a normal tone.

"Sam! Quit shushing me. If you don't stop treating me like a lunatic I—I'll let out a yell."



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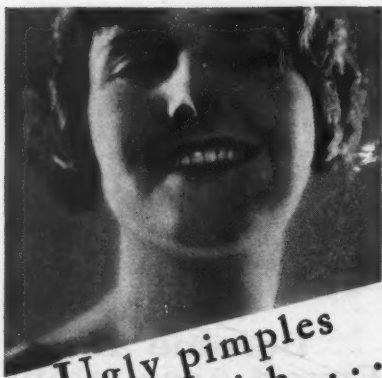
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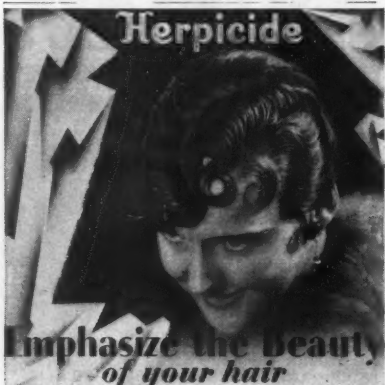
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I'm not delirious: I'm as sensible as you are. I'm trying to tell you something of the greatest importance to both of us and it won't register. It sounds wild, I know, and too dramatic for any use but it's true."

"A'ina!" he cried in a choking voice. "If you're not out of your head, then I am."

"That's better! Now then, I'll give it to you in a medicine dropper: take it slowly. A relative of Eileen Cassidy's, by the name of Daly, is in New York and he declares you're no more a Chinese than he is."

"Absurd! What proof is there?"

"Proof enough, I fancy; we'll find out when we get to the hotel. All I can do is repeat what she told me over the telephone."

This the speaker proceeded to do and by the time she had finished they had arrived at their destination. In a daze Sam paid the driver and assisted Alanna into the hotel; he felt sure this hallucination would be broken at any moment.

It was a half-hour later. In the parlor of the Wagner suite, Mr. Peter Daly, spurred on by Eileen, had told his story in minutest detail and none of his listeners had followed it more closely than had Albert Wagner. The speaker concluded by saying:

"There's no possible doubt about it. Dunne gave me his report on it at the time, and we talked it over later: how he saw Lee Ying pick the little fellow up on his doorstep and how the old man and his wife insisted that he had been sent in answer to their prayers. Dunne is still alive; he'll be glad to verify everything I've said. Mr. Wagner, you know something about the Chinese: they put great faith in their gods—the good ones do, and Lee Ying was devout. But the looks of Sam there is enough to prove what I'm telling you. He's no Chinese."

Eileen offered substantiation by declaring, "I knew Sam's father—I mean Lee Ying—better than anybody. He was my dearest friend. He always called Sam a 'Son of the Gods.' He declared he was more than a son: the Princess of the Colored Clouds had sent him. I used to wonder what he meant but now I understand."

"As a matter of fact, Dunne nearly got himself into a jam over the thing by talking too much," Daly continued. "I was on the desk at the time, and knowing Lee Ying was high caste and rich and a fine gentleman, we figured the lad would have a good home and amount to something. But some of the mission workers heard a rumor and began asking questions."

"They'd have taken him away and put him into a public institution so as to make a Christian out of him. Two to one he'd have turned out a yegg. Lee Ying got wind of it and came to see me in great trouble of mind and soon after he moved here to New York. That ended the matter. Why, I remember the kid well, dressed up like a little mandarin. He was one of the sights of Chinatown."

Curiously Sam inquired: "Who am I?"

Daly shrugged. "My guess is no better than yours. Nobody ever claimed you. But whoever you are, I guess you must have good stuff in you."

"My father d'sbelieved in heredity. He used to say that the virtue of a vase lay not in the clay but in the potter's skill."

Eileen's eyes were shining and she spoke with conviction: "They have fairies in Ireland, why not in China? Lee Ying knew things we'll never understand. He called you a superior being, a prince. I think he was right."

"And so do I," Alanna said softly. She laid her cheek against Sam's sleeve.

Daly smiled and then looked at his watch. "Well, it's getting late and that's all I can tell you. I'm mighty glad that I happened along in time to help two heart-broken lovers. Mr. Wagner, it looks to me as if it's about time to say, 'Bless you, my children!'"

The father rose, laid a kindly hand upon Sam's shoulder and said in a tone of utmost sincerity, "I can't see that it makes any great difference who you are or what you are, my boy. The only thing that concerns me is Alanna's happiness. I've been terribly sorry for both of you kids."

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Chinatown, always late in closing its eyes, was asleep when Sam Lee ceased pacing the walks of his garden and stared down into the empty canyons beneath him. Dawn was not far away. So, he was a white man! Lee Ying's virtuous acts had lived after him, his dead hand had reached forth and unveiled the truth.

This night had marked an epoch in Sam's life and yet the significance of it failed to stir him as it should. What did provoke a genuine tumult in his soul, of course, was the result of that disclosure. There indeed was something stunning, something overpowering, and he wondered if it, too, might not be the work of that beneficent spirit which looked after him. Lee Ying, the man of many mercies. Was this his final sacrifice? . . .

Much luck, great riches and high honor were what Sam's auguries had foretold and they had come true, but in reality, all those blessings had flowed directly from Lee Ying's hand: he, Sam, had done nothing to warrant them, he had not even proved himself worthy of them.

He was glad to know that he was white, nevertheless an odd resentment smoldered in the back of his mind; it offended him to gain stature through that fact alone. In what way was he better now than he had been at sundown? Yesterday he was the son of a gentle, a noble, a charitable and a godly man, today he was a gutter-snipe, and yet he had attained caste. His honors had multiplied. His princess had opened her arms.

Lee Ying's blood was not his in him ran the blood of some drunken roustabout, perhaps, or some furtive jackal of the slums. The mother who had borne him was not Pan Yi, of blessed memory, but for all he knew, an unwed woman of the streets. In that he must take pride. Great credit now attached to him. Chinese gods appreciate humor; doubtless they were smiling broadly.

During these several hours he had been saying farewell to Chinatown, to this high-perched home and all its deities, for with the coming of sunrise a new life for him would dawn and he realized that thenceforth he would be as much out of place here as he had been elsewhere. It had been a sad, a wistful parting; it had meant the tearing up of tender roots. As he had walked here under the stars he had been aware of a tall familiar figure at his side; it had moved step by step with him. Their souls had met.

How high Lee Ying towered over other men. What other son had known a father such as he?

Sam entered his house and went on into his own chamber. Slowly, meditatively, he disrobed and purified himself, then he put on his ceremonial Chinese robe, his cap with the ruby button, his white hose and silken slippers. On silent feet he moved to the door of that shrine where Lee Ying had bent in worship to his deities. He slid the panel back stepped inside and closed it behind him. He lighted the joss-sticks, then he knelt before the golden tablet on the wall and bowed his head.

When he spoke it was in the singsong language he had learned at the knees of Pan Yi:

"O Benevolent One, to whom I owe all joy and happiness, and whose virtues I revere, my prayers float Heavenward to you. In this still hour of the dawn your unworthy son is beset by loneliness and yearning, his love and his longing beat him to the ground. He gropes in darkness. Make him to know the permanence and the reality of truth. Cleave to him as he clings to you.

"You have resigned your earthly dignities and you walk clear-eyed beside the bright waters of celestial streams; all wisdom and understanding is yours. Pause, I beseech you, and plant deep in my heart the roots of faith in the reality and the eternity of our oneness. Out of nothing you created me, you clad me from your bounty; I paid you back in grief and disappointment but my soul is sick and it calls to you. A pearl is but a temple built by pain around a grain of sand; around the jewel of your love for me I pledge myself to build a stately monument to my enduring trust in you."

THE END

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**May-Breath**

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## The Crystal Snuff-box (Continued from page 59)

Peter—although her trust was daily having to face many dire attacks from within as well as without.

When Lady Mary Stanley, the disseminator of the piece of news about Freddy Langham, had departed, Isabel sat lost in anxious thought, in her own little sanctum at the top of the tall house in Grosvenor Square. What was the best thing to do now? she wondered.

She had long ago given up her idea that Sonia Varens had anything to do with Peter's strange behavior. Sonia was safely in Cannes and, report had it, engaged to an Italian *mar-chese*, so that was that. No! This was something much odder, more disquieting than any ordinary *affaire*. Once, in the beginning, her fiancé had blunderingly tried to discuss the situation with her.

"I'm always having these funny dreams now—can't get away from them. I get up sometimes in the night and walk and walk rather than let myself sleep, they worry me so! No—nothing definite—but it's always a woman! A woman who scares me stiff—and fascinates me at the same time.

"I wish to heaven I could see her face clearly. I see her eyes, and when she looks at me straight I feel as if she was sucking all my whole self, my soul and everything, out of me with her eyes.

"I feel often that the only thing that saves me from letting go is the thought of you! I hang on to you like mad—try to shut my eyes and picture you. And then slowly, very slowly, I seem to sort of 'come out of it,' as if I were rising to the surface and gasping for air, after swimming a bit too long under water!

"I can't make it out. I try to get away from her, but she pursues me. It's awful! At first it was only at night she came—in dreams; but now—now she comes as soon as it gets dusk!

"I come in late, and just before I turn up the light I see the gleam of her yellow gown, the shine of her great eyes—looking at me, always looking, with a sort of odd secret smile, as if she was trying to say, 'Let go, don't struggle any more; you know I'm bound to win in the long run!'

"And the worst of it all is, Belle, that I feel she's right; sooner or later she'll catch me when I'm too tired to fight, too tired even to think of you, and she'll win! I shan't be able to stand out any more. I can't make out why she wants me, or what she wants me for, can you?"

She knew! She knew that for some reason Something from the Outer Spaces, some sinister, ruthless Thing that once wore feminine flesh, had come near and touched Peter Wilbrough, and that he was right—unless something could be done, sooner or later this Woman who had come to woo him, to possess and vanquish him utterly and completely, would win—and presumably retreat, triumphant, whence she came, with her prey: the soul, the very inner man himself, of Peter Wilbrough.

The thought was utterly horrible. It couldn't be! It couldn't!

After a moment's indecision the girl ran out of the room, and in a few minutes, huddled in a fur coat, was pushing home the self-starter of the smart little blue car that had been Peter's first present to her after the announcing of their engagement. It was barely seven-thirty when she drew up outside Number Twelve.

A slightly surprised Sims admitted her to the apartment but its occupant was still out. The girl dropped wearily into a chair.

"Give me a whisky and soda, Sims, for goodness' sake! I'll wait. You don't suppose he'll be long, do you?"

Sims' long lean face was wooden, expressionless, as he poured out the required drink.

"Couldn't say, me lady. Very uncertain these days, Mr. Peter is, to be sure. Was you dinin' with 'im tonight, me lady?"

"Yes. We were dining out somewhere and dancing—just to try to cheer him up, get him out of himself a bit." She drank a gulp of the stinging spirits thankfully. "But I don't feel

like it, after all. Think we'll go and have a grill somewhere, and not bother to change."

"Right, me lady. Then I'll put out a dark suit for Mr. Peter."

The man moved to the door and paused. At the moment Isabel glanced after him and their eyes met in a sudden glance of understanding.

"Sims! You—know?"

The valet moved his feet uncomfortably and twisted the door-handle.

"I don't know, me lady, but I seen—what Mr. Peter says 'e seen—I seen the Woman!"

It seemed to Isabel afterwards, looking back, that at that moment there grew a faint Something in the room, a feeling as if a Presence, passing, halted and turned to listen, cool, alert.

"Seen Her!" Her voice sank to a whisper too, and it seemed the Silence in the room grew deeper and more dire. "When? How often?"

"Not at first. I useter think Mr. Peter'd just 'ad one or two extra when 'e talked about 'er at first. But then—I wasn't sure! I tried to kid myself it was just fancy-like, but it wasn't. I seen 'er the first time a day or so after Mr. Peter brought 'ome the Crystal Box there. I got a feelin' She's something to do with that thing. I don't like it.

"First she was just a whisper in the dark, an odd scent like a sort of perfume, that came and went quick as a breath. Then a shadow that wasn't just like other shadows, that used to stand watchin' Mr. Peter while 'e slept, and slip away be'ind the curtain or the screen when I stared 'ard—there wasn't nothing there, ever, when I stared *really* 'ard. But always just be'ind your eye, if you get me, me lady—a blink, and she wasn't there! Only a shadow—an ordinary shadow. But *before* the blink—she 'ad been there, I'd take me dyin' oath!

"Now—now she's clearer. It's as if she was more sure-like, and sometimes shows 'erself to me by way of sayin', 'Yah, boo! I got 'im, for all of you, and I don't care!' But me lady, 'er eyes that watch and watch 'im! . . . I pray the Lord she don't never turn and look at me with them eyes!"

Surely the room was growing cold and colder! With a huge effort Isabel pulled herself together and smiled defiantly, courageously.

"I see. I see! Well, we have to fight, Sims—what, I don't know, but something strange and dreadful. We've got to fight it, all of us."

Sims was leaning against the half-open door of the kitchen. As he turned to go he spoke.

"Fight? You can take it from me, me lady, Mr. Peter's got no more fight left in 'im, and I can't do nothing! I'm—outside. It's you that's the one thing She can't kill—yet. Mr. Peter's just 'angin' onto you. If she can once get past you, she'll get 'im, for good and all."

The door closed behind him, and silence descended upon the room. Lying back in the deep chair beside the fire, the girl linked her hands behind her head, the left starred with the winking emerald of her engagement ring.

Thoughtfully she twisted it round and round. It fitted very loosely; her finger must have got thinner.

Idly she drew it off, her attention momentarily distracted from the sinister conversation with Sims, and of a sudden dropped it sharply upon the glowing hearth—dropped it unaccountably, since she had been holding it quite firmly! Springing to her feet, she fished it out of the embers with the poker just in time—only to drop it again, and as she dived for it under the table, knocked it sideways most clumsily again into the fire!

A faint impression was growing, an impression horrible but persistent, that there was something more than mere accident in this endeavor to make her lose or spoil her ring.

When she rescued the jewel from the fire for the third time and, again dropping it, trod upon it as she stepped forward to pick it up from the carpet, the impression became conviction, and albeit her cheeks were hot with mingled defiance and terror, the girl spoke aloud to the unseen Presence that watched her.

"I know, now, you've been trying all along to break things between Peter and me! I know it's you that's managed to cloud his mind and his memory so that he forgets things, muddles, puts everybody against him, so that you can isolate him, get him all to yourself! I know—and I love him still and I'm going to stick to him . . . Now, what are you going to do?"

Clutching the battered scrap of metal that had been her cherished ring, the girl backed against the fire and waited breathlessly—oddly convinced, despite the emptiness of the quiet firelit room, that she spoke to One who not only heard but would answer, though not in words. Straightening herself resolutely, she waited, then spoke again.

"I'll tell you—I believe Sims is right. I believe you came into this place with the Crystal Box! And I'm going to smash it and see what happens then! It's my last hope—and I don't know what will happen, but I'm going to do it!"

Although her words were brave, the challenge was spoken in little more than a broken whisper—for in truth a Power was growing so swiftly, so terribly, in the shadow-filled room that for all her courage the girl was shaking in every limb. In the firelight the Crystal Box glimmered demurely.

Clenching her hands, Isabel stepped forward to pick it up, but reeled back, gasping and startled—for the Woman was there!

Behind the Box she grew swiftly into shape, one long white hand covering the shining thing as though to defend it. Though the shapes of the furniture, the outline of the window and the velvet folds of the curtains were to be seen through her, still she was there, menacing, grim—and horribly real, for all her shadowiness! Tall and slender and beautiful, but with a dark and lurid loveliness that terrified while it allured, in a yellow satin gown, with her hair piled high in a fantastic tower of black curls.

Half-numbed with the fascination of sheer terror, the girl noted it: that was the "hood" so many people had seen—that she herself had seen in shadowy profile against the blind that evening so long ago. Even as she stared, the Shadow seemed to melt, to waver. Surely the room was swiftly growing dark! The outline of the Woman was growing fainter, her yellow gown blurring into the shadows that poured up now, it seemed, from every side like streaming veils of blackness.

Only the glow of two terrible eyes shone out from beneath the shadow of that cloud of dusky hair. Like lambent stars of evil they shone, relentless, unwinking, holding one's own gaze with a fierce, dominant intensity that seemed to sear one's very soul within one . . .

Oh, poor Peter, what he had suffered! How he must have struggled, to hold out for so long against this terrible Power, this Will that forced one's own will down, cowering, impotent, feeble, however hard one fought!

Now the shadows poured up faster and faster; like long ribbons of hair they seemed! Dark streaming hair—long curling strands that wound and twisted about one's fingers . . .

O God, she was sinking, sinking into darkness—everything was dim and clouded except those two eyes, luminous, dreadful, merciless, set in a mist of streaming silken hair—hair that clouded, that stifled, that drowned, utterly and entirely . . . Peter! Peter! Help!

Indeed, it was fortunate for Lady Isabel Dillingham that Peter, wearily dragging himself up the last flight of stairs, heard the wild cry from within, and thrusting his key into the lock, tumbled distracted into the sitting-room. At the same moment an affrighted Sims rushed from the kitchen, and between them they raised the prone figure of the girl, from where she lay on the hearth before the dancing fire.

She had fallen face forward, and her congested face and stifled shriek told their own story—she was half strangled, and more than half—but after a strong dram of brandy, she came more or less to herself and, curled thankfully within the circle of Peter Wilbrough's arm, gasped out her incredible story. Listening, the young man nodded soberly.



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"I know. I've seen her. I know, my darling!" Reverently he kissed her hand. "But you've won, sweet—how I know, I can't tell—but you have! I knew the minute I heard you scream! All my manhood, my energy, my own self—everything *She* sapped from me—came back with a rush, and I know now from the 'feel' of things in here that it's all over. But how—"

He turned as Sims spoke at his elbow, holding out something in one lean palm.

"Ere, sir—I found it on the floor. Just fallen off the table, when me lady fell down."

It was the Crystal Box! Or rather what remained of it, for the fall to the tiled hearth had broken and ruined it forever, and only a few shining shards and fragments, a wisp of embroidered satin and what looked like a scrap of paper remained. Sims laid the pieces thankfully on the divan and retired, as the two lovers looked soberly at each other.

"It's done. I broke her—'focus,' or whatever they call it!" whispered Isabel fearfully. "I felt—suddenly, today, I knew that *that*, in some way, brought her at first, and if it was broken, her power would be broken too, and she would go away."

But Peter was already examining the scraps. "Look! I think we've got the clue to the whole thing!" He held out a folded scrap of paper, which evidently had been inserted between the two slips of crystal that, laid together, had formed the lid.

As the young man spelt out the old crabbed writing the mystery of the Crystal Box and its dreadful Owner was made clear at last and the haunting of Peter Wilbrough laid finally and completely to rest.

Within this Boxe I have hid, knoweing More than my Neighbours of hidden Things, a Secret Waye backe from the Dethe to wych I goe. Many I won to mee by the darke gloary of my Haire, and to my maister's service—for wych hee has enspelled my Haire so that it shall still serve mee, for all Dethe and His minions!

The paper, yellow and thin with age, was signed boldly—"Eliz. Denning." Awed into silence, the two turned over the remaining fragments, and a cry from Isabel brought her lover's head round, startled.

"Peter, here she is—on the back of the other piece of the lid!"

It was true. Painted on a slip of ivory fixed to the crystal was the miniature of a woman. Of the Woman herself—clad in a gown of yellow satin, her eyes, even in the miniature, dark and dreadfully intent beneath her luxuriant hair. And under the miniature in another hand was written "Eliz. Denning. Burnt as a Wytch. December 1668."

It is worthy of note that on further investigation the embroidery on the scrap of yellow satin was found to be executed in human hair; the posy of flowers in varied natural brown shades—pieces of her victims' hair, or so Isabel with a shiver avowed—and the legend around them, the strange words "Beauty draws us by a single haire," with a strand of the Woman's own. At least, it matched the picture's dark locks, and what of the strange words—"a Secret Waye backe"?

What should that mean, indeed, if not that while that strand of living "Haire" remained in the world of men, the Woman might find her "Waye backe" there, did she choose? At any rate the unholy thing was promptly consigned to the fire, and so the Horror passed away.

Two things only, remain to remind Peter and Isabel of the five weeks of terror: first, Peter has a rooted dislike of women, however charming, with dark silky hair, and second, a fine ineradicable white line like a scar around Isabel's delicate throat. Should the curious comment upon it, Peter hastily intervenes, for Isabel shivers a little, and a look comes into her eyes that he hates to see, knowing as he does how near she went to death to save him—since that sinister mark could only have been made, or so the doctors declare, by a single strangling strand of hair!

## Ah! Corns Lift Off!

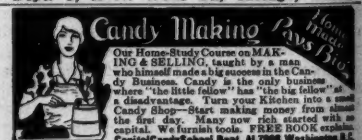
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TOMORROW ALRIGHT



## Red Likker

(Continued from page 27)

keel-boatmen sang that caught his fancy. It ran like this:

Come all ye fine young fellows  
Who have got a mind to range  
Into some far-off countree  
Your fortunes for to change.  
We'll lay us down upon the banks  
Of the blessed O-hi-o;  
Through the wildwoods we'll wander,  
And we'll chase the buffalo!

He loved it all and most of all he loved the semibarbaric rudeness of it—the company, the camping on bar or island, the thousand-and-odd-miles' stretch of gantlet-running between hostile tribes and past the dens of river pirates who were just as fierce and just as treacherous as the tribesmen and far shrewder; the mad debauch when the voyagers with their primitive argosies came safely to New Orleans—if they did; the long, leisurely, perilous journey homeward-bound over the famous and bloody Natchez Trail. He made three of these trips and each trip was gone for months on months.

That sort of thing was not for Isham, the soberer and more thoughtful, the cannier man of the two. He served his county in the first years of its foundation as a magistrate; later went to Frankfort to serve it as a legislator; and dying in the fulness of years, was, by his own direction on his death-bed, buried in his buckskin hunting-shirt with his long rifle in the coffin by his side, his bullet pouch at his belt, his powder-horn swung by its broad strap over his shoulder; and sewed fast to the front breadth of the strap, four black scalp-locks and one tawny one—the black tufts being from Indians of his own killing and the paler one a circlet of hair lifted for bounty from a Hessian shot by him in the Revolution.

Likewise from his death-bed the patriarch dictated his will, leaving to his eldest son, among other possessions, his "great distill" and to his second son his "least distill," meaning by that his lesser one. He provided suitably, and according to his means, for his third son and for his daughter Adelaide and for his aged widow, who survived him by two years; and finally out of his remaining store of this world's goods, made small benefactions for each of his four black slaves and for Kathie McMullen, the Irish-bound girl who had been superior servant in the household since her childhood.

He left, besides, six hundred acres of land, cleared and uncleared, with the buildings, the outbuildings, the plenshings and the gear upon them, charging though that this land not be parceled off but kept together as an inheritance for his male line. He left nothing at all to his brother Shadwell Bird, despite that Shadwell Bird, now an elderly man himself, had need of whatsoever might come his way.

Long before, the ways of the brothers who also were brothers-in-law had parted. Their parting was after the death of Hannah Bartlett, Shadwell's wife. He had one child by her, a male child and Gideon his name, before she died at eighteen of the spotted sickness which sprang up out of the dank new ground, so people believed, and which by the hundreds claimed its victims one wet summer. Then he took up with a half-breed Cherokee woman and by her begat a whole covey of black-eyed bronzy-skinned young ones.

That squaw-mothered brood of his was to be born after he quit the place of gently rolling swales which the brothers first had preempted, and squatted some twelve miles distant in the tangled country along the river in a place of heavy timber and shaly creeks and many dark hollows and as many steep roach-backed hills.

He followed the game—the turkeys and the grouse and the deer, all seeking denser coverts as the incoming streams of Easterners increased from living trickles to living torrents. The buffalo and the elk already had disappeared before that advance. Shad Bird was of



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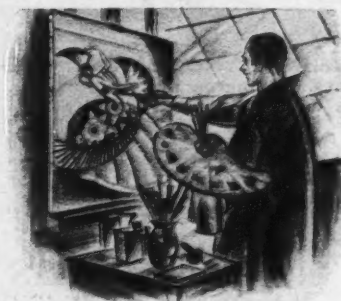
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those—and they were many—who rather would stalk down their food than raise it out of the soil. So he retreated as the cane-brakes did, to the remoter broken parts, abandoning the pastures, as the cane-brake had done.

It was curious how the cane which once had so thickly clothed this wide plateau fled before the farmer. You did not have to plow it out of your meadow. It seemed to quit the meadow of its own accord. This year it would be everywhere hereabouts, tall and lusty, and next year it would all be gone save for a few stumpy clumps, growing steadily thinner and punier.

As the cane went away a new kind of grass, spreading like a magic carpet, took its place on the "barrens" and in the made pastures. You had only to clear away the timber, grub up the roots, make sunny spaces where before there had been deep shade, and here it came.

There was a tradition about this grass. It was said that Fin'ey, the Irishman whose eyes were the first white man's eyes to look upon the great hunting-ground which the Cherokees called by the Algonquin word Kentucky, meaning the level place, brought it with him.

Daniel Boone may have been the Pathfinder but John Finley, a lesser-known man, was the Pathmaker, for he showed Boone the way. But long before that he, the adventurous trader, went with certain friendly Shawnee braves to their favorite camping spot of Eskippakithika and there set him up a hut impounded within a log stockade and spread his trade goods in his fortress.

As the story had it, he had carried his wares wrapped against breakage in hay grown of a stock brought by someone from Great Britain, and he cast this hay upon the earth and it seeded itself in the sod and presently grew with a luxuriance almost beyond imagining. So for a spell the pioneers of Boone's day and Kenton's, which also was the day of Isham Bird, dubbed it English grass or Lancaster grass, after Lancaster in Pennsylvania, where Finley lived.

But presently, marking how when the wind stirred the heavy seed-heads their yellow pods against the deep lush color of the stems cast a soft bluish overlay upon the whole rpling field, they fell to calling it blue-grass. But except in the time of ripening and except when the breeze rump'd it, it was about the greenest grass you ever saw. Cattle, feeding on it, thrive most amazingly.

Now Shadwell Bird, the ex-keel-boater, saw in the advancing blue-grass not a promise but a threat to his most beloved pursuits. So he took his gun and his chattels and his dumpy, copperish-colored mate and he went where the rolling lands gave way to the rocky lands.

Others did likewise and therefrom dated a cleavage both social and political, between the knob-dwellers, who as time passed grew poorer for the most part, and the slave-owning field-dwellers, who for the most part grew prosperous and very proud of themselves and their country and began putting on the airs of aristocrats.

That difference, that division, that contrast, was to persist through the next century and in a measure still persists on into the next century, which is this present one. It set men of a common stock off into opposing and antagonistic groups. It mainly made Clay men of the one and Jackson men of the other, since Clay in his time was the leader of the gentry, so called, and Jackson was the god of the poorer ones, the plain people. And after Clay and long after Jackson, it would, in the great War between Sections, lead armed men to spring at the throats of their own kinsmen and to shed blood that was in some degree at least the very blood that ran in them.

That would be in 1861, so many, many years after 'Squire Isham Bird was laid away in his grave with his rifle barrel pressing against his nonagenarian shoulder. We're coming to 1861 now.

On into and past that summer of 1861 the state still maintained the vain pretense and the empty mockery of "armed neutrality";

maintained it officially, that is, not otherwise. Day by day it became more and more a vanity, and yet more of a mocking and an emptiness. Today the harassed governor would by solemn proclamation warn the unheeding "Tennessee volunteers" not to profane the sovereignty of the soil; tomorrow would be answering Lincoln's call for three regiments with an indignant broadside by telegraph—"Kentucky will never furnish troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States." And while his distracted Excellency thus fulminated and thundered, under his very nose the citizens were organizing for the Separation or for the Union. This now was a household rent against itself—in the mountains along the eastern boundaries sentiment almost solidly for the old order of things, in the extreme western end of the state sentiment for Secession overwhelmingly strong, and hereabouts those richer central portions sundering by districts, by neighborhoods, by families.

Typical of this last was one county whose borders on its widest flank marched with the borders of the county wherein the capital stood. At its county-seat half a day's ride by horseback from the executive mansion, a squadron was forming for service under that young fellow John Morgan over at Lexington, who fancied himself a potential commander of cavalry.

There was no secrecy about it. On the contrary, there was a great advertising of it. From week to week a notice was published in the home paper calling for recruits. If a man could not furnish his own mount, a mount would be furnished for him. Report with your weapons at Lillard's general merchandise store on the main street two doors from the Mansion House. Signed, Attila Bird, Rodman Slaughter, Joshua Lillard, J. C. B. Desha, Homer Wickle, Patrick Francis Moon, et cetera.

All day and every day the back end of Lillard's store buzzed like a roused nest of wasps. On the afternoon of a day when it buzzed with a heightened vehemence, a gurgling but sinewy youngster named Tyler Watts bored into the core of the nest where, behind a table, there sat a tawny-haired, sparsely built man some three years or so his senior, and addressing him particularly, this youth, Tyler Watts, with the air of one bringing news, cried:

"Do you know what? That dam' Union crowd—of all the gall I ever heard tell of—they've gone and opened 'em up a murder right down here on the other side of this street not three squares from here—at Lindsay's harness factory. It's the truth, I tell you. I just come from there. They've got a flag up over the door and ever'thing."

The young man behind the desk, Attila Bird by name, eyed the talebearer quizzically.

"You must have overslept yourself, Private Watts," he said dryly, and at this from all about him there was a general sniggering. "Since early this morning the rest of us here have known what you're telling us. Some of us have known for weeks it was bound to happen. We sort of thought they'd probably wait, though, till we moved out before they'd do it."

"Then what're you-all settin' here fur?" demanded Watts hotly.

"Minding our own business—and plenty of it for us to mind," answered Bird serenely.

"But ain't you goin' to do nothin'? Air you goin' to let that cussed flag go on flauntin' and wavin' right in our very faces? Ain't you—ain't we—goin' to march down there in a gang and snatch it down? Ain't we goin' to jump 'em there in their rat-hole and clean 'em out?"

"Well now, I'll tell you, Private Watts, about those suggestions of yours: Speaking for all present, I'll tell you in a minute what we've decided on. But first I'll ask Sergeant Harve Sinclair here to say a few words concerning this flag."

A middle-aged bearded man, the oldest man in view, spoke up.

"Son," he said, "I still can't help frum havin' sort of tender feelin's with regards to that there old stripetty flag. You see, I marched under her—me and Zach'ry Taylor and some several others—and I fit under her, yas, bled



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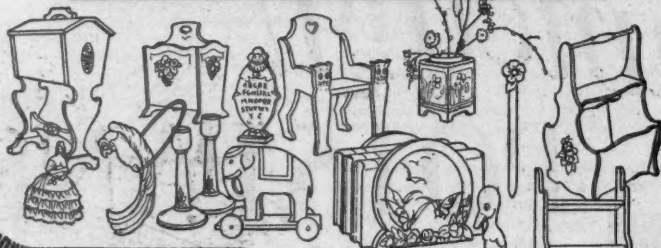
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a little bit under her, endurin' of the late war with Mexico. And there's boys here whose daddies and granddaddies fit under her in 1812, and yit further back than that even.

"Son, it ain't that flag we've got a gredge ag'inst, it's the fellers that air bidin' under her now. They're our middlin'-meat, or will be when the fuzees start poppin'. But that flag's all hunky-dory. Come to that, she's ez much our'n ez she is, their'n. She's fell into bad company for the time bein', that's all. And that ain't her fault, ez I see it and ez all here sees it. So let her flaunt!"

"All right then," argued Watts, "let that pint pass. But how about cleanin' out that there bunch of traitors to their own land and their own cause?"

"Hasn't a free-born white man got a right to be wrong—if he thinks he's right?" said Bird softly. "It's the brave man who takes sides when taking sides may be dangerous. It's the coward who waits until he sees which side is the stronger before he shows his colors."

"But there ain't more'n half ez many of 'em ez they is of us. We could handle 'em easy," demurred the newcomer.

"A second reason why we shouldn't go against them," stated Bird. "And a third reason is that we want no bloodshed here on the streets of the town where we live. There'll be enough good American blood spilt before very long to satisfy a butcher, I'm thinking. And a fourth reason is that whichever crowd gets licked in this war is going to need some friends in the winner's camp when they all get back home again . . . How do you happen to know how many of them there are?"

"I ast questions, that's how. And I went across and looked 'em over, close up. Through a window I sort of counted heads."

"Oh, you went across? Well, we decided among ourselves here that until we got away all of us would stay on our side of the street—this side, I mean—and leave them alone on their side. That was an agreement, now it's an order, Private Watts. But you didn't know about its being an order and since you did cross, perhaps you can tell us about how many have been sworn in. I suppose they're swearing-in?"

"Yas, they air. There's about fifty signed up so fur. But they're expectin' more."

"Fifty, eh? That's more than I'd expected. Still, that's a regular hothead of northern sympathizers out by the river. A good many of them are from the Knobs, I take it?"

"Some, but not all. They ain't all trash, by any manner of means. There's some slave-ownin' families—rich families—represented. More'n you'd think fur. That's whut gravels me wuss'n anything almost. F'rinstance now, Roddy"—he was addressing a handsome well-set-up youth—"f'rinstance now, your own cousin, John Brown Fry, he's there in amongst 'em bigger'n life-size, bein' all swelled-up and chested-out and struttin' like a cock-pigeon."

"Oh, that cousin of mine!" said Rodman Slaughter, and laughed ruefully. "Well, gentlemen, there has to be one black sheep in every flock. But Johnny Boy's our only black sheep. I can say that much for my tribe. His own twin sister has quit speaking to him—swears she never will speak to him again."

"I s'posn' probly you seen my baby brother thar, too—Willie Scarr?" said a hulking farm-hand, reddened and shamefaced.

"I didn't see him but I heard tell he'd reported. But I did see one of 'em that's sorter off-side kinnery of your'n, Tilla—"scuse me, I sh'd say Cap'n Bird. Your fur-distant cousin Jake Bird, he's there. They're talkin' of him fur their commandin' officer—him or Dunc Lindsay one. But Dunc, bein' well-off and havin' went to academy, he's more liable to git it, they say. But whut book-learnin's got to do with fightin', I can't see."

"But you do see how the rest of it is, don't you, Tyler Watts?" asked Attila Bird, his eyelids crinkling humorously. "We're a mixed-up outfit here in the Blue Grass. We can't afford to start trouble yet with our own people."

"But ain't no notice a-tall to be took of them renegades ag'inst our own dear Southland and

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our own sacred principles?" It was evident that this weedy young man had been listening to partisan orators and had imbibed some fine language. "Why, single-handed, I'll bet I kin whip any two of 'em, all by myself!"

"Don't worry, Tyler." Bird's tone was friendly rather than dictatorial. "You'll probably find fighting a-plenty where we're going. This is not going to be any ninety-day picnic. This war is going to last, that's my guess. Those crazy Abolitionists up North may think we'll just get tired and quit of our own accord pretty soon; and some of the fire-eaters farther south than this may deceive themselves into believing a Yankee won't fight you. But we who live here on the debatable ground—we know better than these fellows do what the thing is bound to be. We know it's bound to be bitter and desperate and hard-fought."

"Finally there's this: We, here, are not a mob any longer, nor a crowd even. What any of us might do as individuals we can't do as soldiers. Since yesterday we're a company and by your votes I was elected the captain of this company and from this on we'll have discipline in the ranks or I'll know the reason why." He was snapping the words out now.

"You forgot to salute just now, Private Watts, when you ran in here in such a swiftness. Don't forget next time! But for your own information I may tell that before we ride away tomorrow morning, due and proper notice will be taken of the presence of that headquarters of theirs down at Lindsay's harness factory." Behind his hand he winked to sundry men who shared with him a certain secret. "Now, Lieutenant Slaughter, let's go over those muster-rolls and check up on 'em once more!"

It was threatening rain, an overcast but hot morning when, having saddled up in the lot behind the livery-stable adjoining their rendezvous, the troopers rode out upon the highway which ran north and south. There was a symbolism about the way this highway ran. Over it these volunteers would ride today—going south. Over it, also, tomorrow or the next day, perhaps, another file of men would go forth—tramping northward.

Those who went this day were nearly all young men, many of them slim supple boys in their teens. There was little about them to suggest a military unit—no uniforms yet, a mixture of weapons for equipment, gay rag-quilts rolled behind their saddles for bedding, pots and pans tied on fore and aft like curious excrescences, like metal malformations.

An effort at moving in squad formation was resulting only in a confused straggle. But every man among them sat his horse easily; was at ease on a horse, that was plainly to be seen. And they had a bugler and a color-bearer and their leader had a crimson sash bound about his slender waist.

A few were better dressed, better caparisoned, better provided for than the rest. Three or four had with them black body-servants who were mounted on stout work-horses whereas their masters rode thoroughbred stock. These excited darky boys were grinning broadly, their white teeth showing in their black faces.

For the moment, however, the skylarking spirit which until now had marked their plans for embarking on this gay rollick called going to war was gone from the white troopers. This was good-by for them. Right down the street yonder, lining both sides of the dusty roadway, filling the sidewalks, the front yards, the doors and the windows, their kinspeople and neighbors and friends were waiting; their womenfolk too, wives and mothers and sisters and sweethearts and, in a few instances, daughters—all waiting to bid them good-by and wave to them and cheer for them and watch them cantering away to join forces with that young fellow Morgan's men.

They passed the Mansion House, passed the court-house, passed the center of things where the crowds were thickest. On beyond there, the head of the column came abreast of Lindsay's harness factory and then their newly chosen captain gave the order to halt. He

turned his mare so that he looked toward a clump of men, fifty or sixty of them, who massed on the narrow sidewalk upon the left.

The looks upon the faces of these grouped men were watchful, in some instances sullen, in one or two cases obviously apprehensive—not daunted but uneasy. They were all very quiet. Perhaps half of them were armed. Fowling-pieces and rifles were in their hands, pepper-box pistols and derringers and butcher-knives in belts about their middles. Above their heads a small United States flag hung limp and skimpy in the heat.

In the forward row of them was young Duncan Lindsay, gallant and debonaire and smartly groomed, a recent graduate of an eastern college. He was smiling slightly—a smile with nervousness behind it.

Alongside him and topping him by half a head, stood Jacob Bird, a spindly but wiry-looking figure, with very black eyes and a swarthy skin and—strange complement for such coloring—a crop of pale reddish hair. He was bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves. He was not smiling. As the riders swung about, facing his party, Jacob Bird's right hand closed on the grip of a heavy cap-and-ball pistol.

Attila Bird caught the movement and the menace that was in it. He threw up his right arm, the palm of the hand outward and open in a gesture that was part a salute, part a hail.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, in his high-pitched whimsical voice, "I crave your indulgence. For myself and for these gentlemen here, I have something to say to you."

"We'll be glad to hear anything you care to say—within bounds," replied young Lindsay.

"I shall endeavor to keep within bounds, thank you," returned Bird. "As you may have heard, gentlemen, we purpose going away today. We understand that you shortly contemplate a departure—in the opposite direction from ours. We are all of us Kentuckians. Most of us grew up together in this old county. We have been playmates, schoolmates, neighbors friends. Some of us are kinfolks."

He let his eyes flicker toward his frowning cousin, then sideways and rearward to where his younger brother, Don Carlos Bird, in the ranks behind him bestrode a prancing gelding.

"We are parting now. It may be for a long time. When next we meet—if we do meet—it may be that we'll look upon one another's faces through gunpowder smoke. And not all of us are coming back again, either. So, gentlemen, we have stopped today to bid you farewell and to wish for each one of you good luck and a safe return even though we do not wish your cause good luck. We claim there's neither treason nor disloyalty there. Will you shake hands with us?"

"We'll do more than that, Attila Bird!" shouted Duncan Lindsay, his voice suddenly grown husky and tremulous, and with a graceful sweeping bow, off came his new black hat of shiny varnished straw. "We'll give you a real genuine Kentucky yell as you go away."

Bird spurred his horse forward. "Jake!" he cried out in a half-bantering tone as he bent in the saddle. "I'll start with you—away back yonder we budded from the same vine. Turn loose that pop-gun and touch flesh with me."

But Jake Bird seemed not to hear him. He was wriggling back into the press behind him—the only man of his company who pressed rearward. The rest all shoved forward, their hands outstretched, their features working.

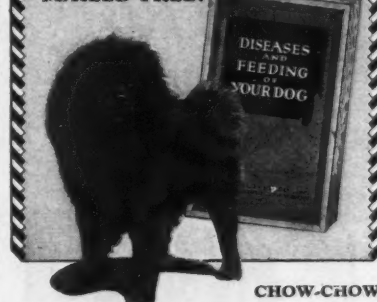
With a jostled clatter from pendent frying-pans and a battered coffee-pot, a blocky equestrian—one Gabe Scarr—slid off his plow-horse. Blubbering loudly, he roughly seized a seventeen-year-old weepy-eyed boy out of the huddle of the Federalists and squeezed him to his breast.

"You durned stubborn deluded little fool!" he exclaimed. "You mind wot Mammy told you and you take good keer of yourse'f. 'Cause ef you don't, I'm a-goin' to—I'm a-goin' to—" He glared over his brother's shoulder. "Dunc Lindsay, gol-dern you, you look out fur this here little fool. Don't you let nothin' happen to him. 'Cause ef you do I'm a-goin' to

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frail the daylights out of you next time I see you."

"I'll look after him, Gabe," answered Lindsay, his shaky laugh rising clear in the tumult.

"By Godfrey, Dunc Lindsay, you'd better!" They broke grips, fell apart, both factions whooping hoarsely. The troopers re-formed, went off down the hoof-pocked road in a thumping hand-gallop their little standard whipping out, their bugle sounding, the dust rising and swirling until its gray curtain hid the twinkling feet of the horses. Their shapes diminished in the humid distance and the bugle note came back to the ears of these they were leaving behind them as a thin faint trickle of music; and a countrywoman in a bunchy black calico frock ran out into the middle of Main Street and stood there, her arms widely and stiffly extended in the posture of one nailed to a cross, and bleated and screamed. "He's gone!" she was proclaiming. "He's gone. My onliest boy child is gone from me—gone, gone, gone!"

The sound of her grief rose in a shrill screech. She stood there, the living cruciform, a heart-breaking, heart-broken spectacle.

Down from her veranda and out into the roadway came swiftly Mrs. Judge Bledsoe, who was dignified and cultured, a Roman mother among mothers, one who was credited with having said grimly, just the week before, "Mine tell me they're ready and waiting. If they don't go, I'm going to kill them with my own hands; and if they do go, it's going to kill me." She had said it smilingly, while blinking very fast to keep back the tears. This morning, dry-eyed and outwardly placid, she had seen them depart.

Now she strove to take this countrywoman in her arms and comfort her.

"I've sent three of mine off," she said. "All I had. I sent them proudly, gladly. I wish I had more sons to give . . . Come along with me, won't you? Come on into my house. We'll have a good cry together. I've just been saving up for a good cry."

But the stretch-armed countrywoman was not to be comforted.

"You've got three," she answered. "You're rich in sons. I'm poor—I ain't got only jist the one. Let me be, you woman. I can't bear it—oh, I can't bear it! He's gone, he's gone!"

Quite near by was another countrywoman and this one did not sob or wail, but with a sudden terrible fierceness pounced on a gaunt man, downcast and stern-looking, who until now had kept himself half hidden behind one of the tall wooden pillars of the court-house with his hungry eyes staring at that diminishing dust cloud to the southward. She clutched him by both sleeves and dragged him down the steps and out into the open.

"All my life till this minute I've minded you, James Menifee," she declared loudly. "Because I'm your lawful wedded wife, I've minded you in all things. But now, now fur onc't you're goin' to do ez I say, not ez you say."

As though for vindication of her disobedience, she turned to those about them.

"Because he holds by the Union, he wouldn't give our boy his blessin', not even today," she told them. "He wouldn't say nothin' a-tail to him, not a single word. He wanted that I shouldn't come in to tell him good-by. But when I was gone he sneaked off and followed along behind me, unbeknownst—this man, my husband, my Hal's father, and him a preacher!" She shook the man violently.

"You're a preacher, ain't you? You call yourself a preacher of the Gospel! All right then, you pray to your God that He'll send our Hal back safe and sound. Pray, I tell you!"

"Loose your holts on me, woman, and I'll pray," he said.

She released him. He closed his eyes and lifted his face toward the murky skies and in a quick hush which had fallen on this particular group he began.

"O Merciful Father," he prayed, "in this, the dreadfulest hour of its need, save Thou this here beloved Union of ours. Preserve it, O Lord, frum them that wouldst destroy it.

Don't let traitors tear down and tromple on this Union that was boughten and paid for with the blood of our fathers. Don't—"

"Not that, not that!" she bade him. "It's him you got to pray fur, here and now!"

He went on: "O Lord God, save this Union, like I just now ast you, but O Dear God, save also this here woman's misguided son, her—" He faltered, his voice cracking and choking, then in a great strong voice of pleading: "Yes, God, our son, our first-born! Spare him, God, and send him back to her—to us—to me, God! Send my boy back to me! Fur the sake of Your own begotten Son, Jesus Christ, Amen!"

When the others there looked once more to the south, the little dust cloud was gone.

Four years of it, nearly, and in the spring of the fourth year of that war, on a showery coolish morning, Private Don Carlos Bird lay face downward on the wet and muddied earth in what had been a fence corner, with his feet to a smoldering fire of fence rails. Two years of riding with Morgan's Raiders; one year of a Northern prison where he caught dysentery and jail fever and the vermin fed on him; then exchanged and through this last year serving here in Virginia with a Louisiana foot-regiment—that had been this soldier's record.

He was a seasoned veteran, a man who had seen a dozen pitched battles and skirmishes past counting, and he was not yet twenty-one years old. He was in fact a worn-out, starving boy and he was crying bitterly. He was crying partly from weakness but mainly because the day before Lee had surrendered. He was a rack of bones, a rag scarecrow, a famished half-naked shell, and his weeping wrenched his frame.

"Hello there, Reb," said a voice, speaking almost over him. From the pillow of his folded wasted arms, he lifted a begrimed and streaked face that was fuzzed over with straggly whiskers. One of the victorious bluebellies, a heavy man, heavily burdened, well-fed-looking, in a whole but weather-beaten uniform, was standing above him. Bird stared and said nothing.

The Yankee grinned—gloatingly, the other thought. "Hello, young Reb," he said again. "If you feel like you look, I'd say you must be feelin' purty dauncy!"

"Damn you!" Bird said. "If you've come here to laugh at me and taunt at me, I'll kill you!" Feebly, he was getting to his knees.

"Hold your horses, buddy. I didn't come here to laugh at you, not 'specially, I didn't. I come here under orders to find you."

"Orders to find me? I've surrendered—er my general has."

"Well, leas'twise, orders was to find some such a-lookin' Johnny as you are. You 'pear to fill the bill about as well as any I've seen. Tell me something: About how long has it been since you had a real square fillin' meal of shore-nuff human vittles in you?"

"What business is that of yours?"

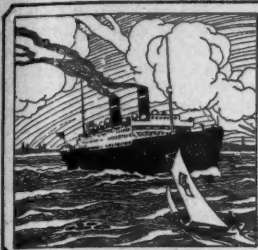
"Makin' it my business. Go on, tell me, son! I'm right wishful to know."

"I can't hardly remember, it's so far back. During the last two weeks I lived mostly on parched corn—until my gums and my teeth got too sore. The last meat I had was about a week ago when I killed a rat in a corn-crib and cooked him on a ramrod."

"Sort of thought as much; anyhow, my colonel did. Colonel Trautman, Nineteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers—that's him. He had the idee." While he was saying these things the stranger was wriggling out of his soiled canvas pack and undoing it and producing a skillet, a blackened pot, then various small wrapped parcels. "Yep, the colonel he says to all us boys for each one to draw him a double ration this mornin' and go find a hungry Johnny and go sheers with him on breakfast."

"You jest lay still and leave me kick up some of these here live chunks till they get blazin' good and 'bout ten minutes from now you and me are goin' to be eatin'. Here's some belly and here's hardtack bisquits—I'll be soakin' them soft—and here's some coffee and here's some sugar and now then, by gummin', if here ain't a chunk of salt-horse!"





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"Hush up your talking, I can't stand it!" cried Bird. "And pardner, for Lord's sake hurry!" It was his mouth that watered now, not his eyes.

Presently there was breakfast. The Yankee didn't eat much although he seemed a man who ordinarily might prove a willing gormandizer. Bird did most of the eating.

Having eaten, a false strength came to him. He stood on his legs; made ready to move off. "What you fixin' to do now?" asked his late host.

"I'm going home," said Bird. "At least I'm heading for there. I reckon there's nothing else for me to do—this war's about over, I figure. I haven't seen my home for it's going on three years and nine months now."

"Where is home for you, cumrud?"

"West of here—almost due west, I'd say."

"How far west?"

"A matter of three hundred miles, I guess."

"Calculate to ride or walk?"

"Walk."

"Humph!"

The Northerner was squinting at Bird's feet. They were wrapped in ravelly torn scraps of sacking and from these wrappings the toes showed crusted with dried dirt.

"Here, wait a bit, cumrud," said the Federal. He hunkered down on a pile of rails and undid the clasps of his heavy cowhide half-boots and drew the boots off. Then, after a brief consideration, he also took off his thick cotton socks which originally had been white and were now caked with damp dust but entire.

"Here," he said, "you take and wear these here. I ain't requirin' 'em—I got a still better pair of brogar in my traps jest over there where we're camped."

The transfer was made. Dry-shod young Bird went limping across the trampled miry field. The older man barefooted, stood watching him go. Bird had traveled perhaps fifty rods before it occurred to him that he had not thanked his benefactor. He looked back.

The big Yankee was staring at him. The Yankee did a funny thing. He straightened stiffly and his right hand came up to the brim of his blue fatigue cap in a sharp and nappy salute.

Down in the heart of the shattered and collapsed Confederacy, in a district of piny woods, empty weed-grown cottonfields and red-clay gullies a district which lay just over the Georgia line on the South Carolina side, Colonel Attila Bird rode with his regiment. It was still called a regiment; it was of the strength of perhaps a company and a half. Now it was on its own, as the catchword is, but until the day before it had been acting as escort to a fugitive cabinet fleeing southward from Richmond and also as guard to the Confederate Treasury, so called, which mainly was a deficit and a joke.

So far as its commander and the members of his command knew, theirs was the last remaining unit of troops under organization and discipline east of the Mississippi River. The country was full of soldiers, though, traveling not as they were but singly or in small bodies—stragglers, paroled men, deserters, discharged prisoners, mustered-out men. The country bore surprisingly few evidences of war. Physically it almost was unscathed but idleness lay on it like a blight.

This skeleton regiment on their crow-bait horses rode past a forlorn homestead where a drove of razorbacks rooted in a sedge-field.

"McCloskey," said young Colonel Bird—he being now twenty-seven years old—to his acting adjutant, "here's where we feast high. Bore one of those shots."

The sounds of McCloskey's shooting brought an elderly woman out of the unpainted farmhouse.

"Ain't it bad enough we'll be at the mussy of the first bunch of Yanks that'll come this way, without our own soldiers preyin' on the little that's been left to us?" she demanded. "The South's licked, all our boys are comin' home, so why can't you boys do the same?"

"Madam," Colonel Bird answered her and,

so doing, jauntily lifted the battered wreck of a slouch-hat to which a wispy blob of black ostrich-feather still adhered—"madam, pardon me, but the South has not been licked. The South merely wore itself out whipping the North and had to quit from sheer exhaustion."

"Don't try to soft-soap me. That's my hawg you've went and stole. Where-all do you boys come from anyway?"

"From Kentucky, madam, at your service."

"Well, why don't you put out and go on back to Kentucky then? The war's done over."

"Madam," and Colonel Bird's smile was very gentle, "South Carolina started this war but Kentucky has undertaken the job of closing it out. Madam, good day to you and thanks for your hospitality. McCloskey, detail some pall-bearers to bring along the deceased."

They clumped away singing, "If You Want to Have a Good Time Join the Cavalry."

So far as they were concerned, they did close out that war three days later when they found somebody purporting to speak for a government which no longer had the substance of a government but merely was a shadow of it and a name. Thereafter they followed the pig lady's advice—they put out for home.

It was not exactly a coincidence that the two brothers, the one jogging northward out of the Carolinas, the other trudging westward from Appomattox, should meet and join for the last lap of their homeward journeys. On the part of one it was by design that they met.

Nursing his worn-down mount along, Colonel Bird came up out of Tennessee, moving by slow stages. He had his oath of allegiance in his pocket and practically nothing else. The reckless gaiety which had buoyed him through those last desperate and despairing campaigns had left him. About him there was a sort of matured soberness as though he had grown middle-aged before his time.

On a day which was the second day after he had emerged out of the foot-hills on the eastern edge of the blue-grass section, he found his younger brother sitting by a milestone at a crossing where roads forked. Their greeting was quiet, almost casual.

"Day before yesterday I ran into Major Clode and two or three others heading for Anderson County," explained Don. "He told me you were coming along close behind him. So I sat down to wait for you."

Side by side, the colonel leading his stumbling horse, the brothers traveled that day and, traveling, exchanged experiences, commented on the decayed, neglected aspect of the country, spoke much of the past and very little of future prospects. In their hearts they still were soldiers; the civilian view-point had not reentered them.

"I've heard one or two pieces of gossip that'll interest you," said Don presently. "That half-way quarter-breed great-uncle of ours—old Giles Bird—is in the state senate from our district. He's the oldest man in it and the bitterest, so I hear—would like to hang all of us Seceshes to a sour-apple tree."

"He never was a particularly sunny-tempered person, old man Giles wasn't," commented Attila. "There's that spatter of Indian blood in his strain."

"Losing Jake didn't sweeten up his nature much, I reckon, either," said Don. "Jake was his favorite grandson; he set big store by him."

"Losing Jake? How did Jake get lost?"

"Killed at Kenesaw Mountain."

"So?" answered Attila indifferently. It was not that he was cold-blooded or calloused; but seeing men killed, hearing of other men being killed—these things had been his daily portion for so long.

Then after a bit he added: "Well, I was in that Kenesaw Mountain rookus myself—got a Minie ball through the calf of one leg there. For all I know, Jake may have been facing me from just across the line."

"I've never even so much as been scratched or grazed, let alone getting a real wound," said Don Carlos. "I reckon the lead to kill me hasn't been molded yet."



"Now it never will be," Attila told him. "Your sweetheart's still waiting for you," said Don Carlos. "I heard that yesterday."

"I knew she would—Sally's the kind that sticks," said Attila. "I want to get married the very first thing. Lord knows what I've got left to get married on though!"

They slept that night at the roadside under his pair of threadbare blankets, breakfasted next morning at a shanty where an old black woman gave them a share of what she had.

About ten o'clock the two were skirting the belt of broken lands along the river, taking turns about in the saddle. As they went down into a tiny shut-in valley, Attila, whose turn it was to ride, said:

"Well, we're nearly there. When we get to the top of the next hill we'll be able to see the chimneys on the home place. Six miles more—and then home! Boy, think of it—home!"

But at the bottom, just as they were passing an abandoned shanty which stood among brambles on the shore of a small branch, shots came from one bushy fringe of the little ravine, hitting both of them. Attila had his side-arms—two heavy pistols in his saddle-holsters, his officer's sword girthed about him. Don was without weapons of any sort.

The colonel drew and fired back swiftly in the direction from which the shots had come, and heard a grunt and a threshing in the brush. Under a scattering fire he dropped off and half carried, half dragged his brother out of the road and over to the shack, where they took refuge beneath the floor, sheltered behind the log ends on which it was propped.

Attila was wounded in the fleshy part of one shoulder, Don in the neck, slightly, and through the ankle. It was the latter wound which had crippled him. But it was a third wound, of which he was not even aware—a glancing shot which pierced his thigh on the inner side and opened the big artery there—which caused him to bleed to death where he lay slightly behind Attila.

The latter, concerned with replying to the fire of their unseen assailants, knew nothing of this. When finally the bushwhackers drew off without ever having shown themselves, he looked back and there was the boy stretched out in a red puddle, dead.

The identity of the murderers was never definitely established. But the section had for years been harassed by a band of so-called regulators—guerrillas, really—who among Unionists professed to favor the Union and among Confederate sympathizers claimed to be for the South, but who preyed indiscriminately on whosoever was weak or defenseless or unprotected. Lately and outwardly, they had been all for the Union.

Afterwards Colonel Bird used to say that the bullet which he carried deeply imbedded in his left shoulder muscles, and which worked back and forth and bothered him sometimes during a change of weather, might possibly be a souvenir from a distant relative—for at least one of the younger Birds out of the Knobs had ranged with these coat-turning outlaws. As to that, though, he of course could not be sure.

Nor was it ever known what the motive for the ambushing had been. Whether the assassins were actuated by a wanton desire to kill or whether they coveted the horse which Attila rode, no one definitely might say.

In any event, the marauders drew off without taking the horse. The animal was standing in the road when the colonel finally emerged from hiding; and, unaided, he somehow managed to heave his brother's slack body across the saddle and tie it there, he staggering alongside during those remaining six miles; and that was the manner of their home-coming.

It was pretty hard on Colonel Bird, the job of readjusting himself to a peace which was by no means peaceful. Against him, as against the majority of his recent comrades-in-arms, there stood handicaps; their former slaves disorganized and uprooted, drifting like lost sheep, and for the most part unwilling to work; the mischiefs soon to be done by the Freedmen's

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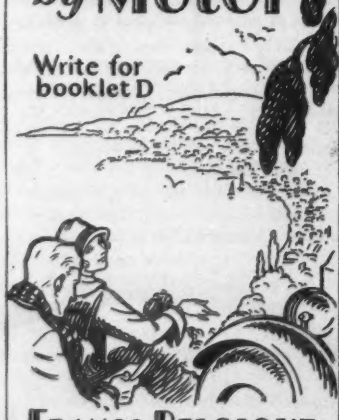
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And Lincoln, the compassionate man, dead; and Johnson, the drunken man, and the vacillating, roaring and scolding and hiccuping in the White House; and Davis lying with chains on him in a cell at Fortress Monroe. And Congress dominated by Thad Stevens and by dour old Jim Lane and Sumner the vengeful. And talk of "reconstruction" and "conquered provinces" in the air up yonder at Washington. And new ominous words creeping into the language—"carpetbagger," for instance, and "scalawag"—words which were ugly-sounding to start with and would in time, to southern ears, become the ugliest words ever spoken.

It chafed Colonel Bird that he, who had fought fairly and had taken the oath in good faith, still should be disfranchised, still should lie under disqualifying bans and bounds. It chafed him that his place should be so run down, and he, for lack of funds and lack of labor, helpless to remedy this.

He had a widowed mother to look out for and a wife already and a child expected. Within a week after his return he had married pretty, demure Sally Grover and she, who eight months before had been a bride, now was about to bear him a babe.

It irked him to sit by with idle hands while debts piled up, while his credit stretched and at the same time shrank, while his six hundred rich acres went to seed—and weedseed at that. Still, weeds could not altogether take the pastures away from the blue-grass. That was one good thing about it: there were fields where the blue-grass grew ranker than the cheating weeds did. In a warm April following a rainy spell, it would grow taller than a colt's hoofs in twenty-four hours; that was the claim they made for it.

One winter's day—it was the winter of '66—he came in from bird-shooting, with his old pointer bitch at his heels, and having left his bag of game at the kitchen, he came around the house and sat down on the top step of the wide deep porch in the mild, almost balmy afternoon sunshine. His dog was dozing at his feet while her tail went thump-thump-thump against the board tread.

The board badly needed repainting. All the framework needed paint, and the metalwork, too. The face of the building, being of mellowed, weathered red brick, looked, by contrast with its trim, fine and good. It was a house built after the approved early Virginian pattern, with round wooden pillars, with shutters for all the windows excepting the upper front windows which, being set high under the overhang of the portico, had, instead of shutters, small wrought-iron balconies jutting out like flower brackets from the wall. Bird's Nest was the name of this place, a name bestowed by its founder.

Leading down to the turnpike there ran, at either side of a driveway, a row of trees, honeylocusts and black walnuts alternating. The colonel's grandfather, having built the house and christened it, then had planted these trees. Myriads of dried brown seed-pods, like the pods of enormously overgrown beans, dangled from the locusts, whereas the walnuts constantly shed down their big nuts cased in blackened hulls. Yellowish-green leaves still

clung to the lower limbs of the walnut trees but the locusts were bare except for their pods and their clusters of long wicked thorns.

As Colonel Bird sat there in the thinning December sunlight and felt the evening chill sharpen the air, he saw a friend of his, one Captain Felix Joseph O'Shea, lately of the Orphan Brigade, turn in at the opened double gates and stride briskly up the drive. He rose to greet the newcomer, who was a shabby but somehow dapper individual, in his early thirties.

"Great news, Tilla Bird," called out Captain O'Shea. "Great news from Frankfort. It just came and I've stopped by, hoofing it out from town, to tell you. That blanket amnesty bill passed today—passed both houses with a whoop. We're free men once more. We're citizens of Kentucky and of the Republic!

"Oh, there'll be a howl from the Radicals in Congress that you could hear nine miles off—but the devil and all with them! What can they do? It was Union men behind a Unionist governor who put that blessed bill through the Legislature today—but good Democrats, thank God for it, even if they are Unionists. So let the Black Republicans rave their heads off."

"May they choke on their own ravings," said Colonel Bird. "This thing calls for a celebration, O'Shea. There're materials on my sideboard. How did the vote stand?"

"In the House it carried by sixty-two to thirty-two; in the Senate, by twenty-two to twelve—practically two to one."

"I can guess who, in the Senate, cast one vote in opposition—my venerable but unesteemed distant connection, the Honorable Giles Bird?"

"He did."

"He would."

"Never mind that clabbered old mongrel or whatever it is he is. Never mind any of the rest of that soured and bigoted minority. They'll all be snowed under next election. We're back in the saddle again, Tilla—free men and back in the saddle and rearing to go."

"Yes, we're free, as you say. And I'm glad of that. And I'm proud that Kentuckians have proved to the nation that no matter what sectional differences may have been dividing us a year ago we're ready now to stand together against all the world and the government—yes, if it comes to that, against the standing army of the United States. But God pity our people farther south than this!"

"Amen to that, too," said Captain O'Shea piously. "You never spoke truer words in your life... Tilla, what's delaying that entertainment you just mentioned? I'm shouting happy tonight. Tomorrow I'm going to reopen that law office of mine. Bright and early I'll have a darky in there, dusting the dust off my law books and kindling up a fire in the rusty old grate. And I'm going to start running for office right away."

"What office?"

"I haven't decided yet. But the point is I'm going to run. I aim to get the bulge on about a thousand other fellows who'll be taken with the same craving. I'll run on my Confederate record, that'll be enough. From the sentiment that's springing up, it looks like Kentucky waited until the war was over before she decided to secede. What are you aiming to do?"

"That's the trouble with me—I don't know yet. I've got to work it out. I'm troubled in my mind about it... Well, let's go inside and wet those tumblers."

In the long, rather bare and cheerless-looking old dining-room, Colonel Bird was presently mixing two toddies.

"How is your good lady, huh?" asked Captain O'Shea, becoming all at once mannered and ceremonious and speaking in the sonorous measured voice which subsequently, and on a not-far-distant day, he would uplift in the National Congress to champion the cause of the throttled and prostrate Cotton States.

"Doing splendidly, thank you."

"And the great event—ah-hem?" Captain O'Shea coughed delicately. "When, if I might make so bold as to ask, is the great event to take place?"

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## See HAWAII When the glowing flame trees bloom!

IN MAY the trees that shade Hawaii's gardens burst into round domes of gold and pink and scarlet flame. You should see these almost-tropic islands of Oahu, Kauai, Maui and Hawaii then—and all through the summer!

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Great, restful hotel-palaces add a note of luxury to Hawaii's native charm. Secluded cottage-hotels and quiet inns invite you to a summer of restfulness you've never known before.

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Hawaii is only 2,000 miles (four to six days' delightful voyage) from the Pacific Coast, and all-inclusive tours range upward from \$300 for three weeks, to \$400 and \$500, including steamers, hotels and sightseeing, for a month's trip. De luxe accommodations, also, equal to those of Europe's most renowned resorts.

Ask your local railroad or travel agent how

to arrange your trip so as to include low summer round trip fares to all the Pacific Coast and visits to the great National Parks en route, sailing to Hawaii or returning via Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle or Vancouver. Hawaii requires no passports—this is a U.S. Territory.

## HAWAII



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## HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

P. O. BOX 3615, SAN FRANCISCO—P. O. BOX 375, LOS ANGELES—P. O. BOX 2120, HONOLULU, HAWAII

Please send me Hawaii booklet in colors and a copy of "Tourfax" travel guide.

"We figure that she will be confined within the next six weeks or so. Gad, Felix, but I'm hoping my first child is a man child! Well, I've got a presentiment that it will be so; I'll bet you a purty I'm right. Even when I was nothing but a shaver, the darkies on the place said I had the gift sometimes of second sight. So I'm prophesying a boy—a lusty fine boy."

"I rejoice, sub, in your prospective good fortune." Captain O'Shea was still using the ritualistic tone. "And this boy, now—the young gentleman will, I presume, bear your own honored name?"

"He will not—not if I have any say-so in the matter. My mother, God bless her, went in for fancy names. Historical names for her sons, high-flown names out of poetry books for her daughters—that was her pet notion. I reckon maybe she wanted to get away, as far as she could, from the Biblical names and the homely old English names that our forebears in this country were usually saddled with."

"You know what the fad was here in this region a generation behind us. I take it our good mothers aimed to prove that we belonged to the quality-folks now. So when we were too little to protest, they toted us up to the baptismal font and the terrible deed was done."

"Not the Irish, though," interjected his friend. "As long as the calendar of the saints holds out we're provided for."

"But look how it was with us: I had a brother named Montezuma—he died in infancy; the burden was too much for him, I reckon. And one named Charlemagne—think of packing that load around with you!—and a scary colt dragged him to death when he was twelve. And there was Don Carlos, poor boy, who went this past spring—you know how. And my younger sister, who was Alfaretta, died at sixteen in the flower of her girlhood."

"And my older sister, Juanita—Mrs. Ringo, over at Danville, you know?—she loses her husband and turns into a crank on this crazy impossible temperance issue and actually, I honestly believe would like to forget her sex and go around making speeches on the subject. Of course she never will but she comes right out and threatens to, sometimes. And I'm Attila, the only one of the male line that's left."

"I figure there's bad luck in such naming as we had. So, with my boy that's waiting to be born upstairs, I'm going back once more to the old times. He'll be plain Isham Bird—for his granddaddy, who built this house, and for his great-granddaddy, old Squire Bird, who came out through the Gap and had the foresight to grab off this sweet little piece of out-doors from the Indians."

"I drink then to your son and heir—to Isham Bird, the third—and to your good lady, sub, and to your long life and prosperity and to theirs."

Captain O'Shea left no heel-taps but only the dregs of the sugar-sirup at the bottom. "That's excellent sour mash," he stated. "Of your own private stock, doubtless?"

"Yes, you might say I inherited it. Lord knows how many years it's been aging in the wood. My granddaddy made it for family and neighborhood consumption—you know—farm whisky, as some of the old-timers still call it. He was a master hand, they say, at that sort of thing. He should have been; he perfected his art under Mysterious Jimmy Crow down on Glen's Creek. And all the time I was off with the army soldiering, Mother managed to keep about ten barrels of it—the last ten barrels that we owned—hidden away from thirsty prowlers and Yankee foragers."

"I reckon, in a way of speaking, she had to keep it hidden away from Juanita, too, who'd like to see every good red drop of it spilt out on the ground and wasted, she having gone daft on the question of drinking, as I was just now telling you. She's got the delusion in her head that whisky is the curse of every other generation amongst us—that one generation makes the stuff and that some promising member of the next generation ruins himself trying to drink it all up. Well, my father drank too much, as I'll admit and you'll remember."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street No. \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_



The ex-infantryman nodded gravely. "But held it, suh, like a gentleman always."

"Oh, of course. But nevertheless he let it kill him finally—that is, if good likker ever really killed anybody. Still, he died in his prime . . . Well, anyhow, I've still got about ten barrels, pretty near it, tucked away."

"You are vastly favored. I envy you. I've been dependent on Gip Purdy's grocery for my supply and Gip's stock of tavern goods is pretty sorry stuff—rank and poor."

"Then by all means have another toddy. And if my ducky boy Dave can rustle up a jug around the pantry somehow, perhaps you'll let me send you over a couple of gallons or so."

"Will I let you? Bird, you offer me liquid rubies of great price. To be able to make such likker was a most precious gift. And for somebody to resume making it would be a precious boon to humanity. Need I say more?"

Suddenly the colonel's eyes were glistening. "You've said enough, Felix, and you've given me an idea—this very minute you gave it to me. And I'm much beholden to you for it."

"I would say the gratitude is all on my part. But how have I given you an idea?"

"Why, by what you just said. Felix, it's an inspiration. I'm going to set up as a regular distiller—commercially, I mean. I'm going into the business of making good Bourbon."

"But this infernal excise tax that the Abolitionists put on likker during the war as a revenue measure—to help raise money to help beat us—mind you, a tax that's collectable at the source and not at the market-place, as it used to be—isn't that calculated to cripple you?"

"Felix, don't curse a blessing in disguise. My guess is that before long that new law, if it's enforced, will cut off the illicit supply from here and there and everywhere and increase the demand for properly made stuff coming through channels that are legitimate and licensed. Besides, didn't thousands of Federal soldiers—from the East, from the North, from the Northwest and even from the far West—didn't they get the taste, whilst they were down here fighting us, for genuine Bourbon? They surely did, if they had any sense at all. Why, man, the market's ready-made and waiting."

"Perhaps you are right. At any rate, kindly put me down as your first customer."

"I know I'm right—I feel it in my bones. But you needn't be in such a hurry about opening an account, Felix. I've got to raise some working capital to start with. Well, now that the halters and hobbles are off of us and some few of the smarter negroes are showing signs of settling down and behaving themselves, land values will soon be going back where they properly belong. I ought to be able to put a fair-sized mortgage on this place. Tobe Lander in town—he's got ready money to put out—at a price."

"Trash!" and Captain O'Shea snorted.

"True, but mark you, man, trash with cash. The bottom-sill is on the top for the time being. Remember, if you please, it was the trimmers and the dodgers and the shufflers who stayed at home and took their profits after Johnny had gone for a sojor."

"Don't worry. 'There's a great day a-comin' in the maw'nin'.' Turn the rascals out—that's to be the motto from this time on."

"Turn 'em out, by all means. But meanwhile we have to deal with conditions as they are, not as they should be. I, for one, shall deal with Br'er Fox Lander . . . By Jove, I've just hatched another notion: Down yonder on the creek bank less than a quarter of a mile from here, there's still standing what's left of the old log block-house that the first Isham—Old High Pockets, as they called him—built for a protection against the savages. And in there was where his son, the second Isham, set up his little old copper still and his little horse-mill for grinding the grain."

"Now, then, I'm going to set up my plant on the same identical site, once I get that far along—going to keep alive the family tradition and follow the ancient precedents, eh? Last time I peeped inside the ruins some of the old mash-tubs were still there, rotting and dropping



## Water Fireworks

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## "We pay him \$100 a WEEK"

"AND he's worth every cent of it. Came here several years ago asking for a job. He got just that—a small job at a small salary.

"Then I forgot about him—hardly knew he was on the payroll until one day I got a letter from the International Correspondence Schools telling me that Thomas C. Andrews had enrolled for a course and had received a mark of 98 for his first lesson.

"There's a man worth watching," I said to myself, so I began to keep tabs on his work. Pretty soon he began coming to me with suggestions. I could almost see him growing.

"Somehow, he was the first man I thought of whenever there was a position open. And he always made good because he was always preparing himself for the job ahead. We pay him \$100 a week now and he's going to be earning even a larger salary some day. I wish we had more men like him."

How do you stand when your employer checks up his men for promotion? Does he think of you? Is there really any reason why you should be selected?

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apart, and yet, after all these years, you still could catch a faint whiff of that old aroma clinging to the wood like a perfume—like a beautiful old perfume, Felix O'Shea . . . But while I'm palavering here over these lovely day-dreams of mine, that next round of toddies is being held up. Your pardon for the delay."

The dusk had changed to darkness when Captain O'Shea went thence, lifting his feet high and stepping with care, but carrying his cargo as a gentleman should.

As for the colonel, he supped alone, with a honed appetite, in the barren high-ceilinged dining-room, and for his supper had the historic four *h's* of a Central Kentucky household. He had ham, hominy, hoe-cake and honey, all spread before him at once; and the ham had been hickory-cured in his own smoke-house and the hominy also was home-made, having been leached of its outer armor with a steeping of lye from wood-ashes—big bluish-white grains which seemed to refute the laws of physics by smoking more freely when they were stone-cold than when they were heated.

After supper he went upstairs where his young wife, big and unwieldy with his child, took her ease in their bedchamber, tended by an elderly negress called Mom Aggie. He sat on the side of the broad four-poster bed upon which his wife lay, and while he stroked her smooth hands and she smiled gently up at him and wore the invisible lovely halo of nearing motherhood, he told her of the splendid big news from Frankfort and of O'Shea's plans and, more at length, of his own newly spawned schemes; and to these last she gave her approval just as all through their life together she did give her approval to whatsoever he might design.

By the lamplight there he talked until bedtime, reviewing his project, repeating details, elaborating on them, and she saying little, as was her way, but pledging assent with her tranquil look and with pressure of her slender fingers. They were lovers, these two—had been lovers from boyhood and girlhood; would continue through their life together always to be lovers even though about once in so often the husband slipped away to Lexington or to Louisville for a fling of infidelity.

His visions took on shape and expanded, feeding upon his swiftly kindled enthusiasms. He canvassed various titles, then at length hit on a title for the brand he meant to manufacture. By gad, it would be the Old Block-house Brand!

"With luck and by bestirring myself, I ought to be the first, or almost the first in the field hereabouts," he went on. He smote his knee violently. "Not I, but we! My boy and I! Bird and Son—that shall be the firm. The great day you give him to me, sweetheart, that day he becomes the junior partner. For of course he's going to be a boy!"

At that she pursed up her lips to be kissed and he, seeing the rush of tears in her unafraid confident eyes, cried just a little bit himself while he bent down and enfolded her in his arms.

In his predictions, the colonel, so it would turn out, had been both right and wrong. The child was a male child and came into the world comely and well-formed; but Bird & Son were not the first in the field although afterwards rated as among the pioneers there. For other far-looking men in this region already had been plotting as was now this ambitious young man, had been preparing the groundwork for what before so very long would become one of the state's celebrated industries—perhaps its most celebrated industry, and certainly one of its most respected and respectable industries—an industry invested with a sort of burning fame to it and with a glamor of romance, an aura of luxury, a fetish of poetry, or, anyway, a sort of poetry.

*In the April Instalment of Irvin S. Cobb's Novel of the Blue Grass, young Isham Bird, son of Audla, in his drinking and his love-making sows the seed of tragedy for the Birds.*

1929

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